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RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—N<sup>o</sup> VI.

I KNOW not whether the fact has been generally noticed, but few American generals of any note failed to see the triumph of the cause for which they fought. If it be melancholy for a man to die in youth, surrounded by loving friends in the quiet of his peaceful home, it is doubly so, methinks, for him to perish in a battlefield, surrounded by the faces of enemies, the din and horror of war. War, at the best, is a stern and terrible evil—an evil which nothing, perhaps, can outweigh, unless it be the blessings of a doubtful and shameful peace. If anything can ennoble war it is a noble cause—a cause involving a great principle, the triumph of which is more than life or death, not only to the man or nation engaged in it, but to human-

ity, to justice, truth, and freedom. Such a principle was the cause of the American Revolution, and its triumph is the chief glory which crowns that eventful struggle. If anything could rob war of its horrors in the minds of our fathers, it was the knowledge that justice was on their side. They were fighting for others as well as themselves; for millions yet unborn; nay, if we look at it in the abstract, for the whole human race. It was not merely England and her colonies who were contending in the New World; it was Tyranny and Freedom, the two ideals of human right and wrong. The strife was glorious enough to sweeten even the pangs of death. We feel that, now that it is won. But eighty years ago, when it was still uncertain, the

thought that it might not be won after all ; the fear that must at times have come over the brave hearts of our fathers as battle after battle went against them ; or, worse still, an early death in the moment of fruitless victory—such a death as Montgomery died at Quebec ; these were bitter things, and should not soon be forgotten.

The fall of a young warrior is as sad as that of a young poet. In my way of thinking it is sadder. For the poet knows that he leaves the better part of himself on earth in the shape of his beautiful songs—swans on the river of Time, or larks in the heaven of Fame ; but the fallen warrior, dying in the smoke of battle, can only guess how the victory, that victory for which he has laid down his life, will finally incline. Your Kirke Whites and André Cheniers have had tears enough shed over their graves. Let us recall André and Hale, or, what is more to our present purpose, let us glance at the life and death of Montgomery.

Richard Montgomery was born at Convoys House, near the town of Raphoe, in the north of Ireland, on the 2d of December, 1736. His father, Thomas Montgomery, seems to have been an Irish gentleman of considerable means. He had three children besides Richard—Alexander, who commanded a company of grenadiers in Wolfe's army, and was present at the siege of Quebec ; John, of whom nothing definite is known, save that he lived and died in Portugal ; and a daughter, name not given, who married Lord Ranelagh, and was the mother of two sons, who have since succeeded to the title. After the death of his father, Alexander represented the county of Donegal in the Irish Parliament. I mention these few facts, unimportant as they are, because there is really nothing else to mention concerning the early years of Richard Montgomery. Given the country of his birth and the number and station of his family, we must fill up the outlines from our imagination. If we happen to be novel-readers, the novels of Charles Lever will not come amiss. They are faithful, but by no means flattering pictures of Irish life and manners in the last century. We shall find in some of them, I dare say, a jolly old squire who will answer very well for the father of our hero. There will be fox huntings, and hard drinking o' nights at Convoys House, and now and then, perchance, a duel or two.

There must be a rosy-faced parson, not averse to the seductions of whisky, and able to sing a good song ; a famous lawyer, fresh from the circuit, and, above all, a red-coat—some jolly major or colonel. The military profession was at that time a favorite one in Ireland, and we accordingly find young Master Richard, after a short but liberal education in Trinity College, Dublin, the happy possessor of a commission in the British army. This was in his eighteenth year. Of the early portion of his military life we hear nothing ; he seems, however, not to have seen active service until he was ordered to America. In 1757 the regiment to which he belonged was dispatched to Halifax. In May, 1758, it was a part of the army sent from that place against the French fortress at Louisburg. It is not necessary to go into a description of this expedition, further than to say that Montgomery acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his commanding officer, whose commendation procured for him an immediate promotion to a lieutenancy. His commanding officer on this occasion was the celebrated General Wolfe, who was destined to meet his death at Quebec in a little more than a year from that time. Louisburg surrendered on the 27th of July, and its garrison, consisting of five thousand men, were taken prisoners. The defeat of Abercrombie at Ticonderoga drew the *élite* of the British army to Lake Champlain, where they remained till 1760, when the French governor-general was compelled to surrender his garrison and province. The brunt of the war being over, as far as the French power in Canada was concerned, detachments of the British army were sent against the French and Spanish West India Islands. What with the climate, and the extraordinary means of defense of the enemy, the two campaigns that followed were dangerous in the extreme ; in a little over two months' siege the British loss amounted to twenty-eight thousand men. They were successful in the end, however ; for Martinico surrendered to Moncton and Rodney, and a part of Cuba, including Havana and the Moro Castle, to Albemarle and Pococke. Montgomery's conduct on this expedition procured for him the command of a company. The treaty of Versailles put an end to the war in 1763, and Montgomery's regiment having returned to New York, he obtained

permission to revisit his home, from which he had been absent six years. From this time to 1772, a period of nine years, we have but few memorials of his life. It may have been spent among his relatives at Convoy House, or it may have been wasted in Dublin and London. He is said to have been intimate with Fox and Burke, and to have tried to purchase a majority, in what regiment is not stated. Failing in this he resolved to quit the service and the country; he sold out his commission, bade adieu to his friends, and, like many of his countrymen after him, started for the New World. He arrived at New York in January, 1773. Before the summer was over he had purchased a farm, and taken a wife. He married the eldest daughter of Robert R. Livingston, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the province. His farm was in Rhinebeck, Dutchess County. In the spring of 1775 he was elected a member of the delegation from that county to the first Provincial Convention held in New York. Unlike most young politicians he had a modest opinion of himself and his talents. "For all the good I can do here," he wrote to his father-in-law, "I might as well, and much better, have been left at home to direct the labors of my people." Clearly a sensible man.

In June the National Congress went to work to organize an army. They appointed a commander-in-chief, four major-generals, and eight brigadiers. Among the latter was Montgomery, who was appointed without solicitation, or even knowledge on his part. He received the appointment with much seriousness, and seemingly with a kind of regret. "Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service," he wrote to a friend, "is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed."

Congress having adopted a plan for invading Canada by two routes, one by the River Sorel, the other by the Kennebec, Montgomery recommenced his career as a soldier by taking charge of the armament which was to act by the former. An army of three thousand men was organ-

ized and placed under his command. Ticonderoga being the point selected for the principal rendezvous and outfit of the projected invasion, he repaired to that post, and endeavored to obtain a correct knowledge of the enemy's force and intentions. Learning that Carleton, the British general, who was at that time at Montreal, was preparing a naval force to act on Lake Champlain, he placed himself at the head of one thousand men, which was all that his boats would hold, and with two pieces of light artillery moved down the lake in the direction of the Isle-aux-Noix. The wind being against him he was ten days in reaching the position that he had selected. This was on the 5th of September. Major-General Schuyler, the commander-in-chief, arriving about this time, a nearer approach to the enemy was determined upon, and a landing was effected about a mile and a half from Fort St. Johns. The American army took up their march in the direction of the fort, but while crossing a creek they were attacked by an Indian ambuscade, which they succeeded in repulsing. In consequence of information which he received during the night, General Schuyler ordered the troops to be reconducted to their former position on Isle-aux-Noix. He was soon called to Ticonderoga, and the command devolving again on Montgomery, the latter resumed his position before St. Johns. Landing on the 17th at the place where he had formerly encamped, he proceeded to invest the fort with a corps of five hundred men. He threw up a battery on a point of land which commanded the fort, the shipyards, and an armed schooner of sixteen guns belonging to the enemy. This was on the north side of the fort, and in wet and swampy grounds. There was a range of woods on the eastern side, and despairing of success from his first battery, he erected a second here, within six hundred yards of the fort, and opened on the garrison with two small mortars. His artillery was rather for show than use; his mortars were defective, he had no battering cannon, his artillerists were unpracticed, and, to crown all, his engineer was utterly ignorant of his art. The enemy returned his fire smartly, and made a brave resistance. The siege progressed but slowly until the arrival of an artillery company, under Captain Lamb, whom

General Schuyler had sent from Saratoga. Lamb bedded a thirteen-inch mortar, and commenced firing on the fort with shot and shells. The distance was too great, however, and no serious damage was done. Montgomery now resolved to change his position. The ground on the northwestern side of the fort was drier and more elevated, and he accordingly removed thither; a road was opened, and fascines were collected on the site chosen for the new batteries; but a spirit of dissatisfaction breaking out among his men, why, we are not distinctly told, he submitted his plan to the decision of a council of war, who refused to give it their approbation. "His troops," he said, "carried the spirit of freedom into the field, and thought for themselves." "Were I not afraid," he writes, "the example would be too generally followed, and that the public service might suffer, I would not stay an hour at the head of troops whose operations I cannot direct." To add still further to his annoyances he now learned that Ethan Allen, whom he had dispatched on a sort of recruiting errand among the Canadians, more perhaps to quiet his restless spirit, than from any great faith in his success, had been taken prisoner with thirty-eight of his men, and was confined in Montreal.

Another expedition, consisting of three hundred Canadian recruits, and a small detachment of the army, was more lucky, for it succeeded in taking Fort Chamblee, and capturing the whole garrison, and a large quantity of military stores, which were much needed. The reduction of St. Johns now becoming extremely probable, General Carleton was compelled to quit his position at Montreal, and march to its relief. He started on the 31st of October with a force of one thousand men, and proceeded to cross the St. Lawrence to Longueil, intending to march from thence to the mouth of the Sorel, where he expected a re-enforcement of two hundred men, after which he purposed attacking the besieging army at St. Johns. In the mean time, however, Montgomery had dispatched two regiments to intercept him. They reached Longueil just before he began to cross the river, and concealing themselves until the leading boats of the British column had nearly reached the southern bank, opened upon them a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, which, in a

few minutes, disabled them, and scattered the remainder of the armament. Some of the boats were sunken, and others were driven ashore on an island; Carleton retreated with the rest to Montreal. The Americans captured four prisoners, who were conducted to Montgomery. Knowing that the garrison of St. Johns merely held out in expectation of being relieved, he ceased his fire, and sent a flag by one of the prisoners, with a letter to the British commander, informing him of Carleton's defeat, and urging him to surrender to spare the further shedding of blood. The gallant Briton affected to doubt the truth of the report brought by the prisoners, but offered to surrender in four days, if not previously relieved. His offer was not accepted, and the siege being renewed he was forced to surrender. The baggage of the officers and men was secured to them, and each of the latter received a new suit of clothing from the captured stores. If the soldiers of Montgomery were dissatisfied before, this act of courtesy on the part of their general was by no means calculated to put them in good-humor. The privates murmured, and the officers were indignant. The clothing, they said, should have been treated as lawful spoil. It is easy to blame them, and call them hard names, but we must remember that most of them were scantily provided with raiment, while some of them were nearly naked. Montgomery was inflexible in keeping his good faith. "I would not have sullied my own reputation," he wrote, "nor disgraced the Continental arms by such a breach of capitulation for the universe." He sent his prisoners by Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, and proceeded immediately to Montreal, before which he arrived on the 12th of November. The town capitulated, but Carleton embarked with his little garrison, and several of the civil officers of the place, on a flotilla of ten or eleven small vessels, and sailed in the night, carrying with him the powder and other important stores. He had escaped from Montreal, it is true, but his danger was not over, for he had yet to pass the American batteries at the mouth of the Sorel. Repeatedly driven back, the flotilla came to anchor about fifteen miles above that river, and Montgomery prepared to attack it with bateaux and light artillery. He hoped by these means to force it down upon his



batteries. Carleton saw his peril, and made a bold and successful attempt to escape. He disguised himself as a Canadian voyager, and set off on a dark night, accompanied by six peasants, in a boat with muffled oars. They slipped quietly and silently past the batteries and guardboats, and succeeded in reaching Three Rivers, from which place Carleton embarked in a vessel for Quebec. His fleet surrendered after his escape, and all who had taken refuge on board were made prisoners. Montgomery now placed garrisons in Montreal, St. Johns, and Chamblee, and prepared to follow his flying foe, but the troublesome spirit of his men came very near defeating him in his object. Some of them pleaded sickness, with others the term of enlistment had expired, others again were dogmatically independent, and mutinous. Scarcely three hundred troops consented to accompany him. He set out from Point-aux-Trembles on the 2d of December, in the face of a driving snow storm, and arrived at Quebec on the 5th. There he found Colonel Arnold, (the afterward infamous traitor,) with a corps of six hundred men, well disciplined and inured to fatigue. On the day of his arrival he sent a flag with a summons to surrender. It was fired upon. He wrote an indignant and even menacing letter to Carleton, and as it was rejected from the walls, he sent it into the city by a woman, who was charged with letters to the principal merchants, who were promised great indulgences in case they submitted to the Americans. The feminine messenger was captured, and by Carleton's orders sent to prison for a few days, after which she was set at liberty and drummed out of town, doubtless to the Rogue's March.

The ground was covered with snow, and frozen to a great depth, but Montgomery at once prepared for an attack on the city. He was scantily provided with intrenching tools, had but few mortars, and only a field train of artillery. He selected a point opposite the gate of St. Louis, which was nearly in the center of the town, and threw up a breastwork within four hundred yards of the walls. It was formed of gabions, ranged side by side, and filled with snow, over which water was thrown until the whole was completely frozen. On this breastwork Captain Lamb mounted a howitzer and five light pieces. Several mortars were

placed in the suburbs of St. Roche, which were below the heights, and almost on a level with the river. It was by the way of St. Roche that the lower town was to be stormed. From the "Ice Battery," as it was called, Captain Lamb opened a fire upon the walls, but his pieces were too light to do much damage. His howitzer was more effective, for by the shells thrown from it he was enabled to set the town on fire in several places. The garrison was kept on the alert for five days and nights, so galling was the fire of this battery. Other flags of truce having been fired upon in the mean time, Montgomery now caused the Indians in his camp to shoot arrows into the town. To these arrows were attached letters addressed to the inhabitants, to whom Montgomery made known Carleton's refusal to treat. He advised them to rise and compel him to surrender, but they were too much in the power of the military to carry out the suggestion. On the evening of the fifth day Montgomery paid a visit to the Ice Battery, taking with him young Aaron Burr, whom he had appointed his aide-de-camp. The brittle ramparts had been shivered like glass by the heavy fire from the walls, and several of the guns were useless. A shot from the fortress dismounted one of the guns, and disabled many of the men, at the moment of Montgomery's arrival; it was followed by a second which was equally destructive. "This is warm work, sir," said Montgomery to Captain Lamb. "It is, indeed, and certainly no place for you, sir." "Why so, captain?" "Because there are enough of us here to be killed without the loss of you, which would be irreparable." When he retired Montgomery gave the gallant captain leave to abandon the battery whenever he thought proper, which he accordingly did that night, after securing all the guns.

Nearly three weeks had now passed, and the army were growing impatient. They suffered much from the inclement weather, and the small-pox broke out in the camp. If something was not accomplished soon, they would be compelled to retreat, from sheer inability to keep the field. Montgomery, therefore, made up his mind to carry the place by escalade. One third of his men were to set fire to the houses and stockades in the suburbs of St. Roche, and force the barriers of the

lower town, while the main body should scale the bastion of Cape Diamond. A council of war was held, and it was decided to make a night attack. The ladders were now provided for escalade, and a favorable night was waited for with impatience. It was finally settled that the attempt should be made on the 30th of December. At two o'clock in the morning the troops repaired to the places assigned them in the midst of a violent snow-storm. They paraded in three divisions: the New York regiments and part of Easton's Massachusetts militia, at Holland House; the Cambridge detachments of Arnold and Lamb's company of artillerists, with one field-piece, at Captain Morgan's quarters; and the two small corps of Livingston and Brown at their respective grounds. The first of these divisions, under Montgomery, was to pass below the bastion at Cape Diamond, defile along the river, carry whatever defenses might oppose it, and enter the lower town on one side, while the second division, under Arnold, should assault the suburbs and batteries of St. Roche, and force its way into it on the other. The lesser detachments of Livingston and Brown were to amuse the enemy by making a false attack, the former on the gate of St. Johns, the latter on the bastion of Cape Diamond. In all there were to be four points of attack. The troops assembled; but, by some accident, the signal rockets went off before the lower divisions had time to reach their fighting-ground. The lights were seen by one of the enemy's officers, and the alarm was given. Livingston failed to make the false attack on the gate of St. Johns, which disconcerted the movement of Arnold; but Brown was more successful in his feint on the bastion of Cape Diamond, which enabled Montgomery to conceal his march. Descending from the heights to Wolf's Cove, he led his men along the shore of the St. Lawrence, and around the beetling promontory of Cape Diamond. The approach to the lower town in that direction was narrow, and it was traversed by a picket, defended by Canadian militia; beyond was a second defense, a kind of block-house forming a battery of small pieces, manned by another detachment of Canadian militia and a few seamen, the whole commanded by the captain of a transport. The pass through which Montgomery and his brave

fellows toiled, was dangerous enough; on one side was the river, a mass of ice, on the other a wall of overhanging rocks. The ground was piled with snow, and heaped up with great blocks of ice which the river had washed ashore. They crept on slowly in long and straggling files, picking their way along the narrow path, now sinking in the snow-drifts, and now clambering over the slippery piles of ice. Among the foremost were some of the first New York regiment, with whom Montgomery was familiar. He threw himself before them with his pioneers and a few officers, and made a dash at the first barrier. "Forward, men of New York," he cried; "you are not the men to flinch when your general leads you on." The Canadian militia were taken by surprise; the boldest fired a random shot, and then threw down their muskets and fled. Montgomery sprang forward, and with his own hand helped to tear down the pickets which his pioneers were sawing; as soon as they had made a breach sufficiently wide to admit three or four men abreast, he entered, sword in hand, followed by his staff, and some of the New York regiment. The fugitives who had now reached the block-house, seemed to have carried their panic with them, for the battery remained silent. "Push on, my brave boys," shouted Montgomery; "Quebec is ours." He dashed forward till within forty paces of the block-house, when, from a single cannon, there came a destructive fire of grape-shot. Montgomery, and M'Pherson, one of his aides, fell dead on the spot. The captain of the New York regiment received a canister shot through the body; he made an effort to rise and push forward, but dropped back a corpse. By this time everything was in confusion. The officer next in rank to Montgomery, was far in the rear; in this emergency Colonel Campbell, the quarter-master-general, took the command; but instead of rallying the men, and endeavoring to form a junction with Arnold, he ordered a retreat, and abandoned the half-won field and the bodies of the slain.

In the mean time Arnold and his division had done their best to enter the town by the other side, but they were unsuccessful. He took the advance at the head of a forlorn hope of twenty men, followed by Captain Lamb and his artillerists, with a field-piece mounted on a sledge. Then came

a company with ladders and scaling implements, followed by Morgan's riflemen and the main body. The pass by which they marched was commanded by a battery on a wharf. This was to be attacked with the field-piece, while the riflemen were to steal round the wharf on the ice. The field-piece, however, was soon so deeply imbedded in the snow, that it could not be moved, which brought the artillery to a halt. The company with the scaling ladders would have halted also, having been told to keep in the rear of the artillery, but Morgan pushed them on, and followed with his riflemen. They reached the advance just as the forlorn hope, with Arnold at their head, were attacking the barrier. At that moment a musket-ball disabled his right leg, and he had to be borne from the field. Morgan took the command, and rushed on with his riflemen, followed by the forlorn hope, and by Lamb's company, who had abandoned the field-piece, and armed themselves with muskets and bayonets; the battery was defended by two pieces of cannon, which vomited out a shower of grape-shot, when the assailants were at their very muzzles, yet but one man was killed. Before there could be a second discharge, Morgan had taken the battery and its extempore garrison. Some of his men had fired through the embrasures, others had scaled the walls. Just as the day was breaking, he attacked the second barrier; he had to lead his men through a sharp fire from the town walls, which incessantly thinned their ranks. The defense was obstinate at the second barrier; but the Americans, having applied their scaling-ladders, finally succeeded in driving the enemy from their guns, and gaining the battery. At this moment one of the gunners ran back to give them a parting shot. Captain Lamb snapped his fusée at him, but it missed fire, and the cannon was discharged. A grape-shot wounded Lamb in the head, carrying away part of his face. The way into the lower town now seemed won; but the death of Montgomery and the retreat of Campbell having relieved the enemy from all fear of attack in that quarter, they were enabled to turn their attention in this direction. Morgan and his men were soon hemmed in on all sides, and obliged to take refuge in a stone house. They kept up a fire from the windows until cannon were brought to

bear upon them. Then, hearing of the death of Montgomery, and seeing no chance of escape, they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Thus ended the storming of Quebec, and thus died Richard Montgomery.

*Mourir pour la patrie*

*C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.*

As soon as the fortune of the day was decided they sought for his body. They found it where he fell, almost at the mouth of the cannon. It was covered with snow. At first the great flakes were ensanguined in his blood; but as they continued to fall thicker and faster, the red stain on the earth gradually disappeared, until it was lost in the surrounding whiteness. The snow had woven its winding-sheet around the fallen hero. He was removed when the firing was over; and at the intercession of Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé, Carleton permitted his friends to bury him within the walls of the city. He had just completed his fortieth year.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career;

His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;

And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,

Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;

For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,

The few in number, who had not o'erstept

The charter to chastise, which she bestows

On such as wield her weapons: he had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

In place of any eulogy on Montgomery, the nobility of whose character seems to have impressed his friends and foes alike, I shall finish this brief paper by an extract from a ballad of that time. It is from an old and scarce broad-sheet. The best stanzas are these:

Montgomery marched with his men,

In the face of the wind and the sleet,

Over mountainous masses of ice,

Which they mark'd with the blood of their feet.

Hemm'd in 'twixt the sea and the land,

The hero led on his brave band,

Till they burst like a storm on the foe,

By the walls of Quebec in the snow!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurra! scarce a shot had been fired,

When they threw down their guns to a man:

"Haste! pull down the pickets!" 'twas done;

He was close at their heels as they ran.

"Come on, my brave fellows!" he said,

And waved his bright sword o'er his head;

"Follow me!" when a shot laid him low,

By the walls of Quebec in the snow!



### THE GIPSIES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE description of Elynore Rumminge, by Skelton,\* about the year 1517, contains one of the first references to the Gipsies in the British Isles. Nearly a century seems to have elapsed from their appearance in Western Europe before they crossed the Channel in any considerable number. When, in those turbulent times, England and France were not engaged in actual hostilities, communication between the two countries was difficult, especially for people so poor and despised as the children of Rema.

Mention is made of an "Egypcayan in a

dialogue of Syre Thomas More," relative to the death of Richard Hunne, in Lollard's Tower, in the year 1514.

"What have ye heard her tell?" demanded the lords sent to inquire into the facts.

"Forsooth, my lords," quoth he, "if a thing had been stolen she would have told you who had it, and therefore I think she could as well tell who killed Hunne as who stole a horse."

"Surely," said the lords, "so think we all, I trow. But how could she tell it? by the devil?"

"Nay, by my troth I trow," quoth he; "for I could never see her use any worse way than looking into one's hand."

Therewith the lords laughed, and asked:

"What is she?"

"Forsooth, my lords," quoth he, "an Egypcayan, and she was lodged here at Lambeths, but she is gone over the sea now; howbeit I trow she be not in her own country yet, for they say it is a great way hence, and she went over little more than a month ago."

The word Gipsies is contracted from Egyptians, the name assumed by "ye loyteringe people" on their arrival in England. They did not, however, as in Germany, and at first in Scotland, feign to

\* Her kirtell kristowe red,  
With clothes upon her heade,  
That they way a sowe of leade,  
Wrythen in a wonder wise  
After the Saracins gise,  
With a whim wham,  
Knit with a trim tram,  
Upon her broyne poune,  
Like an Egyptian,  
Capped about,  
When she goeth out.

be pilgrims, nor, as in France, to be penitents. Neither of these impositions would have been adapted to the temper of the government in the reign of Henry VIII., it being the purpose of the king to subvert the papal power and abolish monastic influence. Both Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth were also too much given to use religion, as well as law, for a cloak to cover their own violent and criminal conduct, to be easily imposed upon by the like artifices in others.

The fame of Egypt in magic and astrology had not been forgotten, and in assuming the character of soothsayers, they employed the best possible expedient to render themselves acceptable to the great mass of the people, without wounding their religious prejudices.

The manner in which the Gipsies made their first advent in England is quaintly set forth in a quarto volume published in 1612, to detect and expose the art of jugglery and legerdemain.

This, as I am informed, and can gather, was the beginning of this kind of people. Certain Egyptians banished their country, (belike not for their good conditions,) arrived here in England, who for quaint tricks and devices not known here at that time among us, were esteemed and held in great admiration, insomuch that many of our English *loyterers* joined with them, and in time learned their craftie cozening.

The speech which they used was the right Egyptian language, with whom our Englishman conversing, at least learned their language. These people continuing about the country, and practising their cozening art, purchased themselves great credit among the country people, and got much by palmistry and telling of fortunes, insomuch they pitifully cozened poor country girls, both of money, silver spoons, and the best of their appareile, or any goods they could make. Giles Hather, (for such was his name,) together with his woman Kit Colot, in short space had following them a prettie train, he terming himself the king of the Egyptians, and she the queene, ryding about the country at their pleasure uncontrolled.

The Gipsies were at first in such request in England, that people were induced to import them from France, or at least to encourage their immigration. But, as upon the continent, their enjoyment of favor was followed by speedy persecution. The Gipsies are mentioned in King Edward's Journal for 1549, along with other "masterless men." In the twenty-second year of the reign of King Henry VIII. they were ordered from the realm, and directed not to return under pain of im-

prisonment and forfeiture of their goods, with the further provision that upon trial for any felonies committed by them, they should not be entitled to a jury *de meditate lingua*. The statute describes them as

An outlandish people, using no crafte nor feat of merchandize, who have come into this realm and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great company, and used great subtle and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes, and so many times by crafte and subtlety have deceived people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies.

Five years later, in a more stringent act, it was ordered that the Gipsies, if they remained in the kingdom one month, were to be treated as "thieves and rascals," and that any person importing one of them should be fined forty pounds for every offense. During the reign of Henry VIII. a number of Gipsies were sent back to France at the public expense. As an illustration of the value of money in those times, we may add that the sum of \$15 was paid to the sergeant of the admiralty for the victualing, and \$32 for "freight of said shippe," in which the Gipsies were conveyed "over the sees" to Calais. In the same account was rendered an item for seventeen horses sold at five English shillings per head.

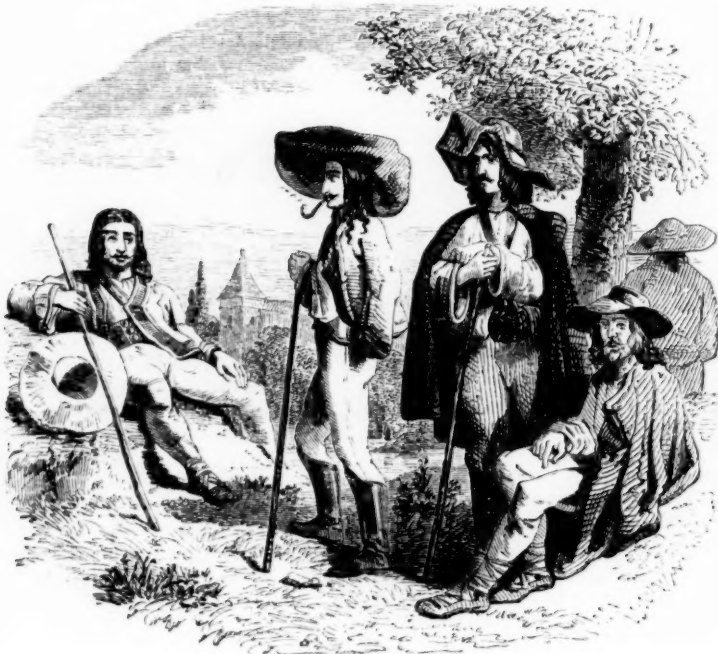
The following notice was registered at Hampton Court, January 21, 1545:

A passporte was signed for the Egyptians to pase with their bag and baggage, and other necessities belonging to them under the conduct of Philipe Larer, their general, without impedimente, etc., being appointed at London, accordinge to my Lord Admiralles' order taken therein to embarke at London.

Their destination is not mentioned.

An act passed in the reign of Elizabeth declared that if any person fourteen years of age, whether a native born subject or stranger, who had been seen in the fellowship of the Gipsies, or had disguised himself like them, should remain with them one month at a time, it should be felony without benefit of clergy. A few years later there were great complaints of the increase of "idle, vagraunte, loyteringe, sturdy roags, masterless men, lewde and yll disposed persons, to the great charge, trouble, and disquiet of the common-wealth." Active means were employed "for settinge of the poore to work, and





SLOVOKS.

for the avoydinge of idleness," and the justices of peace gave orders to apprehend "all idle persons goinge aboute usinge subtletie and unlawful games or plaie, all such as faynt themselves to have knowledge in phisiognomye, palmestrie, or other abused sciences, all tellers of destinies, deaths, or fortunes, and such lyke fantastickall imaginations." At one Suffolk assize no less than thirteen Gipsies were executed upon these statutes, only a few years before the Restoration.

These measures intended for the extirpation of the Gipsies, did not, however, avail. It would seem to be one of the peculiarities of the race of Rema, that its children, like the Jews in various parts of the world, flourish best amid persecution. In England they were pursued with that relentless cruelty which characterized the treatment of the poor and the outcast in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Gibbets groaned and executioners grew weary in despatching the unfortunate victims of public hatred. "But what numbers were executed on these statutes, you would wonder," says an old chronicler, "yet, notwithstanding, all would not pre-

vail, but they wandered, as before, uppe and downe, and meeting once in a year at a place appointed, sometimes at the Peake's Hole in Derbyshire, and otherwhiles by Ketbrools at Blackheath." In the reign of Elizabeth, there are said to have been more than ten thousand Gipsies in England.

Nearly the exact date of the first appearance of the Gipsies in Scotland, may be learned from a curious letter of King James IV. to the King of Denmark, dated 1506, in favor of Anthony Gowino, *Earl of Little Egypt* and his followers. His majesty specified that this miserable train has visited his realm by command of the pope, *being upon a pilgrimage*, that its members had conducted themselves properly, and wished to go to Denmark. He therefore solicits the extension of his royal uncle's munificence toward them, with the remark that these wandering Egyptians must be better known to him for the reason that the kingdom of Denmark was nearer Egypt than his own.

Sir Walter Scott informs us that one of the Scottish sovereigns acknowledged the independence of the Gipsies as a people.



GIPSY EXECUTIONERS.

They seem to have been treated with even more forbearance than upon the continent, and gradually increased to the number of many thousands. It is astonishing for what length of time they kept alive in Scotland the original belief of their Egyptian origin and pilgrimage.

A writ in favor of "Johnne Fow, Lord and Erele of Litill Egypt," made in 1540, and renewed thirteen years later, in nearly the same words, conveys the impression that the Gipsy leader, whose name is above given, had previously obtained letters under the great seal enjoining all magistrates to support his authority over his people, "conforme to the laws of Egypt," and punish all who left him. Earl John complained that some of his followers had revolted, notwithstanding this regulation, after having robbed him of clothes and jewels, and were even supported in their contumacious rebellion by some of the king's lieges, so that "their lord and master could nowhere get them to take them home again to his own country." He appears to have induced both the king and the credulous Scots to believe that he was under bonds to take back to "Lytille Egypt"

all of his living subjects, and a testimonial of such as were dead, the nonfulfillment of which would subject him to heavy damage and great danger of losing his heritage.

The king therefore commanded his subjects to assist the Gipsy earl in the execution of his authority. The use of prisons, stock, and fetters was granted, and the rebellious "Egyptians" were to be apprehended wherever found. Although in the same edict all "skippers," masters of ships and marines belonging to the realm were enjoined to assist Johnne Faw and his subjects in returning to Egypt, we do not find that such an event took place.

In 1554 Andrew Faw, "Capitan of the Egyptians," and twelve of his followers were pardoned for the murder of Niniane Smaill, having committed the act "upon suddentie." The Gipsies do not appear to have been molested during the next twenty-five years. In the disastrous reign of Queen Mary they increased greatly in number, and became more unruly in behavior. It soon became necessary to adopt rigorous measures.

In the year 1579 a comprehensive statute was passed for "the punishment of

strong and idle beggars." And in order that it might be known who was meant, the law specified "all persons ganging about in any countrie in this realm using subtil, craftie, and unlawful playes, as juglarie, fast-and-lous, and such others; the idle peopill calling themselves *Egyptians*, or any others that fanzies themselves to have a knowledge of charming, prophetic, or other absurd sciences quairby they perswade peopill that they can tell their destinies, deathes, and fortunes, and such other phantasticall imaginations." In the same category were included (regard, O literati!) "bards, minstrells, and vagabond schollars of Aberdeen and Glasgow."

It was ordered that they should be apprehended and put in prison, or in irons, so long as they had of their own where-upon to live. But their support having failed they were to be nailed to a tree by the ears, "their eares to be cutted off," and themselves banished the country, to be hanged should they return. These statutes, which were to be executed to the "glorie of Allmightie God and the benefit of the commonwealth," proved so ineffectual in restraining the marauds of the Gipsy bandits that in 1603 the Lords of the Privy Council issued a proclamation banishing the whole race forever from Scotland under the severest penalties; and this decree was ratified and enforced three years later by an act of Parliament. It was declared lawful for all the king's subjects to apprehend and execute any of the proscribed people found in the country after a certain date.

But in defiance of these legislative enactments the Gipsies managed to maintain a footing in Scotland. After the above act of Parliament they for a time ceased to wander over the country in troops, and concealed themselves in out-of-the-way places. Finding, however, that the laws were not so rigorously enforced as was anticipated, they soon resumed their former practices. The act of 1616 declares that the Gipsies did "shamefullie abuse the simple and ignorant people by telling of fortunes, and using of charms, and a number of juggling tricks and falsities unworthy to be heard of in a country subject to religion, law, and justice." It also states that they were encouraged to remain in the country, not only by the non-execution of the former acts of Parliament, but were also harbored and maintained

upon the lands of certain of his majesty's subjects, outwardly pretending to be "famous and unspotted gentlemen." In spite of the repeated reprehension of the Privy Council, people of note as well as the lower classes, either out of compassion or less reputable motives, continued to afford shelter and protection to the proscribed Egyptians. The Sheriff of Forfar was severely reprimanded for delaying to execute a number of them who had been taken within his jurisdiction, and for troubling the Council with petitions in their behalf. Many were hanged, not as criminals, but as Egyptians.

It is not surprising that in both England and Scotland the Gipsies should have been associated with witchcraft, a belief in which was so generally prevalent at the time, when there was actually a statute against "feeding, receiving, and giving suck to evil spirits," and a license under a bishop's seal was required by the clergyman who should pray for the casting out of a devil. Is it strange that the dark-eyed fortune-tellers of Rema suffered when flea-bites were apt to be mistaken for Satan's marks; when fat men, accused of witchcraft, were saved from drowning by their oily tissues, to dance in the air at the end of a halter; and shriveled old women, containing not a drop of moisture, were strangled as witches for the reason that they could not force a tear into the dried-up fountain of their eyes? The trial by burning was in those times called "an appeal to Providence," and the people were as fond of it as of bear-baiting or any other cruel sport. And what are we to think of the humanity of the times when neither Coke nor Lord Bacon opposed the law suggested by royal superstition, for making it felony to consult, covenant with, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, and even the generous Sir Matthew Hale could leave a man for execution who was convicted under this act in 1669?

Hudibras refers to these ridiculous beliefs and monstrous cruelties:

Hath not this present Parliament  
A ledger to the devil sent,  
Fully empower'd to treat about  
Finding revolted witches out?  
And has not he within a year  
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?  
Some only for not being drown'd;  
And some for sitting above ground  
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.

And some for putting knavish tricks  
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,  
Or pigs that suddenly deceased  
Of griefs unnatural as he guess'd,  
Who after proved himself a witch,  
And made a rod for his own breech.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Fletcher of Saltoun drew a graphic picture of the Scottish Gipsies, whose number he then estimated at one hundred thousand souls. He describes them as living without any regard or subjection to the laws of the land or to those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever discover how one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that they were ever baptized. They were an unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, and robbed people living distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them met together in the mountains to feast and rest many days, and at country weddings, markets, funerals, and other public occasions, both men and women were to be seen perpetually drunk, swearing, blaspheming, and fighting together. Fletcher, though a philanthropist at heart, saw no better mode of correcting this deplorable condition of things than to introduce a system of domestic slavery. But, as in England, the sanguinary enactments against the Gipsies had in the mean time been repealed, and time reduced the evil within narrower bounds, many of the Gipsy bands were exterminated, and others assumed the habits of stationary life; but at the beginning of the present century a large number of the race were still wandering over the British Isles.

The old Scottish ballad of "The Gipsie Laddie" gives an account of an intrigue between Johnny Faw, a famous Gipsy of the olden time, and the fair but frail lady of the Earl of Cassilis. According to the popular tradition, which confirms the authenticity of the song, the earl had been married but a short time to a nobleman's daughter, when in his absence

The Gipsies came to our good lord's gate,  
And vow but they sang sweetly;  
They sang so sweet and so very complete  
That down came the fair lady.  
And she came tripping down the stair  
With all her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her handsome face  
They cast the glamour o'er her.

Go take from me this gay mantel  
And bring to me a plaidie,  
For if kith and kin and all had sworn,  
I'll follow the Gipsy laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me,  
This night I'll lie in a farmer's barn  
Whatever shall betide me.

\* \* \* \* \*

O when our lord came home at e'en  
He look'd for his fair lady,  
The tane, she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
She's away with the Gipsie laddie.

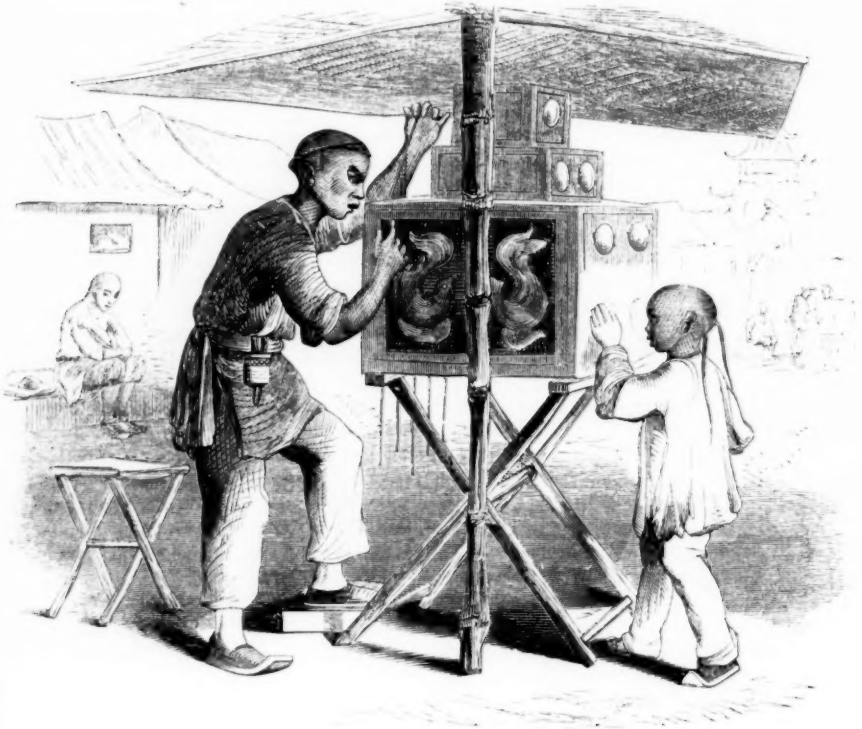
Go saddle to me the black, black steed,  
Go saddle and make him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep  
I'll gae seek my fair lady.  
O we were fifteen well-made men,  
Altho' we were na bonny,  
And we were all put down for one,  
A fair young wanton lady.

The party having been overtaken and all slain with the exception of one, who is supposed to have composed the ballad, the earl brought back the fair fugitive, and, according to tradition, confined her for life in an old tower still pointed out in Maybole. To soothe her captivity she is said to have worked the story of her abduction in tapestry, a labor of love still preserved in Culzean Castle.

#### AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHINESE.

THE amusements and recreations of a people are not a bad test of their intellectual progress, and mental as well as moral status. Judged by this test, the Chinese, in spite of their vast antiquity, must be ranked as a puerile race; their amusements are in great part identical, or nearly so, with those which, among western nations, are in vogue among children, and almost monopolized by them. The principal exceptions would seem to be their gymnastics or feats of strength, their conjuring and juggling, and their gambling, to which, according to the testimony of the Rev. C. Gutzlaff, the well-known Chinese missionary, the entire population, high and low, rich and poor, are addicted, with an intensity amounting almost to infatuation.

The out-door recreations of the people are seen to the most advantage at the commencement of the new year, which is the time for universal feasting and merry-making among all classes. It is in the Vai lo Tching, the Chinese quarter of Peking, at the entry of the street called Lievu li Tehang, famous for its many fabrics of shining stuffs of divers colors—on the open place which serves for a promenade and fair-ground during the first



A CHINESE PEEP-SHOW.

seventeen days of the year—it is there that the dealers in toys, the jugglers, the acrobats, the buffoons, the showmen, and the merry-andrews are to be found.

On that spot the peep-show, shown in the engraving, becomes almost an institution. It is not known, so great is the antiquity of this species of amusement, whether the Europeans borrowed the peep-show from the Chinese, or the Chinese had it from the Europeans; but wherever it is exhibited, either in the West or in the East, it is managed much in the same way. The objects which the spectator looks at are invariably a succession of transparent pictures, and they are made to appear and disappear rapidly by means of cords, to which they are attached.

The Chinese populace delight in the marvelous, and wanting neither superstition nor credulity, they are easily impressed and imposed upon. The showman finds it to his interest to cater for this unsophisticated appetite for the wonderful and unaccountable; and hence, among the fa-

vorite subjects of his peep-show, we find that portentous prodigy, the huge fouang-hoang, the king of birds, who, whenever he flies abroad, is accompanied by all the feathered tribes of the earth. Then there is the ki-lin, the king of quadrupeds, whose beneficent apparition is the herald of national changes and national prosperity. Next comes the grand dragon, who is lord of every living thing that wears scales. He is escorted by Mahoulou, the red dragon, and also by a formidable dragon in green. Then comes the spectacle of Hang-ty commencing his flight above the clouds, in the presence of a vast multitude of people. All which spectacles, and many more of a similarly well-authenticated kind, are accompanied by a pompous relation of the wonderful exploits of the early ages of the empire. Then the showman is sure to be magniloquent on the subject of the great wall, flanked with towers, which, according to him, were so lofty as to hide their tops in the clouds. He describes it as the world's masterpiece of



industry and patience, and exhibits the broad road on its top, wide enough for six horsemen to ride abreast, and paved with massive flags of stone. He tells how the third part of the inhabitants of the empire worked at it for five years; that the stones were obliged to be so well fitted together, that the architect would have lost his head had it been possible to drive a nail between the joints. He boasts that this mighty bulwark of the empire was guarded by a million of soldiers, under the dynasty of the Chinese; and tells how Hoang-ti, after having caused the whole to be erected, burned all the accounts, records, and writings, in order that his name alone should be remembered in connection with it.

On the other hand, a rival showman will flatter the pride of the Tartar population, by exhibiting pictures of the conquest of China by the Tartars, and the victories of the great Tayt-sou, chief of the new race, and will recount how the traitor, List-Ching, came to besiege Peking; how the emperor of China killed himself in his palace, having first compelled all his wives,

and the empress herself, to do the same. Then he will wind up with a representation of the triumphs of the emperor Cang-hi, whose reign was long and glorious; or of the festivals of the sage and pious Kien-long, which he instituted in honor of the birth-day of his mother.

Another popular amusement is that of the marionettes, or dancing dolls, shown in the above engraving. These are sometimes constructed and managed with much ingenuity, the dolls performing various automatic motions, by means of machinery and springs concealed within them. It is ascertained that this species of exhibition is really of Chinese invention, and that it was borrowed from them by the Portuguese and Italians, which last-named people improved upon the original invention, and qualified their automata for performances really wonderful and striking. Short and simple dramas are daily enacted in the Chinese streets by these little figures, to the mirth and wonder of the gaping people. The motions of the figures are controlled by strings, in the hands of the



CHINESE DANCING DOLLS.

exhibitor. In the European performances, both the strings and the exhibitor are concealed from the view of the spectator; but in those of the Chinese there is no attempt at illusion, the machinery and its manager being patent to all lookers-on. An Englishman, above the age of boyhood, would hardly care to waste many minutes upon such a spectacle as is here shown; but in China this amusement is not only welcomed by adults, and particularly by the Chinese ladies, who find in it an agreeable relaxation, but it is also among the number of those recreations reserved for the entertainment of the monarch and his court. Indeed it would appear that the monarch takes a pride in it; for, according to Mr. Barrow, these automaton figures got up in the park of the imperial Zhe-Hol, at the time of the reception of the English embassy.

In gymnastics and feats of activity, the Chinese appear to surpass the western races. An American traveler, who lately witnessed some of their feats of this kind, speaks of a pyramid of gymnasts, the base formed by a number of them joining hands in a circle; upon the shoulders of the lower circle stood a second tier, and upon the shoulders of these stood a third. There is nothing very wonderful so far, and so much is often seen in the streets of London; but with the Chinese gymnasts this is but a commencement of the sport. At a given signal, the lower circle begins dancing, accelerating their motions every moment, until the whole are seen whirling round like a top, with incredible and fearful velocity—the circles above dancing and whirling in like manner, and exhibiting all sorts of antics into the bargain, without losing their footing.

The Chinese jugglers or conjurers, though by no means equal to the same tribe in India, yet perform astonishing feats. Among them, as among all Eastern nations, there is no lack of snake-charmers, of whom it may be said, find them where you will, that their principal occupation is that of charming the coin from the pockets of the credulous. The vase-player is a performer whose talent is less questionable, seeing that he really works wonders, useless though they be. His exploits consist of a series of unaccountable balancings and maneuvers with a monster vase of porcelain. He hurls it

aloft in the air, and, at the moment when it is dashing to the ground, and you look for the fragments, he has caught it on the point of his bare toe, precisely on its center of gravity, and there it rests motionless. The next minute it is whirling aloft again, and descends to its quiet resting-place on the point of the performer's elbow, and behind his back. In a word, though the surface of the vase is highly polished all over, he will catch it on any part of his person, and never miss his aim. Nor is that all: he will make the vase roll against gravity, coaxing it, so to speak, to climb up his arm, inclined to a considerable angle, and to rest upon his shoulder—a feat, the success of which is due to his skill in suddenly contracting and relaxing the muscles of the limb.

An amusement immensely popular with the multitude, is that of flying kites, and it is carried to a perfection never to be observed in other countries. The kites are fashioned of various shapes, resembling birds, beasts, fishes, or monsters; and the object of each player is so to maneuver his kite, by means of the string, as to strike down that of his opponent. Another favorite pastime is that of foot-ball, which is played much as it is among Europeans. One of the most ancient games of the common people is the game called jang. This is played with two wooden toys, in the form of a pair of shoes, one of which is placed on the ground, and its fellow thrown from a distance, the object being to insert one within the other, and he who succeeds in doing so is the winner.

After all, the national recreation of China is the national vice of gambling. All men gamble, from the highest mandarin to the lowest artisan or vagabond; they will fight anything, from a quail to a cricket, for money; dice and cards are in almost every man's pocket; and, if they have nothing else to play for, they will stake their liberty, rather than forego the pleasure and excitement of the game.

A CELEBRATED divine says: "The world we inhabit must have an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligent must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is supreme, we know by the name of God!"



THE TALKING OAK.

## SKETCHES FROM THE PAINTERS.

THE subject of this picture is taken from Tennyson's popular and beautiful poem with the same title; a work of delicate fancy and felicitous epithet—of the former even more so than is usual with the poet, remarkable as he is for that quality. A lover approaching a giant oak in the park of his mistress's family, apostrophises it to obtain news of the fair one; whereupon the tree, "tall oak of summer chase," in murmurous tones replies that she had but lately come to the very spot upon which he stands, and playfully em-

bracing its giant bole in her slender clasping arms, kissed the letters of her name which he had carved upon its bark. The period of the poem chosen by the artist is the moment when the lady finds the carven letters of her name, and delightedly recognizes the hand of him she loves. The picture was exhibited at the British Institution in the early part of this year, and has since been purchased by the Glasgow Art Union; a society remarkable for the excellent taste and good judgment evinced in the choice of their engravings.

## THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES.

COCHABAMBA is a beautiful city, in latitude 17° south, and close to the south side of a range jutting out from the main Andes trunk, and shooting off southeasterly two hundred miles into the Madeira Plata. The streets run at right angles, and opposite the plaza is a large cathedral, with a fountain in front, fed by the waters from a snow peak on the ridge near by.

Bolivia has a population of about one million and a half, most of whom are Indians. Its public force consists of a national guard or militia, and a police. The standing army is three thousand strong, with one officer to every six soldiers. Indians are not enlisted, as they are considered the agriculturists of the country. It costs not less than a million of dollars per annum to maintain this army, and the sum is drawn from the labor of the aborigines. This must be an enormous tax.

In this region the country is well cultivated, and during the month of December, flowers are in full bloom, strawberries almost ripe, with peach, orange, and fig trees bearing fruit. The gardens are carefully worked, with beds of onions, cabbages, lucerne, and grapevines. Cochabamba Valley has been called the granary of Bolivia. Wheat, maize, and barley are transported to the Potosi and other mines. The apple, pear, and quince also produce well.

Bolivia has a Congress, composed, like ours, of two houses, representatives and senators, elected by the people for four years. No man can be chosen a senator unless he has an income of at least one thousand dollars a year, and a representative must have fifteen hundred dollars. The president is elected for five years, but has seldom been chosen by the people, most times coming into office by revolutionizing the government. This is more easily effected, from the fact that Bolivia rests her power and influence upon her armed force. The voting population is thinly scattered over an extensive country, and the army is very large.

Religious processions are very common through the streets of Cochabamba. Padres, with wooden images and bands of music, parade the town, praying for rain, whenever the crops are suffering in the neighboring valley. As they pass along,

the Indians join the religious march. A grand procession is also made for a dying man, if his family can afford the expense, which is usually about two hundred dollars. The street in front of his house is carpeted, and fire-works arranged on reed frames. Neighbors come in, and the lady of the house receives them, as if to a ball. Her daughters are dressed with flowers, while the dying father lies in the next room. The procession now approaches, with a large wooden female image on a platform, a company of regular soldiers, young padres, priests, and lighted candles. As it marches along, showers of flowers are thrown from the balconies of the houses. When the image reaches the afflicted dwelling, she rests upon the carpet, the priests kneel, the church bells ring, and the people uncover and pray for the dying man. A hymn is sung, and all march away to the music. The carpets are now removed, and when night approaches the fire-works commence, and are connected, by wires, from the sick man's room to the altar of the church. Flying messages of superstitious fire are thus carried to and fro, amid the brilliant display of the framework.

The bishop of Cochabamba anxiously asked an American citizen, in 1855, if the people of the United States wanted to navigate the rivers of Bolivia. He was answered that they desired to trade with the Bolivians. But he opposed the proposition, because, if once granted, "*it would be the cause of declaring liberty.*"

Shocks of earthquake are felt in these elevated regions, and at night they are alarming. The people hurry out of their beds and houses, and the whole population is aroused in a moment. Dogs howl all over the city, the horses, terribly frightened, wildly rush through the corral, while the people, trembling, await and fear another shock from the mighty Andes.

Some of the useful arts are pursued at Cochabamba. Weavers make beautiful cotton and woolen cloths; hats are formed from the vicuña wool, a very good article. There are blacksmiths, carpenters, and cabinet makers; still, mule-trains are passed in the Andes, loaded with cane-bottomed chairs manufactured in New-York, and iron bedsteads from Paris. The mechanic here needs a proper teaching in the useful trades. While his apprentice awkwardly handles a Philadelphia chisel,

the Spanish master stands at the door of the shop, dressed in a broadcloth coat, with a porcho over it! There are tinners; and notwithstanding tin is found in the neighboring Titicaca basin, the metal is carried over the Cordilleras, shipped around Cape Horn, manufactured by Yankee tinkers, doubles the Cape again, and passing the mouth of the mines, crosses the Andes, and is sold in this place for pans, coffee-pots, and funnels! What a journey!

The merchants here make their remittances to the sea-ports by packing up twenty-two hundred dollars of silver in bags, covered with leather, and forty-four hundred dollars make the mule load. Signing the bill of lading, the *amico* then arms himself against robbers on the road, and when the load is delivered at Taena, Peru, he receives sixteen dollars per mule, the trip consuming fourteen days. The trains are seldom robbed in the uninhabited regions of the Andes and Cordilleras, where the driver sleeps by himself in the deep gorges, or upon the mountain top.

The funerals are very singular among the Bolivians, and preceded by a man with a five-gallon jar of *chica* on his head. At the corners of the streets, when those carrying the corpse are tired, they all take a drink and sing, until, at times, the whole party are intoxicated and not able to reach the graveyard, when the funeral is postponed until the next day. This is the case only among the *mestizos*, the Indians exhibiting a more quiet, serious, and respectful feeling. Often will they sit silently in rows by the dead body all night, mourning the loss of a fellow-native with heartfelt grief.

The funeral of a wealthy Creole is attended by gentlemen in black, invited by cards, and who carry long tallow candles, with music. Franciscan friars, with portable altars, follow, and masses are said between the house of the deceased and the church. In the funeral bills, charges are made for *chica*, coca, wine, cigars, the cooking apparatus, and other Church expenses, amounting altogether to almost three hundred dollars. These items almost resemble the list of mess stores for an old sailor, cruising around Cape Horn.

When a little child dies, the ladies dress it in a white silk frock, fastened by diamond rings, and trimmed with gold and silver threads, the head and feet bare. A golden cross is placed in the right, and a

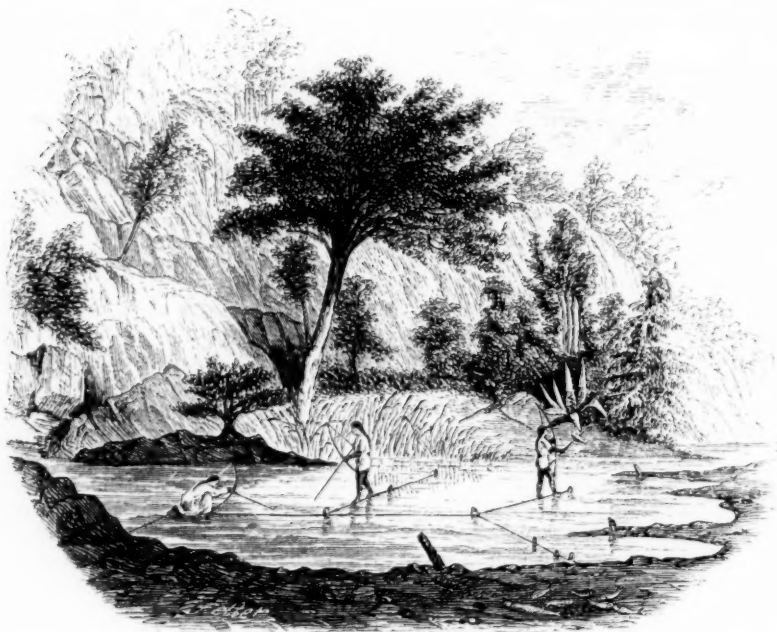
small silver lamb in the left hand. The coffin is lined with deep blue silk, and a little couch placed within, which hangs upon bands of blue and white ribbons, where rests the body. Six little boys, dressed in black, hold the ribbons, and carry the child to the church. Then follow the ladies, headed by the *commadre*, god-mother, and after them the friends, on foot. As the boys move on the Indians crowd around, to admire the finery, and the bearers are cautioned to watch the jewelry from being stolen. This is removed after the body leaves the church for the grave. Great care, too, has to be taken that the coffin itself, and especially an expensive one, is not stolen. Instances have been known where the same coffin has been sold several times for eight dollars. Returning from such a funeral to the house of the mother, the ladies spend the evening sociably, as if nothing afflictive had happened. The custom of the country, universally, is to have music and dancing in the house before the corpse is taken to the church and buried.

In the distribution of vegetable life throughout these elevated regions, nature places the potato the highest; then in this order: quinna, barley, wheat, coffee, and sugar-cane. Hence the inhabitants on the east side of the Andes have a supply of these self-sustaining products. Then they also have mutton and wool from the highlands, with beef and tallow of the steppes, on which the most dense population exists.

The Indian understands the art of distilling. Generally he cannot be considered intemperate, considering his partiality for *chica*; except on saints' days, when it seems to be understood that much drinking is allowable. If any good is instilled into their minds by the religious services or mass, on Sunday morning, it is generally lost, under the effects of strong drink, at night. This is a most debasing custom. The women dance to music all the way home from the church, and the frolic continues most of the night. There is not much difficulty in keeping the Indians from an immoderate use of *chica* during the week, but they will indulge freely at the time of religious worship, which the Jesuits have fixed permanently, after six day's labor.

In many sections saltpeter is found, and the aborigines understand the art of manu-





YURACAES INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

facturing fireworks for the Romish Churches. The rockets sent up toward the heavens amid the solemn shades of night, was one means used by the early Jesuits to attract the serious attention of the wild man, roving in his native forests. They were a peaceful race, and gunpowder was thus used to light up the imagined way to heaven! The Indians, too, have learned the art of casting church bells from the brass, copper, and zinc of the Titicaca basin, but are unacquainted with the process of melting the ore for cannon. They also gather the gums and sell them to the priests for incense, and supply the traders with copal, balsams, the roots of jalapa, ipecacuanha, and sarsaparilla. Many valuable ornamental and dye woods are now only known to them, but will be to the world when the trade and waters of the beautiful La Plata are open to the common sea.

The heights of the Eastern Andes are among the most sublime and terrific portions of our globe. They seem to correspond with the rocky shores of the ocean, where the waves beat heavily against their banks. Trees, vines, creepers, and mosses are heaped up, as sea-weed is seen hang-

ing from the rocks of the coast. The bold fisherman ventures with his canoe into the calm ocean beyond the troubled breakers. But here are no inhabitants; there never were any; nor are there any ruins of former ages among these primitive forests. Few animals are seen, and no birds except our national one, the wild turkey, which, undisturbed, walks through the bushes, and feeds on the berries. The easterly winds, striking the broad side of the Andes, do not glide upward, but the current is sometimes divided, the lower half sweeping down over the forests, with such force as to bend and break the stoutest trees.

Descending the Andes some distance, the first sign of animal life are swarms of the ring-tailed monkeys. They travel at a rapid rate along the tree-tops, swinging to the limbs by their feet and tails. When frightened, the young one calls for its mother, who promptly attends, and the cunning little animal, jumping on her back, holds on to her hind leg with his tail, and off she gallops to the next tree. They make a deafening noise if fired at with shot and powder, and are not easily killed. The muleteers are very fond of their meat.

and it is quite amusing to see them luxuriating upon the hind leg of a ring-tailed monkey, taking alternately with it grains of parched corn. They say the tail is the most delicate part, when properly singed. Monkey meat is thought to keep longer than any other in that elevated climate. From the skins the amicas make pouches for their coca, beans, and parched corn, suspended by the tail to a strap round the waist, and the legs tied together.

The greatest favor to a traveler in the Andes regions, is the present of a biscuit, which, when hard baked, without salt, will best stand that moist climate. Many

other things melt or spoil. Rice, too, is valuable, and a wild turkey, well dissected and well boiled in it, with a little lump of Potosi salt, is a most refreshing meal after a hard day's travel across these lofty eminences. The arrieros usually carry a bag of roasted or parched corn, like our own North American Indians. Every man has his flint and steel, but it is often very difficult to make a fire, from the soaking of the dead wood by the snow and rains. The arrieros will sleep soundly, their heads in the rain and feet in the warm ashes. The condition of both the Peruvian and Brazilian Indians is sad indeed, as they make but



VINCHUTA.

little progress in Christian civilization. Well-meaning and zealous padres alone attempt to improve them, and these are contented to teach them obedience to the Church and her ceremonies, and to repeat like a parrot the "*Doctrina*." One spiritual father in the Andes exhibited a little plaster image of the Virgin, which they had not seen before. Then he endeavored to explain that this figure represented the mother of God, whom he had before taught them to worship and adore, that through her intercession the sins and crimes of men might be forgiven. The Indians

paid great attention, and passing the image from hand to hand. One of them stopped the priest in his discourse, and asked if the image were a man or woman. The poor friar gave up his illustration in despair, and fell back upon the sense-striking ceremonies of the Romish Church, which, we doubt not, made a far more lasting impression than his discourse possibly could. These Indians are proverbially docile and teachable, and the government of Peru should commence their civilization at once. They might be concentrated in a few villages, with a simple

code of laws, and an intelligent governor having full power appointed over their district. This would be a good beginning, and then, to complete the work of reformation, the country must be thrown open to colonization, inducing emigration by certain privileges and grants of land.

Among these natives the *Yuracares* are the true wild men of the woods; they dress in bark shirts, and use the bow and arrow; their faces are painted in stripes of red, blue, and green; feet, arms, and legs are bare. Their general appearance is most savage. On hunting expeditions a woman attends them, and when a turkey falls, or a fish is caught, they are tossed to her, and she builds the fire and cooks them, when they encamp for the night. Seating themselves in a circle, they enjoy the feast. Before the break of day they are on their feet again; not a word is spoken to wake up other animals. As soon as the ring-tailed monkey opens his eyes, the watchful Indian draws his bow and down falls the screaming animal, twisting, turning, and calling for help. The Indians stand perfectly quiet, knowing that his fellows of this curious family will rush to his rescue, and as, one by one, they crawl down to see what has happened, the silent arrow flies through the trees, when the screaming is terrible. While the wild turkey is shaking the dew from his wings on his roosting-place, the sure-aimed arrow strikes him down; and the tiger scenting the Indian's resting-place approaches it, but an arrow meets him inside the foreshoulder, and penetrates his heart in his dying agony.

In the ponds, or lakes, long stakes are driven into the muddy bottom, and little pole bridges are fastened to them. Here the Indians stand silently watching the bottom, with their arrows pointing into the water. As the fish are pierced and thrown upon the shore in quick succession, the excitement becomes very great, and whenever one of them missed all shouted aloud with laughter. These Indians are much more cheerful than those further up the mountains; their manners and customs more original and striking, never having been changed by the influences of the white man.

As the sun shines upon the streams, the fish begin to make their appearance, and the Indian taking his stand on the rocks in the river, shoots with a keen eye, and

the sure arrow is drawn up with a fish sometimes a foot long. The *Yuracares* are half civilized, and the *Creoles* carefully treat them kindly; they are a wandering tribe, own nothing but their bows, arrows, a little yuca, and a few ears of corn, and have no gold ornaments. Animal food is so plentiful among them that they are not compelled to cultivate the soil for a living. Their province embraces the sides of the mountain ridge, from its summit to the foot, and hence the climate is cold, temperate, warm and hot. The *Yuracarean* has a beautiful and uninterrupted view of the San Mateo valley, until his eye reaches the lofty Andes. This tribe is scattered along the eastern base of the Andes, in little bands from seven to seventy, and their whole number is said to be (1855) six hundred. They are less under the control of the Church than other tribes. Their country is the most inviting in all Bolivia for the cultivation of the soil, well wooded and watered and within the rain belt.

Vinchuta is the eastern commercial emporium of Bolivia, but, strange enough, foreign goods come over the Andes, instead of up the rivers from the Atlantic. Cottons, glass-ware, cutlery, etc., traverse the Cordilleras over rocky roads and barren plains, then over the Andes range and down terrible roads to this commercial port, a distance of eight hundred miles. The people seem to be ignorant of the advantages which a direct route to the Atlantic would secure, instead of the old and round-about way of the Pacific. An elephant reached the tablelands of Bolivia, having walked through the Cordilleras, sixteen thousand feet above the Pacific Ocean. When he reached the suspension bridge, the tollman shut his gate, but his keeper, a *Yankee*, made him swim the stream. There were many places on the mountains where the rocks had been cut to allow the passage of a mule, but even here the elephant scraped back and sides through.

**MAN FEARS PROSPERITY.**—There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed, and largely swells a debt which, sooner or later, he must acquit.



## THE SOURCE OF THE MOSELLE.

AT a short distance from Bussang, a little town in the department Des Vosges, in France, is the source of the Moselle; trickling through the moss and stones that, together with fallen leaves, strew the ground, come the few first drops of this beautiful river. A few yards lower down the hill-side these drops are received into a little pool of fairy dimensions, this tiny pool of fresh sweet water is surrounded by mossy stones, wild garlic, ferns, little creepers of many forms, and stems of trees. The trees, principally pine, grow thickly over the whole "ballon," (as the hills are here called :) many are of great size, they shut out the heat of the sun, and clothe the earth with tremulous shadows, tremulous, because the broad but feathery ferns receive bright rays, and waving to and fro in the gentle breeze, give the shadows an appearance of constant movement.

Such is the description given by Mr. Rooke, in his "Life of the Moselle," of the above engraving, one of the many beauti-

ful illustrations of a charming book, entitled "The Life of the Moselle, from its Source in the Vosges Mountains to its Junction with the Rhine at Coblenze." Mr. Rooke traces the Moselle from its cradle to its grave; describes the towns and villages, the old castles and ruins on its banks; narrates curious passages in their history; tells old legends connected with them in poetic prose and pleasing verse; and expatiates with real delight on the continual beauty of the scenery, of which he laments that English travelers are for the most part so ignorant.

## VALLEY FEMALE INSTITUTE.

MEN whose talents have commanded the respect and admiration of the world have spent their energies in presenting the claims of education. The giants of every religious organization have thought it worthy their strongest efforts to enforce the importance of education for the youth of their churches. Wesley.

Whitefield, Asbury, Bunting, Olin, Fisk, Emory, and a host of others, living and dead, spent a large portion of their time in bringing the public mind to its proper appreciation. Their monuments are seen in the literary institutions that bear their names, in the intelligent, cultivated, thinking thousands of the Church, and in the broad and still expanding views of the clergy and laity. Those who have imagined that the liberal education of woman conflicts with the proper discharge of the duties of her sphere, and that the paths of science should be trodden only by their sons, are giving place to men of nobler minds; and before the light emanating from those defenders of the Christian woman's rights, the seminaries that are springing up in every part of the land, such darkness is fast disappearing. Ingenuity, exhibited in schools as well as in sewing and washing machines, is largely assisting in bringing in another and more glorious era for woman. Hood's Song of the Shirt will still be sung, but we trust ere long it will be struck only as a memento of the past. To hasten this, let the claims of female education be universally acknowledged, an education mingling the useful with the sweet, the ornate with the solid, thus improving both

head and heart, and in the end fitting her to preside with honor at the domestic board, and act her part with modesty and grace in the social circle. We are no longer without the facilities for such an end. For many years the young men have enjoyed such advantages; only lately, however, have they been afforded our young ladies. Within the last ten years, as if by magic, there have arisen academies and colleges for females such as do honor to our country.

The great valley of Virginia, one of the fairest spots in the Union, blessed with the purest air and most healthful springs; land of the mountain, plain, and river; land of the waving forest and waving field; land of the fertile soil, the genial sky, and browsing flocks and herds; land of glorious scenery, rich minerals, and noble men, stretching out in all the beauty and fertility that might be expected in a land once the bed of a vast lake, is not deficient in educational facilities. Here, in the center of this delightful valley, with the lofty Alleghanies far away in the north, and the gentler heights of the Blue Ridge in the south, in Winchester, the most ancient town in the Virginia Valley, noted for its beautiful scenery and historic associations, as well as for the refined and ele-



VIEW OF THE INSTITUTE.



gant hospitality of its citizens, is situated one of the most flourishing seminaries of the South, the Valley Female Institute. It was founded in 1854, is under the patronage of the Baltimore and East Baltimore Conferences, and is endowed by the Legislature of Virginia with full collegiate powers. It is under the control of Rev. S. P. York, A.M., and George La Monte, A.B., gentlemen eminently qualified for the positions they occupy, assisted by an efficient corps of instruction, demonstrated by the complete success of the institution and the confidence of the community. There are three departments: the Preparatory, Academic, and Collegiate, embracing one, two, and three years respectively. The course of study includes the customary solid and polite English branches, with the ancient and modern languages, music, and painting.

During the past year a number of conversions have taken place in the Institute. Would that all of our schools were centers of religious light, disseminators of true piety, where the great text-book of the great Teacher was held up to the young as the foundation of true wisdom; where science, art, and all knowledge, sanctified by the Cross of Christ, were again sent forth for the evangelization of mankind. Would that over the portals of every institution in our land were inscribed, in letters of living fire,

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,  
And the man that getteth understanding.  
She is more precious than rubies,  
And all the things thou canst desire are not  
to be compared to her."

This representative of our growing Methodism in the Valley of Virginia, the Valley Female Institute, is doing a noble work, exerting a powerful influence over the intellects and hearts of the rising generation, fitting young ladies to become not only intelligent women, but women of comprehensive minds and personal piety. It constitutes an important post in the great educational system of the Church, a literary and moral Gibraltar; assisting not merely in wreathing our daughters' fair brows with laurels of literary distinction, but in encircling them with never-fading leaves from the tree of life; and helps to cement the foundations of the Church, already, by the wisdom of our fathers, under God, laid deep and strong and broad.

### THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

AMONG the heresies of our day by which some have been unloosed from their moorings and moved from the sure anchorage of truth, the fallibility of inspired Scripture is pre-eminently formidable. Bibliolaters though we may be called, we take our stand upon the infallibility of "the oracles of God." And our bibliolatri is so intense that, claiming infallibility for the utterances of inspired Scripture, we claim infallibility, no less, for its silence. It is silent, not from mistake, nor inadvertence, nor negligence, nor undesigned omission, but from inspiration. The same Spirit who taught Moses, and Matthew, and Paul what to write, taught them also what to omit. The declaration of Dr. Wordsworth in reference to one point of this silence, we extend to every point on which silence is maintained. "This silence of Scripture is inspired;" and because inspired, *instructive*.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that we are not now concerned with all the countless points on which this silence exists, but only with such as are contrary to the expectation we might *à priori* have entertained, when the general object of revelation was borne in mind.

1. On no point am I more curious than the origin of the world in which I live. *How—when—*came this material system into being? The oracles answer: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." And the narrative proceeds with the simple record of a progressive work of creation, occupying six days. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." But stay, Moses. Is this all? I have many questions to ask? You have left many points of deepest interest unsettled. In these last days a new science has been developed. The geologist tells me that the earth is of far higher antiquity than is indicated in your cosmogony. He has dug into its bowels, and the testimony of its rocks and strata and remains is irrefragable. This earth of ours is more than six thousand years old. Is this first announcement of the oracles of truth—"In

the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"—an account, not of the original creation of matter, but simply of the arrangement of matter, created in remote ages, into this present form and system? Or is this announcement—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—the simple and solitary record of the original creation of matter? and are we to put between the first and second verses of Genesis an interval of vast duration, sufficient for the action of all those second causes to which the phenomena of geology are to be traced? The Hebrew scholar can philologize over the verb rendered "*created*." Geologists theorize and differ. The infidel watches the controversy, in eager hope to gather from the geological argument a new and irresistible weapon against Moses and the Old Testament. A line would have superseded controversy, by giving us the date of the creation of matter and of the world's birthday. A single chapter might have been a text-book for geologists, detailing the story of rocks and strata, of megatheria and ichthyosauri, of volcanic forces, and of those mighty convulsions and changes on which now we can offer but conjecture. "The oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

2. "There is no subject within the whole range of knowledge," says Sir David Brewster, "so universally interesting as that of a plurality of worlds. It commands the sympathies, and appeals to the judgment of men of all nations, of all creeds, and of all times; and no sooner do we comprehend the few simple facts on which it rests, than the mind rushes instinctively to embrace it." And this eminent philosopher has written a volume to prove this plurality. Are there then more worlds than one? Is the Moon, are Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn inhabited? Are the fixed stars as many suns, each of which illuminates a world? And, if there be a plurality of worlds, by what beings are they inhabited? men? or beings of higher—or beings of lower—powers? Beings with "minds of superior or meaner capacities than human united to a human body?" or beings with "minds of human capacities united to a different body?" And has sin found entrance among them? And are they interested in the death of the Son of God—the Saviour who was "found in fashion as a man,"

and trod this globe, and died for the human race? Or is "the earth really the largest planetary body in the solar system, its domestic hearth, and the only world in the universe?"

These inquiries are of deep interest. They have engaged the minds of theologians and of astronomers. But, whether we side with Sir David Brewster or with the writer against whom he took the field, the prefatory assertion of the latter is true, that "revealed religion contains no doctrine relative to the inhabitants of planets and stars."

On the plurality or non-plurality of worlds "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

3. Again. The Bible reveals to me the existence of a race of angels. Some of them, I learn, are yet standing in the purity and the happiness in which they were created. These do the high behests of their Creator, and, by his appointment, "minister to" the "heirs of salvation" among men. Their agency is continually presented to us in the inspired records, as servants to the saints and executioners of Divine vengeance; smiting, now the hosts of a Sennacherib, now a Herod in his pomp. Others have fallen from pristine uprightness and glory, and are "reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." But when were they created? What their nature? How did revolt find entrance among them? What was their offense? I see the ladder set up between earth and heaven, on which they ascend and descend, as ministering to Jacob; I behold them as the glorious "train" of Jehovah, and listen to the song of the seraphim: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" I gaze on them, as clustering in their shining cohorts around Sinai, and as grouped in myriads around my returning Lord. I am admitted to the interview between Gabriel and the lowly Mary; I learn that "for the devil and his angels" "everlasting fire" is "prepared." My daily spiritual conflict is against their "principalities and powers;" but on their creation, their nature, their sin, a Milton has sung with sublime and too daring flight, but "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

4. THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL—evil, moral and physical. It is intertwined with the world's history. It is before me, in the

experience of every day and every hour. Nor *before* me only, *upon* me. *within* me. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." The sufferings of a dumb ass; the pains and perils of an infant; the enmity between many portions of the animal creation; the oppression of the slave; the wrongs of down-trodden nations; the ravages of death; the sighings and weepings of this Bochim-world; the volcano, the earthquake, the storm—what problems are here! Was not the Creator a God of love? Was he not a God of power? Whence and why this evil in his world?

The question concerning the origin of evil, says Whately, is left by the Scriptures just where they found it. They neither introduce the difficulty, as some weak opponents contend, nor account for it, as is imagined by some not less weak advocates; who, having undertaken to explain it, and having, perhaps, satisfied themselves and others that they have done so, are sure to be met by the very same difficulty, reappearing in some different form; like a resistless stream, which, when one of its channels is dammed up, immediately forces its way through another. He who professes to account for the existence of evil by tracing it up to the *first* evil recorded as occurring, would have no reason to deride the absurdity of an atheist, who should profess to account for the origin of the human race by simply tracing them up to the first pair.

It is a folly to regard the difficulty as to the origin of evil in the light of an *objection*, either to our religion, or to any other, since it would lie equally against all; as indeed it does against any system of philosophy likewise; for the ancient heathen were as much perplexed with doubts as to the origin of evil as we are. Even atheism does not lessen, it only alters the difficulty: for as the believer in a God cannot account for the existence of evil, so the believer in *no* God, cannot account for the existence of good; or, indeed, for anything at all that bears marks of rational design. Man theorizes; but "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

5. THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD, THE ACCOUNTABLENESS OF MAN. A reconciling verse might have spared us the Calvinistic and Arminian strife. That book, opened amid all the terrors of the great assize, is "the book of life" of a sovereign

God. Its pages of light and love are studded with the names of a countless family of sons and daughters, "elect according to the foreknowledge of God," predestinated as "vessels of glory," by an eternal adoption, to be conformed to the image of God's Christ, and to share his inheritance. "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." . . . "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." Yet he doth "find fault." Yet does he judge man as subject to his law, and as responsible for repentance, for faith, for holiness; responsible under the law, responsible under grace.

Paul is pressed with the difficulty. I am on the tiptoe of expectation. His answer is to solve the problem, and to reduce all to system. Calvinist, give heed! Arminian, attend! Not Paul, but "the oracles of God" (for it is Paul "in the Spirit") speak: "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" And this is all. The problem is unsolved. On the harmony of the sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man, "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

6. HADES. Where and what is it? To many of us, apart from its bearing upon our own future, this inquiry is associated with remembrances the most touching, with emotions the most tender. Our loved dead, who fell asleep in Jesus, where are they? Their bodies we have committed to the ground, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Their graves are among us. We go to weep there. Amid our weepings we hear the voice of the Lord of death: "I am the resurrection and the life." "Thy brother shall rise again." Not only so. "Absent from the body," "present with the Lord," is the law of the disembodied spirits of the just. To die, was "to be with Christ." "This day with me in Paradise," was their blissful experience, ere our first outburst of grief was hushed. But where their dwelling? What the character, what the measure of their foretaste? Are they cognizant of our joys and sorrows? From the Saviour's bosom, can their eye reach to the lone one from whom they have been severed? Do they hover near us? The sainted mother, the folded lamb, do they wait to greet us? Are they standing on Jordan's further bank, to convoy us to the

Saviour's side? May we know this? Thus much: they are "with Christ." Thus much: "Them also that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." But no more. "The oracles of God," full and frequent in their utterances of the Lord's return, are now dumb. Scripture, glowing with imagery, teeming with promises and warnings of the resurrection day, is silent here.

7. A large portion of the second volume of the Bible is devoted to the records of the life of Christ. Four writers were inspired to record to us "the days of his flesh." Here, too, are omissions we should hardly have anticipated, and which stand in contrast with the cravings of man's curiosity, as variously displayed in his treatment of their narratives. Biographers and writers of fiction, sometimes even the historian, in dealing with the chief actors in the scenes which he records, give vividness to their pages, and meet the cravings of their readers, by portraying their heroes and chief personages. A portrait is an almost indispensable prefix to a biography. From the records of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Napoleon, we turn to the bust, or effigy, or canvas, which has preserved to us the features and the stature of the man. So minutely does a Walter Scott, or a Dickens portray the *physique* of heroes and heroines, that their imaginary characters start readily into life at the painter's or the graver's touch. The writer has provided a sitter for the artist. Height, size, complexion, conformation of feature, the dress, to a gauntlet or a ribbon, all are before us on his graphic page. But though painters, ancient and modern, have essayed to place upon their canvas the outward form of Him in whom "dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" though every incident of the Gospel story has been produced and reproduced by ten thousand pencils, yet neither for their "Madonna and Child," nor for their "Man of Sorrows," have they found guidance in the pages of the Evangelists. Neither Matthew, nor Mark, nor John, have furnished Guido, or the Caracis, or Murillo with a hint. And were the Romish tradition of Luke's profession (that he was painter, no less than physician) true, even Luke forms no exception. They have left a moral, but not a physical portrait on their pages. The height of that body which was stretched upon the ac-

cursed tree for us; the color of those eyes which looked on Peter, and from which there flowed tears of holy sorrow, as he stood at Lazarus's grave, and as he gazed on the doomed Jerusalem; the hue of that hair which the crown of thorns encircled; the bulk of that sacred body which walked Gennesaret's waters; of these not a glimpse, not a word. The details of his infancy and boyhood are untold. At twelve, he is subject to his parents. At thirty, he is publicly consecrated to his ministry. What of the eighteen years of interval? Where and how spent? Did those sacred hands toil at the business of his reputed sire?

And the risen Christ, was there any change in the nature of his body? Is the dictum of Bishop Horsley true, "Whatever was natural to him before, seems now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural." And how—where—were the days between his resurrection and ascension spent? for we have but brief and scanty records. On much of the detail of the earthly life of God manifest in the flesh "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

Archbishop Whately and Bishop Hinds notice the transmission of "only one short form of prayer;" the absence of any "complete form for the administration of the Christian ordinances;" of "any systematic course of instruction in the Christian doctrine;" and of "any code of laws for regulating the government of the Church;" and of "a form of Liturgy." To which may be added, the entire absence of any injunction or instruction as to the form or arrangement of material places for Christian public worship. Full well, in his Divine prescience, did the great Head of the Church know that, as years rolled on, in his Church's history on earth, and early, too, in that history, points of Church polity and order and discipline must be keenly debated by his professed disciples, that catechisms, and liturgies, and rubrics, and vestments should be occasions of strife and division. Yet how has he legislated for his Church? "Hold fast the form of sound words;" but no systematized creed or catechism, *as such*. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together;" but no pattern of a material or "worldly" sanctuary, as on the mount of the old covenant. "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also;"

but no inspired liturgy. "Let all things be done decently and in order;" but no code of rubrics, no Act of Uniformity for the Church Catholic; no instructions for the fashion of ephod, robe, or miter. And yet one short epistle on Church order and public worship, a Christian "*Leviticus*," might have seemed essential for the well-being, the well-ordering, and the unity of the Church. *No silence* on the Catholic verities which all orthodox systems and formularies must include; *no silence* on the subjects of prayer and praise which must be incorporated into public worship; *no silence* as to the presence of the Master of assemblies amid the congregations of his saints; *no silence* as to the import and blessedness of the communion of the Lord's Supper; *no silence* on the doctrines which *he* must preach who would preach "the Gospel of the grace of God;" *no silence* as to the general necessity for order and discipline; *no silence* as to the duties, privileges, and manner of life of the ministers of the New Testament. On *these* "the oracles of God" speak plainly, and often authoritatively and solemnly. But on many a point on which a Hooker and a Cartwright have held controversy; on some point, at least, to which Hampton Court and Savoy Conferences have been directed, and on which Churchmen and Dissenter have parted, and Dissenter dissented from Dissenter, "the oracles of God" are dumb, Scripture is silent.

By its silence, the Word of God has left us in a position of inability to reconcile *apparently* incompatible statements. Certain of its truths *appear to us* irreconcilable, because their point of harmony is not revealed. Unwilling to acquiesce in this silence, theologians have spoken where God has not spoken. Too impatient to wait for the revealings of the world of light, where we "shall know, even as we are known," they compacted their systems, the *ultraism* of which is to be traced to their going beyond God's word written. And in lesser matters than the points of election, reprobation, universal or particular redemption; in matters which of late have become fruitful sources of strife and division, and furnished Shibboleths to contending parties, how painfully and mischievously has this tendency been developed! But our subject is eminently calculated to remind us of the great objects for which the Bible has been given us:

and thus to check erroneous anticipations of its contents.

Look at its first three chapters. The only account vouchsafed to man by his Creator of the *Genesis* of man's self and of man's world. No revelation of the mysteries of the divine essence, nor of the depths of the divine eternity. No detailed record of the creation of matter. No record of the creation of angels, nor of their fall. No reference to a plurality or non-plurality of worlds. No disquisition on moral evil. But a brief, simple record of the creation of the heavens and the earth; the planting of man upon it; his uprightness, his habitation, his probation, his fall, his forfeiture of his Paradise, his incurring of the penalty of a broken law, and a dim promise of mercy. These things "belong unto us and to our children." But how many a fond *a priori* expectation do these three chapters disappoint! And no subsequent page, in these respects, supplements their silence. Such in character, such in extent, is the knowledge which my Maker, my heavenly Father has judged sufficient. If on such points his book is silent, I see what I am to expect as I proceed. Not a book of speculative knowledge; not a book to satisfy the cravings of my intellect; not a book of astronomy, or geology, or chemistry, or metaphysics, but a book of practical truth. A book in which God speaks, (for it is his *word*;) but a book, too, in which God is often silent.

Nor should this reserve excite our discontent. "If a claim so unjust could be admitted, where, I ask you, would be the limit of your demands? Already you require more from God than he has accorded to angels: for these eternal mysteries which trouble you; the harmony of the Divine prescience with human freedom; the origin of evil and its ineffable remedy; the incarnation of the eternal Word; the relation of the God-Man with his Father; the atoning virtue of his sacrifice; the regenerating efficacy of the Spirit—Comforter; all these things are secrets, the knowledge of which is hidden from angels themselves, who, according to the word of the apostle, stoop to explore their depths, and cannot. If you reproach the Eternal for having kept the knowledge of these Divine mysteries to himself, why do you not reproach him for the thousand other limits he has prescribed to you? Why



not reproach him for not having given you wings, like a bird, to visit the regions which till now have been scanned only by your eyes? Why not reproach him for not giving you, besides the five senses with which you are provided, ten other senses which he has perhaps granted to other creatures, and which procure for them perceptions of which you have no idea? Why not, in fine, reproach him for having caused the darkness of night to succeed the brightness of day invariably on the earth? Ah! you do not reproach him for that. You love that night which brings rest to so many fatigued bodies and heavy spirits; which suspends, in so many wretches, the feeling of grief; that night during which orphans, slaves, and criminals cease to be, because over all their misfortunes and sufferings it spreads, with the opiate of sleep, the thick veil of oblivion; you love that night which, peopling the deserts of the heavens with ten thousand stars, not known to the day, reveals the infinite to our ravished imagination. Well, then, why do you not, for a similar reason, love the night of Divine mysteries; night, gracious and salutary, in which reason humbles itself, and finds refreshment and repose; when the darkness even is a revelation; where one of the principal attributes of God—immensity, discovers itself much more fully to our mind; where, in fine, the tender relations he has permitted us to form with himself, are guarded from all admixture of familiarity, by the thought, that the Being who has humbled himself to us, is, at the same time, the inconceivable God who reigns before all time, who includes in himself all existences, and conditions of existence, the center of all thought, the law of all law, the supreme and final reason of everything! So that, if you are just, instead of reproaching him for the secrets of religion, you will bless him that he has enveloped you in mysteries."

"The silence of Scripture" should curb speculation.

"Submit to God, *not to be curiously inquisitive into what is not revealed*. There is something hidden in whatsoever is revealed. We know the Son of God was begotten from eternity, but how he was begotten we are ignorant. We know there is a union of the Divine nature with the human, and that the *fullness of the Godhead dwells in him bodily*; but the manner of its inhabitation we are in a great

part ignorant of. It is revealed that there will be *a day wherein God shall judge the world*; but the particular time is not revealed. We know that God created the world in time; but why he did not create the world millions of years before, we are ignorant of, and our reasons would be bewildered in their too much curiosity. If we ask why he did not create it before, we may as well ask why he did create it then. And may not the same question be asked, if the world had been created millions of years before it was? That he created it in *six days*, and not in an instant, is revealed; but why he did not do it in a moment, since we are sure he was able to do it, is not revealed. Are the reasons of a wise man's proceedings hid from us, and shall we presume to dive into the reason of the proceedings of an *only wise God*, which he had judged not expedient to discover to us? Some sparks of his wisdom he hath caused to issue out, to exercise and delight our minds; others he keeps within the center of his own breast. We must not go about to unlock his cabinet. As we cannot reach to the utmost lines of his power, so we cannot grasp the intimate reasons of his wisdom. We must still remember, that which is finite can never be able to comprehend the reasons, motives, and methods of that which is infinite. It doth not become us to be restive, because God hath not admitted us into the debates of eternity. We are as little to be curious at what God hath hid, as to be careless of what God hath manifested. Too great an inquisitiveness beyond our line is as much a provoking arrogance, as a blockish negligence of what is revealed is a slighting ingratitude."

If this be a sound view—that "the silence of Scripture," on such points as have been specified, is *inspired*, and therefore *designed*—the question is at once suggested, whether too much license of speculation does not prevail among us? Has not God's silence a *prohibitory* character? Are we at liberty to assume that, so long as our speculations be not too dogmatically imposed on others, and do not thrust the plain verities of Scripture from their chief place in our creed and hopes, speculation about the Divine essence, and the origin of evil, and the unseen world are, at any rate, *harmless*? *Are they so*? Do they not, when indulged in on subjects which we believe to have been *designedly left*

unrevealed in the *Book of Divine Revelation*, become presumptuous and perilous? "As to such points," writes Archbishop Whately, "we should not only seek for no explanation in Scripture, but should carefully abstain from the presumption of all inquiry whatever." God is silent. We will not acquiesce. We would force the shut door. We would penetrate the cloud which he hath not seen fit to remove. We would *force* the oracles to an utterance. We are too impatient to await the discoveries of the world of light. He has put this tree of knowledge beyond our reach. We make a bold but presumptuous attempt to pluck and eat. Pride of intellect begets curiosity; curiosity begets audacity. And does not such a spirit bring with it its punishment? We "darken counsel by words without knowledge."

Let "the silence of Scripture" teach us charity. How mournfully do we exaggerate into terms of orthodoxy points of which Scripture, by its silence, has warned us that they are either beyond our ken or not among the truths necessary to salvation! If it be a sound canon of Scriptural interpretation, that the prominence and the frequency with which any truth is brought before us in God's Word is the measure of its relative importance to us, in our present condition, then, surely, where the word *speaks not at all*, we must take heed lest we impose our own speculations and inferences, our guesses and probabilities, on our fellow-men. Dogmatic where the Bible is dogmatic, let us be, at least, charitable where the Bible is silent. We cannot recognize as Christians men whose creed is defective in those capital verities without which Christianity is a *caput mortuum*, the Gospel "another Gospel, which is not another." But if we must have for ourselves a system more rigid in its Calvinism, or more Arminian in its Arminianism, than is compacted for us by the Spirit; if we *will* fill up Scripture gaps for our own satisfaction, and account for moral evil, and unvail the unseen world, and fix the unrevealed date of the Lord's return, by our own speculations, and inferences, and computations;" if we *will* have a "holy of holies" in our places of Christian assembly, and say prayers to one point of the compass, and read Scripture lessons to another, and repeat our creed to a third; if our church architecture and church millinery are to

be such as to befit rather a Christianized Judaism or a Judaized Christianity than the simplicity of the Gospel; at least let us remember that on these things Scripture has not spoken, and that they are not to be magnified into articles of faith; still less into grounds of party division; still less into grounds of excommunication and anathema.

Lastly, a word of caution. Let us not return to our Bibles discontented, with our sense of their priceless worth diminished. "The silence of Scripture" is not a defect of Scripture. Its revelations are not scant or meager. They are sufficient "to make wise unto salvation;" to perfect us "unto all good works." These "wells of salvation" are not shallow. And if, at this time, we have been led to mark the instances in which Scripture is silent where Apocryphal and other writers speak, let it not be forgotten that a wider and nobler thesis, and one more frequently handled, might have been found in "The Speech of Scripture;" the speech of Scripture where other writers are silent or only babble. Speech, too, not upon curious speculations or deep but—to a fallen sinner hastening to his Maker's bar and to an eternity of weal or woe—unprofitable mysteries; but speech upon questions the most momentous, on which ignorance is death, knowledge life eternal. Yes; this book is a series of revelations from God to man. Mystery upon mystery is made known. For where philosophers have babbled and false prophets led astray; where sun, and moon, and stars have been silent, where "the depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me," there Scripture hath spoken, and spoken with no doubtful speech. "What am I? whence came I? whither am I hastening? This longing after immortality"—shall it be satisfied? Is there a God? Who and what is he? what to me? How may I know him? how meet him? how stand before him? These questions *press*. They are no questions of idle curiosity or intellectual pride. The creation of matter; the age of the universe; the nature of angels; the mysteries of the Divine essence and eternity; what are such questions in comparison with the thrilling inquiries now urged?

To "the oracles of God" I turn. "What saith the Scripture?" Blessed be God! "the oracles" are no longer dumb, Scrip-

ture no longer silent. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent." "These things were written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." God revealed! sin revealed! hell revealed! heaven revealed! A Saviour revealed! A Sanctifier revealed! The will of God concerning me revealed!

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

## HISTORY OF THE YANKEES.

### ORIGIN AND CHARACTER.

EVERY great movement in the business world finds its appropriate response in the world of letters. This is to be expected, for both spring primarily from intellect. Often both receive the stern rebukes of calculating fogies or astute critics, yet in the end human nature asserts its pre-eminence.

Thus was it with that once belied and persecuted class, the Yankees. Even now most people have very confused and incorrect ideas of them. Ask any man of your acquaintance, gentle reader, to tell you who is the real, genuine Yankee; and in nine cases out of ten you will be answered, "A home-bred native of New England." Nothing could be more delusive, as we shall proceed to show you.

The Yankee is a native of no one country exclusively. He may be a Calmuc Tartar or a Frenchman, a Hindoo (nothing political intended) or a Sandwich Islander, a Cape Colonist or a Patagonian. Immediately after emergence from babyhood—he knows nothing of childhood—this Yankee leaves home to seek his fortune, and at once begins to "paddle his own canoe." Henceforth he is a cosmopolite. You will find him in all sorts of unlikely, out-of-the-way places; and in every imaginable position from Mufti of the Sultan to Rajah of a Malay tribe, or Premier of Brobdingnag. Do you ask from what period this wonderful class dates origin? From very near the year one. Mother Eve was the first Yankee, (Adam was an old fogey) and verily Cain was another. Then there were Tubal Cain, the inventor of plow and sword; Nimrod, the mighty hunter; Abraham, the iconoclast, Rebecca, the crafty mother; Jacob, the hopeful son;

Joseph, the dreamer; David, the Goliath-killer; Solomon, the wise; and hosts more, of earlier and later date. Among the apostles were two representatives of the class, namely: Peter, the quick; and Paul, the inflexible. History is full of the names of great Yankees, such as Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. Those of inferior excellence perished in obscurity, like other folks.

Let us sum up the whole in a comprehensive definition, so that we may know our man when we meet him. The Yankee is your lean Cassius—he may grow fleshy at forty—who goes up and down in the world seeking what or whom he may devour. His keen eye is always open to the main chance, and estimates to a nicety the present worth of all the rest. The prominent traits of his mind are enormous acquisitiveness—not of money only, for he likes fair women, fast horses, and fine living as well as large estates—native sagacity to forecast results and make the most of them, reckless hardihood, furious energy, and considerable volatility; to all which is superadded a sufficiency of cool assurance. He is cotemporaneous with all time and indigenous to every country. Our own country is sometimes called Yankee land, by way of pre-eminence, because the Yankees of the United States are the most thoroughly developed branch of the great family to be found at this day.

The peculiar characteristics of the Yankee impart an extraordinary vigor to the whole mentality. These men, therefore, take the lead in all grand, good, and sometimes bad enterprises. They invent every species of machine, from baby-jumpers up to patent reapers and mowers, from Sharpe's rifles to cotton gins. They project railroads where no other man would think of the thing, and, what is more, build them and make them pay dividends the first year! They hew down the forests, kill off the wild beasts, and (we are sorry to say it) the wild Indians too; and anon the wilderness buds and blossoms like the rose, and in the waste places the curling smoke and the busy hum of teeming, prosperous cities ascend to heaven. But they stop not with transformations in the material world, for they are universal geniuses. They can mend constitutions as well and easily as they can nature! And so every year or two a great hue and cry is raised about the im-

perfections of the present form, a mass convention is called, and the constitution is *revised*. The annual legislatures improve and modify this, until the "wants of the times" give being to a still newer one. This is, of course, where the Yankees have so far accomplished their governmental mission as to inaugurate a representative system.

This fondness for improvement exhibits itself, likewise, in a constant restlessness. A Yankee claims as his inalienable prerogative, the right to move as far and as often, and to settle just where he pleases, without let or hindrance from any one whatsoever. A very remarkable characteristic of Yankee movements is the uniform tendency toward the Occident.

#### IDENTITY AND OCCIDENTALISM.

Garland has said, in his life of Randolph, "The world progresses, but it is in a circle." The more earnestly we study history, the more fully shall we be convinced of this truth. The principal difference between the present and the past is in the breadth of the theater for action, and this results simply from improved means of locomotion and intercommunication. The ancients surpassed us in many things; as, for instance, mathematics, fine arts, metallurgy, metaphysics, and the like. In other things they and we are so resemblant that you may safely aver the existence of a parental relation. There was just such another era of colonization and development in Greece and, mayhap, in forty other lands, as there is now. Young America is only a reproduction, or rather resuscitation, of Young Athens, as that was of young some-other-country. This spirit then, as now, found vent in Greytown wars, Cuban filibustering, and Carlist and Chartist movements. What was the rush to California, and more recently to Australia, but another madcap chase after the Golden Fleece? There is no denying that the type of humanity is substantially the same in every age. Leave out names and dates, historize only the spirit, and the record will answer for all time and every place.

The Athenians were the most nearly an impersonation of a "universal Yankee nation" of all the people of the past. They were mercurial in temperament, inventive in science and art, sensitive to national honor, ambitious of annexation and supremacy, and profound in philosophy.

As regarded government, they were sturdy democrats, with little freedom; gullible on all subjects, and easily kept in leading strings by Buncombe demagogues. Is not that Brother Jonathan "all over?" There was another point of resemblance. The Athenian had a great fancy for Sicily. Magna Grecia, or any other place toward the Occident. Of modern feeling on the same subject, a distinguished poet says:

A Yankee's heaven and place of rest  
Is always found a little further west.

Strange and suggestive coincidence! The Athenians did not shrink from the sufferings and privations of a Sicilian expedition, any more than our Yankees do from fever and ague and corn bread, to say nothing of musquitos and bears. The same love of adventure led them off in the same direction. Alcibiades was not the getter-up of the aforesaid expedition; he was only the exponent of the national electricity. So nowadays it proceeds from the restless spirit of enterprise. It is an original element of character.

It is a problem, though, what will result from the concentration of so much energy and ability in one locality. No, it is not a problem; there will be another rush westward. The next revolution in the Celestial Empire will, doubtless, be headed by a Yankee. Thence it will keep on until it sweeps through Tartary, Russia, Europe, and so back to our Atlantic coast. It is not to be supposed that all this will be accomplished in a moment. A decade of centuries elapsed between the Sicilian expedition and the wild, fierce exploits of the Huns, Goths, and Vandals; another decade between that and Spanish freebooting on the main; and half a decade thence to the newest western mania.

You can easily convince yourself that the history of the future will be similar, by a glance at your vicinage, wherever that may be. All the Yankees of your own acquaintance are so exercised in mind on the subject of moving, that it interferes with the quietude of their slumbers. Is it not so? Of course; and they will always continue to move, not for any accruing advantage, but because it is *in them*. It is the mission of some to make books, of others to discover general truths and principles. It is the Yankee's mission to move and to improve. Most gloriously has he fulfilled it in the past. He has

found the world a theater too circumscribed for his exertions. The fruits of his labors are enjoyed by others. No sooner have the grand, progressive ideas he has advocated attained influence, and the waste places he has settled been improved, than both are abandoned, and his ever active and versatile mind devotes its whole strength to the achievement of some new purpose and the settlement of some more occidental section. His mission and his activity terminate only with his life. He is a universal benefactor.

#### LITERATURE OF THE YANKEES.

It is not to be supposed that so enterprising a class of people as the Yankees should refrain entirely from excursions into the field of letters. The qualities of their minds are rather active than reflective; still there is a real depth which fits them in some degree for the achievement of literary success. They are thus at once heroes and historians, as was the case, in particular, with the Athenian Yankees of yore. A consistency with their general character may reasonably be expected in the selection of subjects, mode of reasoning, and style of composition.

The Yankee assumes the pen from a sense of duty to his country, or for the advancement of his reformatory projects. His fugitive essays relate to the business and concerns of actual life. The dreamy speculations and subtle distinctions of the old schoolmen have no charms for him; he is too much a living, matter-of-fact man for that. Usually, also, he avoids length, because it is his nature to accomplish his purpose by one overwhelming demonstration. Failing in this, he has too much pluck to submit tamely to the decrees of fortune, (in which, indeed, he has no faith,) but with the same desperation that marks his actions, he battles his way to inevitable success. The word "impossible" is not found in his vocabulary.

His arguments, themselves brief and pointed, are arranged in cumulative order, that order which technical logicians term *a fortiori*. The idea of Otos and Ephialtes, to reach heaven by piling the mountains one upon another, was worthy the brain of Yankee. It fully illustrates his mode of reasoning. Pity, though, the illustration does not hold throughout. The two brothers were slain by the arrows of the Sun-god, while the Yankee

triumphs even in the midst of defeat; like Soult, he never knows when he is whipped.

The characteristics of his style can be anticipated from what has already been said. Terseness and vigor are prominent among them, and conciseness, although there is at times a discoverable tendency to diffuseness. The free introduction of tropes, anecdotes, and illustrations, imparts a sprightliness, and thoroughly relieves it from any resemblance to the bones which Ezekiel saw in his vision. In fact, the general scope of his briefer productions may be distinguished as a modified application of the Socratic mode to literature. What else could be expected? The Yankee is the very embodiment of inquisitiveness, and surely that quality should appear in his writings. Socrates himself fully demonstrated his claim to the appellation of a "Yankee reformer."

Sometimes a Yankee indulges in writings of a more dignified character, in poetry, history, the drama, and the like. His success has been sufficiently flattering, as Livy, Sallust, Schiller, and Macaulay can testify. High on the list of those who have displayed their abilities should be placed the names of Homer, prince of epic poets; Aristophanes, the Yankee comedian of Athens; and Horace, the satirist of social vice. But the proudest name among all the dramatists and authors of Yankee-dom is that of Shakspeare, the reckless poacher of Stratford-on-Avon.

The excellence and popularity of Yankee literature have caused it to be frequently imitated. The result has been, as in the case of other attempted imitations, a ludicrous failure. These pseudo-Yankees—and their name is legion—seek to make up by exaggerated passions and affected smartness for their lack of genuine merit. They are the pretentious jackdaws of literature. Now and then one of them attains an ephemeral notoriety. A century disposes of him, while the reputation of the true Yankee is greater at the close than at the commencement of the century. Of course there is a difference in the intellectual capacities of Yankees, as in those of the mass of people. The difference is in *degree*, not in *quality*. The many worthily fulfill the duties of their humbler station; the few enact a more conspicuous part; they are the high nobility of nature whose cherished names "the world will not willingly permit to die."



## VESUVIUS—THE ERUPTION.

WE transfer to our columns, from the London *Athenæum*, a letter which will be read with interest. It is the latest authentic information we have upon the subject, and is dated

NAPLES, June 5.

Before giving you any details of the brilliant eruption of Vesuvius which is now dazzling all beholders, I translate and send you the reports of the oldest guide of the mountain, Vincenzo Cozzolino. They are not certainly very scientific, but so far as they go are very correct, as Cozzolino may be looked upon as a part of the mountain, whose movements he from time to time chronicles. His first report is dated the 27th of May: "On occasion of the grand eruption of 1850, *feri, tufa*, and fossils were turned out, and one of the latter I found at the point of Palo. On the 21st, a rare occurrence, *bombe e saette* were ejected; and on the 26th a current of lava, which flowed for three hours. On the 27th, at one hour after midnight, the crater trembled and burst, forming a new opening about the point where a French gentleman was killed some time since. The lava continued to flow, and above the 'opening' many smoke-holes were formed, which threw out smoke of various colors. Last night an earthquake was felt, being the effect of a shock of the mountain." The report of the 29th says: "On the 27th, at 9 A.M., the crater trembled and then burst, forming large fissures of from five to six feet in width. The new crater fell in, and such is the danger that it is impossible to go near it or watch the movements at the bottom. At the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Atrio del Cavallo, four craters are formed, which throw up *bombe e saette*, and the great current of lava descends in one direction toward Ottajano, and in another toward the Hermitage. On the 28th, in the direction of Torre del Greco, an opening was formed about mid-day, from which issued a current of lava which makes gigantic progress, and presents a spectacle wonderful to be seen." For many months, as I have from time to time reported to you, a considerable eruption has been anticipated. For a long interval of time Portici has been almost without water, which is considered an unerring sign of great internal activity. After the disastrous earthquake of the 16th of December, 1857, an eruption was not only expected, but prayed for, and I shall not easily forget the wistfulness with which some looked toward Vesuvius, and others almost prayed to it as the protecting saint of the place. The mountain, however, made no sign of any great importance, and from that time till now it has contented itself with an occasional grumble, a cannonade, or with shaking the good people of Portici and the neighborhood by its upheavings. On the evening of the 25th we had one of the most terrific storms we have experienced during the last six months, and on the following night the mountain displayed unusual activity—thundering and lightning, if I may so express it. On the next day a stream of lava issued forth, and the activity of the mountain continued as it has

been described in the reports which I have sent you at the beginning of my letter. Vesuvius, therefore, is for the moment the great point of interest to which residents and visitors are all converging; and, as if to provide better entertainment for its guests, the mountain throws out two streams, one running toward Ottajano, another through the Atrio del Cavallo, in the direction of the Hermitage. It would, however, be a misnomer almost to call them streams, for there is no fluidity in their formation. Imagine a large accumulation of masses of coke, enclosed in a channel a quarter of a mile in width, and, perhaps, even greater, varying in length from hour to hour—imagine it of a glowing heat, and in motion. Place yourself before it, though at some distance, for the intense heat is such that you will be scorched otherwise, and then look and listen. It rises high above you, twenty, thirty, or forty feet, and you hear a sound as of the grinding of millions of fragments of cinders one against the other. So ceaseless is it that it might remind you, if hearing were the only sense awake, of the sound of a waterfall. Wonderful, too, it moves, this long, wide, and deep mass, so gigantic in its proportions. Slow and steady, on it comes with all the consciousness of power, mass after mass falling over by the force of its own gravitation; and then there is a glow and a scorching heat as if the mouth of an iron furnace had been opened, and all the spectators fall back with a shout of wonder and fear, keep at a respectful distance, though the caution is scarcely necessary, as such is the intensity of the heat that it is scarcely possible to approach within a dangerous vicinity. To give you, however, preciser details, there are not merely two but four principal streams. The first rolls over that which was formed in 1850, and winding like a serpent creeps on in the direction of Ottajano. I might compare it in form to a serrated sickle, and it is perhaps a quarter of a mile in width. In a dense compact body it marches on, breaking off continually in huge pieces, like impatient warriors burning for the fight, and thundering and lightning over the precipice below. The second steam breaks out in the Atrio del Cavallo, almost under Somma, and rolls on in the direction of Naples, not far from the Ottajano stream. It was difficult, however, to distinguish the streams, which were at times many, then flowing round dark patches or islands united and moved on together. Like a fiery network they appeared, each sparkling with brilliant coruscations. A third stream is marching on toward Resina, and it is the most wonderful and the most increasing of all. It is fed by three craters which have opened at the foot of the cone, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from it. Like smelting furnaces they continually throw out fire and sparks, and as if endowed with life they pump and pump up without cessation the glowing fire. Sometimes there is a lull, and then they begin again, pump and puff, and pump and puff, not simultaneously, but one after another, as though the labor were so hard as to compel the relief of several workmen. A good deal of apprehension is entertained as to the destructive power of this stream. The poles, to which were attached the vines, were burning like lucifer matches. Vineyards and gardens

were being overwhelmed by the fiery flood, which is taking the old road that formerly led to the destruction of Herculaneum. The peasants were retreating down the mountain, and crowded into a little oratorio which was open all the night, where each prayed for the protection of his patron saint. "I saw," said a friend, "the stream entering upon the Resina road, and some people calculated that it would be down upon Resina by night, if it traveled at its present pace." There is yet a fourth stream to describe; and it is one which is flowing down in the direction of Pompeii, but I think that at present this is the least menacing, perhaps; though it is impossible to calculate from one moment to another what new matter may be thrown out—what new directions taken by neighboring streams—and, therefore, what change be made in one of the larger currents. The mountain is in fact and literally a mountain of fire: the burning element gushes out from it in more places than one can count, and sweeps down over the sides of old Vesuvius, bathing it with fire.

I send you a report from the pen of Signor Palmieri, the Director of the Observatory, which will have much interest for the scientific as well as for the general reader. It is dated the 31st of May.

"After the memorable eruption of 1855, Vesuvius appeared to subside into the most perfect calm; notwithstanding the 'fumarole,' which never decreased on the summit of the cone, by their increasing temperature, by the greater abundance of their sublimate, and, perhaps also, by the nature of the uniform fluids which issued from it, predicted a fresh and not a distant eruption; in fact, on the 19th of the following December, a large and deep abyss opened on the mountain, which, throwing up at first smoke, ashes, and 'lapilli,' by degrees threw out fire, and in a few months fire came out also from one of the large craters of 1850; our mountain, thus offering the spectacle of lava which, being thrown from the top of the cone, remained hardened at the foot, or of fire which appeared to blaze up at brief intervals, remained for thirty months in continual eruption, as though in imitation of the little Stromboli.

"In October and November of 1857, besides lava and very frequent and very strong detonations, certain strange sounds were heard, similar to the usual thundering of earthquakes. On the 12th of December of the same year, that is, four days before the horrible earthquake in the Basilicata, there was a strong explosion in Vesuvius, with lava, which quickly ceased to flow, and it appeared as if the mountain at last wished to repose; but on the following day the smoke became most abundant, without visible fire, and without detonations. My electro-magnetic seismometer very frequently indicated shocks of earthquake, which corresponded in time with those stronger ones which were repeated in the Basilicata, and others which may be considered purely local, and which were the most vigorous. This frequency of local earthquakes announced, I think, the present eruption. After the copious smoke spoken of above, the detonations returned with the burning matter thrown into the air, and these phenomena

gradually increased. On the 24th of May there was a shock of earthquake, preceded by two days of an unusual scarcity of atmospheric electricity, and at dawn on the 27th, a strong shock of earthquake, indicated by the seismometer, announced a new and terrible phase of this long conflagration of Vesuvius. And, indeed, the cone then opened at more than half its height, toward the west, in the direction of the little cone Coureal, and a few moments after a new fissure of greater dimensions declared itself toward the north, near the mouths of 1855. From the first fissure issued a lava of short duration, which remained hardened in the Atrio del Cavallo. From the second a great quantity of lava issued, which, running through the Atrio, on the following evening showed itself at the extreme point of the hill of "Conteroni." Here, on the following day, it divided into two streams, one of which projected itself into the Fosso della Vetrana, following the course of the lava of 1855, and another on the opposite part of the hill before mentioned. This stream did little damage, and did not make much progress; the other continues its course, and, at the moment in which I write, is about to throw itself into the Fosso di Farame. On the following day, at four o'clock in the morning, I saw, at a little above the Piano delle Giuestre, a small quantity of smoke issue from various points placed in a direct line; but in a short time that line becomes a fissure full of lava, which seems to boil like a caldron. This lava soon began to boil, but after a few hours it entirely disappeared, and even the smoke was no longer seen. After mid-day the fissure re-opened with greater force, and began to throw out lava most copiously, without any noise. This lava flowed by the Piano delle Giuestre toward the Fosso Grande. On the morning of the 30th of May I went with the Custode of the Observatory, and approached this new lava, remarkable especially for its rapidity, and for the tranquil manner in which it welled up from the ground. Arrived, however, at the mouth, that tranquillity disappeared, as we saw in a moment fragments of lava thrown high into the air with force, and we heard fearful sounds. Receding to a certain distance, in a few moments we saw three most beautiful cones rise, which thundered and threw up fire into the air until the evening. Similar phenomena were observable at the other mouths, and even to the top of the cone there were heavy mutterings. On the east side of the cone, on an inclination, where for some time very hot fumarole have appeared with many sublimate, there has been another fissure, which I have not been able to approach, as the communications are intercepted. After the 30th of May, which was the most remarkable day of the eruption, the mouths were more tranquil, but the lava continues in two directions; that is, by the Fosso di Farame and the Fosso Grande, in which were several small pieces of cultivated ground. I have made important observations on atmospheric electricity and on terrestrial magnetism, which I shall publish in the Annals of the Observatory. I have already commenced my examination of the fumarole from the first moment of their appearance; and I hope to give to students of geology some well-assured facts. For the mo-

ment, I conclude this brief report, observing that the present eruption, however tranquilly it began, was announced by many shocks of earthquake, purely local, which preceded and accompanied it, so that it appears probable that the day will come when the seismometer may give such indications as will note a coming eruption.

LUIGI PALMIERI, Director."

Since the publication of this report several days have elapsed; the lava has made considerable progress, and Palmieri has been expelled from his house.

W.

## SOLOMON SARTOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

YOU remember, Mrs. Bantam, we were talking of self-conceit a while ago. Well, there is no form of that disease so ludicrous as where it causes its victims to assume the language of those far above their station. Small-minded men, wishing to be great, get into their heads that if they but use the language of greatness they have the thing itself.

Mrs. Potsdam is one of these. Her teeth are somewhat out of repair, and she would have the dentist try his art on them, only she is afraid it will pain her to have her teeth distracted.

Benn Hopkins has a chart of his organs which he purchased of a strolling phrenologist, price one dollar. Benn says the professor told him his head was equal to Daniel Webster's, only not so well enveloped.

Mr. Black is a preacher, but so poor a one he can get authority from no Church, and in consequence preaches on his own responsibility. He preached last year at Bunkum School-house, and when about closing asked if there were any appointments to be denounced. The same man, while once occupying a little brief authority, gave a removing member a certificate of membership, wherein it was duly stated that "A. B., the bearer, was an acceptable member, etc." Yes, as you say, Mrs. Bantam, he may without knowing it have written the truth for once.

A man of his stripe, though in the political line, in one stump speech, could not "extinguish between sovereignty and no sovereignty." He said it "revolved upon him to answer the speaker that had just succeeded him, and should exceed to show that his arguments were not irrelevant to the point," "for he had gone in for resolving the Union."

This is the day of "new versions." The good old English is becoming trite, and from the Bible all round we are, it seems, to have a new language. Well, let it come; I will bear my part in helping on the new era. Down with the old! up with the new, be the men ever so bunglesome! Vive Bible revisionists!

To help on this work I have been preparing a new version of familiar quotations, and if the table (pardon the company) does not object, I will present a few specimens of my remodelings. I trust you will be able to distinguish the old sayings.

"To transgress is human, to absolve divine." "Deity constructed the rural scenes, man superintended the architecture of the metropolis."

"And thereby suspends a posterior appendage." "The banquet of ratiocination, and the tide of spirit." "Harmony has fascinations to solace a barbarous bosom." "Cogitations that respire, and words that create combustion."

"A diminutive education is a harmful affair."

"O, would some force the qualification donate to us, to perceive ourselves as others behold us." "Occidentally the course of empire lays hold of its path." "Alps on Alps go up." "Just as the young shoot is refracted the giant of the forest is inclined." "To instruct the adolescent idea how to discharge a gun," or perhaps, more correctly, "to ascend up." "Tis distance loans fascination to the prospect." "Do not enumerate the young fowls ere they appear into the outer world." "He that is persuaded contrary to his volition continues the same opinion yet." "Take a view in front of you ere you project yourself."

If, Mrs. Bantam, you are not pleased with these, I will try to produce something better at our next dinner.

Your son, I believe, Mrs. Bantam, is a proficient in Greek. The *Criterion* asserts that Cowper took a verse of a popular poem of his from these Greek lines which I have written out. Will you be so kind as to ask your son to translate them for us, that we barbarians may judge of the truthfulness of the *Criterion's* dictum:

"Eimi monarches panton periblepo  
Eimon themin ekei esti medeis erizo  
Apo meson pas peri thalassa  
Eimi kurios arnithos kai theros.  
Eremia! pou eisi haskauiat  
Oti sophoi blephasi en so prosopo  
Ameimon oikleo en meso kinduon  
Mallon basilceo en ade phobero topo!"

You are all aware that I sustain a partial relation to the *Literary Budget*. We have commenced (according to a fashion

which all must follow) a question-answering department in its columns lately, and by your leave, ladies, I will read here a few of the letters of inquiry we receive. Here is one that will speak for itself:

"DEAR BUDGET,—I am now almost eleven years of age, and think it high time I were my own man. But my parents presume to interfere with all my projects. My club, which meets at the 'Shades,' is clamorous for my attendance, but the old man (my father) forbids me going there, and commands me to obey him. Which do you advise, to give the old man a blowing up, and let him know his place, or should I leave him to his perverseness, and seek a home elsewhere?"

"J. GOODLOE HIGHMAN."

The next will also tell its own story:

"LITERARY BUDGET—SIR: All people have their rights. I am at work by the week at Mr. Barker's. They will have their own way, and make a great ado in the parlor. Why should not I in the kitchen? The other evening I invited in a few of my friends, Patrick Neal, Bridget Phalon, and others, (not more certain than a dozen,) and we got up a private dance in the cooking-room. We had been at the expense of hiring a fiddler, and we were having a fine time, when Mrs. Barker came down us, and insulted my guests by asking me what business they all had there. I generally go to the cheap theater with Patrick twice a week; this Mrs. B. in future forbids, as if I were not mistress of my own dear self. I am out of patience with the whole Barker family. Shall I complain of them? or leave them in disgust? I wait patiently your answer. BRIDGET DOLAN."

Here is a letter in a nice delicate hand, which ought to command attention:

"DEAR SIR,—I am now past my thirteenth birthday. My mother wishes me yet to wear short gowns, but she has submitted to my wishes, and I dress as a woman. But the matter of complaint with which I come to you is this: Charles Briscoomb and I have entered into relations that may end in marriage. My parents oppose us; Charley will not come to the house any more. We have been in the habit of meeting in a grove near by to pass our evenings. Last evening it was only eleven o'clock when I came in. It might have been late, but that is my business. My mother has coaxed out of me a confession, and forbids those night walks. She urges that I am too young! Just as if I were a child to be kept under her thumb! I have met Charles and he urges me to fly with him. What would you advise in this matter?"

"ANGELINA LOLA RODMAN."

"P. S. My parents are about to send me to my uncles'; what *shall* I do?" A. I. R."

And yet another letter:

"EDITORS OF THE LITERARY BUDGET,—dear Surs I have riten a story which I wish published in your poplar paper. It is a brilliant affair will cover two pages and will bring you a hundred

subscribers what will you pay me for it being it is the first production of mine I will let you have it for five dolers a coluhm pleas send thirty cents worth of pastage stamps and I will send my peace to you.

"N. b. my peace is called 'a lost bride or a skoundrels triumph.'"

"P. s. Write soon as I am in want of money."

Yours

"G BYRON BURNS"

One more letter must close the list.

"MR. EDITOR,—My dear wife died a week ago. I must marry at some time, as my family is large. There is a marriageable lady in town whom I fancy. She may be had now, I think, but a month or two may be too late, since she has many suitors. Would there be any harm in proposing to her at once?"

"Yours,

MOURNER.

"January 5.—P. S. I have proposed since writing the above, would there be any harm in marrying in a week or two?" M.

"January 10th.—P. S. Pardon me for bothering you, it is now too late, we are married. "M."

The day of invention is past? Not at all. There can be no end at least to effort so long as there are originals that excel the copy. This is particularly true of men who, like you, Mr. Budlong, are trying to *paint* to perfection. You have something to do yet, and will have until some one of your painting tribe have painted a violet, a rainbow, or the tints of a peacock's tail. In art we have no right to speak of what *cannot* be done, (unless it may be in reference to perpetual motion.) We are to receive gratefully whatever does emanate from the hand of inventive genius, and retain great faith in what *may* be done. The greatest inventions of any age have been made within the memory of most of us here at this table, and if within twenty years past the photograph and the telegraph have been brought to light, may we not conclude that we are yet in the ages of new things. Who will supply our lamp with burning fluid from our wells? Who will make available *air pressure* mail-carrying tubes? Who will develop the force of galvanism as a motive power? Who will make available less expensive galvanic materials? Who will give us a cheaper house-building material, that shall be water-proof and durable? Till all these questions are answered by practical results, there will be scope for all the inventive power among us.

A few minutes ago I made an excep-

tion in the case of perpetual motion. It would constitute a novel magazine article to gather up all the plans that have been conjured up, in which that great desideratum has been grasped after. A premium for a mechanic that has not grasped after it!

I have a brother whose inventive genius has accomplished much in his line. He and I for two years tried our wits at this thing of perpetual motion. Our first machine was on this wise: (Remember it was only formed on paper:) There was a large water-wheel with buckets on its rim into which the propelling water was to fall. When this was set in motion, it was to propel a pump which was to supply motive power. We improved this machine by attaching an elevator, instead of a pump, with bullets as the power, and lastly we used quicksilver, but it took more power to pump the water, and to raise the quicksilver than the water and silver would produce.

Our next trial was a large wheel whose spokes were put on with an elbow joint. Whenever these spokes would pass the center above, they would fall out to a perpendicular position and propel the wheel; but it would not go.

Our next project was a circular railway, about one hundred feet in diameter; one side of the circular was elevated. The car was started from this elevation, and we expected the momentum obtained, by the aid of a balance wheel, would bring the car up again to the starting point. But the friction overcame the power. Another track was raised at both ends; the car was to run backward and forward. We expected the momentum obtained by going down one hill would take it up the other, but this also failed.

I speculated for some time on a notion of my own. I conceived that a syphon needed to be longer at the end from which the water flowed than at the other. By coiling the outer end I intended to have it bring up water to our great revolving wheel. This I have never tried. I appeal to the philosophers to know if a syphon coiled on the outside will bring water from a well?

[Some days after Sartor presented those Greek lines which the reader will find in the second column of this article, young Bantam presented the following transla-

tion. Upon this evidence the whole company pronounced Cowper a plagiarist.

I am governor of all I look upon,

My claim there is none to contend for;

From the middle, all about to the sea,

I am master of the bird and the beast.

O wilderness, where are the fascinations

That the wise have seen in thy countenance,

Better live in the middle of dangers

Than rule in this fearful place.]

It is thought that ministers have an easy time obtaining marriage perquisites; but if I were to tell you of all the funny things I have heard from my ministerial friends, you, Mrs. Bantam, would call me Munchausian! But at the risk of my reputation I will repeat a few of these affairs.

My friend Harvey married a couple at Fryburg. The groom was a young farmer of good property. When the wedding was over he approached Mr. Harvey very graciously and asked his charge.

"O whatever you please," said H.

Groom held out four "quarters" in his hand, remarking blandly:

"There, Mr. H., take till you are satisfied."

H. declined "taking," whereupon groom handed him *three* of the quarters, and Harvey went away, after coming a long distance, *seventy-five cents* richer for the fortunate marriage.

The very same circumstance occurred with my friend F., only the groom gave him, from a handful of silver, but *fifty cents*. But F. says the wedding was where he went on the cars five miles, and relied on his wedding fee to pay his way home, and was obliged to borrow money from a wedding guest to pay his way. The groom said he would hand F. something some time. That was long ago, and F. has not as yet received his fee. His friend M'K. thinks he had better take the happy groom's note!

Speaking of this affair reminds me of another circumstance in F.'s life. He went on to his first circuit young and poor, having spent all his later years' earnings at the Mount Beauty Seminary. He was horseless, and while stopping at the house of old father H. the good man began to condole with him. The old man was rich, with plenty of gold in the house.

"Brother F.," said he, "I think you are making a good beginning, and if you prove faithful no doubt God will make a useful man of you. You are having a hard time



to get along, and I have been talking with some of the members about helping you to buy a horse. I have promised to lead the way, and I will give my share now." Whereupon the good-hearted old man went to his money bag and took out a precious coin. F. was highly pleased, as help just then would be as good a thing as could befall him. Brother Hardman's piece of money was handed forth very graciously, and F., rather bewildered, pocketed the old man's twenty-five cent piece and went out on a walk to meditate!

He bought himself a horse, but how far the "quarter" went in the purchase it becometh us not to say.

There is very little that is new under the sun. Nearly every great writing will find some counterpart in the thoughts of some earlier writer. Here, for instance, are a few lines from the Latin of Longunioris, from which it would seem a noted poem of a noted New England poet of this day has been taken. I need make no further remarks. Most people will have knowledge of Latin enough to detect the plagiarism in the case I have mentioned.

[Young Bantam afterward presented a translation which, however, I shall not present here. The reader must make his own translations.]

*Umbra noctis erant badens celeriter  
Dum per Alpum vicum procedebat  
Juventus qui ferebat per nivem et glaciem  
Vexillum cum hoc rarum symbolum.*

"Excelsior."

*Suus frons erat tristis; suus oculus infra  
Coruscabat similiter harpem sua thecâ;  
Et similiter argenteum tubum timebant  
Accentus ejus ignotæ linguae.*

"Excelsior."

### TRUST IN GOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path is dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction,  
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,  
But, in every word and action,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light;  
Star upon our path abiding,  
"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

### THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

#### JACOB—THE CHANGE OF HIS NAME.

WE left Jacob on his way from his father's house to the residence of his uncle Laban at Haran, in Mesopotamia. On the morning after he awoke from the wondrous vision at Bethel, he took the stone upon which he had reclined, and set it up for a pillar in commemoration of that event. Mr. Morier, in his second journey through Persia, notices a custom which seems to illustrate this act of Jacob. In traveling through that country, he observed that the guide occasionally placed a stone on a conspicuous piece of rock, or two stones one upon another, at the same time uttering some words which were understood to be a prayer for the safe return of the party. Nothing is so natural, adds this intelligent writer, as for a solitary traveler in a dreary country to sit himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did: If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I reach my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.

It is the opinion of the Jews that this stone, on which their great ancestor reclined his head, was placed in the sanctuary of the second temple, and that the ark of the covenant rested upon it. They add, that after the destruction of that temple, their fathers were accustomed to lament the calamities that had befallen them over the stone on which Jacob's head rested at Bethel. This stone, said Jacob, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house; which idea seems to have been in the mind of the apostle when he calls the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

It is worthy of a passing remark, too,

that in the time of Edward the First, king of England, a stone, said to be the identical pillow on which Jacob reclined his weary head, was brought to Westminster, and to this day is placed under the chair on which the king sits at his coronation. It is a tradition not easily disproved, and not worth the trouble if it were. Let us keep to the record.

In the further prosecution of his journey we find no incidents of importance. Under the protecting care of the Almighty he pursues his way, and at length reaches the fertile land of Mesopotamia, so called from its lying between two rivers, and known also as Padan Aram, or the fruitful Syria; and according to Campbell, in his *Overland Journey to India*, still abounding with corn, oil, wine, fruits, and all the necessaries of life. "To be treading," continues this author, "that ground which Abraham trod, where Nahor, the father of Rebecca, lived, where holy Job breathed the pure air of piety and simplicity, and where Laban, the father-in-law of Jacob, resided, was to me a circumstance productive of delightful sensations." It is supposed by many, that in this region was situated the delightful garden of Eden, the original paradise, prepared and beautified by the wonder-working hand of Almighty love for his favorite, man. Blighted by sin, and blasted by the deluge, it still retains some faint traces of its original fertility and loveliness.

The account of Jacob's meeting with the flocks and shepherds of his uncle, his first introduction to Rachel, herself a shepherdess, and the conversation which took place on that occasion, are an admirable illustration of primitive simplicity, and bear incontestable evidence of fidelity to truth. And it came to pass, when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob, his sister's son, that he ran to meet him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house. A reception, to all appearance, most friendly; but Laban's subsequent conduct stamps his character as that of a selfish churl, an ungenerous miser. Dead to all feelings of natural affection, his own private interest seems to have been his only study. When the servants of Isaac came to him, bearing many and precious jewels, he received them with great courtesy, and willingly parted with his sister Rebecca. The gold, and silver, and costly raiment were strong arguments for Laban; but now when that

sister's son appears, friendless and alone, a poor man, he exacts from him rigorous service, and by fraud sells to him both his daughters for fourteen years of hard toil.

In the after history of the Jewish people, God makes use of this incident in Jacob's life, his poverty and his toil, to keep up a spirit of humility among them. *A Syrian ready to perish was my father*, is a part of the confession every Israelite was required to make, when he presented his basket of the first ripe fruits before the Lord. *A Syrian ready to perish was my father!* and a recurrence to what we ourselves once were, and to the low station which our fathers occupied, will tend greatly to abate the pride, and bring down the haughtiness, which otherwise might forget the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged.

Jacob appears to have served his uncle with great fidelity, and at the end of the second period of seven years, it was natural that he should desire to be dismissed, that he might make provision for his own increasing family. This, however, did not suit Laban, whose flocks and herds had prospered wonderfully under the care of Jacob, and he was constrained to ascribe it, not only to his faithfulness, but to the blessing of God upon him. I have learned by experience, says he, that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake. Accordingly they entered into a new arrangement, which appeared to be greatly in Laban's favor, but resulted in the astonishing increase of Jacob's possessions. Jacob's conduct in this matter has been condemned as treacherous and dishonest. It is evident, however, that the success of his scheme cannot be accounted for on natural principles; and he himself attributes it to the overruling hand of nature's God. And now arises a new source of trouble and anxiety. In his poverty and dependence he was continually the subject of oppression, and liable to insult and injury. Now, his wealth being increased, he is exposed to the jealousy and envy of Laban and his sons. They accuse him of fraudulently obtaining the possessions which belonged of right to them; and his prosperity, exposing him to envy and abuse, is scarcely more pleasant than his former state of poverty and servitude. The conversation between Jacob and his wives on this occasion, gives a still more striking picture of the unpleasantness of Jacob's

present condition, and exhibits the character and conduct of the covetous and miserly Laban in still stronger colors. Ye know, says Jacob, that with all my power I have served your father, and your father hath deceived me, and changed my wages ten times; but God suffered him not to hurt me. And Rachel and Leah answered, Is there yet any portion or inheritance for us in our father's house? Are we not counted of him strangers? for he hath sold us, and hath quite devoured also our money; that is, instead of treating us as daughters, and giving unto us our inheritance, he has sold us like slaves, and applied the proceeds to his own use. With the hearty concurrence of his family, therefore, while Laban was engaged with his sheep-shearing, Jacob departs with all his possessions toward the home of his fathers. He took with him nothing but what was rightfully his own. His wife Rachel, however, it seems, had stolen her father's gods; that is, the little images which he was wont to worship. It is supposed she was still superstitious enough to have some confidence in the ability of these idols to protect them on the journey. Another opinion is, and it is the more charitable, that she took them away to deprive her father of his objects of idolatrous worship. In either case, her conduct is blameworthy, and it is evident that Jacob, in his hasty flight, knew nothing of the matter.

Three days after their departure, the news is brought to Laban, who immediately collects a sufficient force from among his neighbors and kinsmen, and sets out in hot pursuit, evidently with the design to bring him back by force, and, if possible, to take from him those possessions which Jacob had fairly earned. Having, however, been warned against such conduct by the interposition of Jacob's God, he refrains from violence, and now exhibits himself in the character of a canting hypocrite. Wherefore, says he, didst thou flee away secretly? I would have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp. Thou hast not suffered me even to kiss thy sons and thy daughters, my little grand-children. In this matter Laban acted the part of thousands, who, when stung by the reproaches of conscience, endeavor by a smooth exterior to transfer the blame from themselves to the persons they have injured.

Full well he knew that Jacob had sufficient reason for stealing away secretly. The conduct with which he reproaches his nephew, was the result of his own harshness and severity; and yet, with great self-complacency, he throws all the blame on Jacob, and talks of the liberal and generous things that he would have done when there is no fear of his generosity being put to the test.

With great severity Jacob reproaches his uncle for his former conduct. What, says he, is my trespass, and what my sin, that thou hast so hotly pursued after me. These twenty years have I been with thee. I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle. Thus I was, he continues, in the day the drought consumed me and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes. With exemplary humility, too, and a devout sense of his dependence, Jacob refers his prosperity and success to its true source—the direct blessing of the Almighty; God, says he, hath seen mine affliction and the labor of my hands. The God of my fathers, the God of Abraham, and the fear of Isaac, has been with me. Ay, more! this same God rebuked thee last night, and it was because of this rebuke that thy conduct toward me has been so different from what was thy design in commencing this hot pursuit with armed men. At this, Laban seems to have been utterly confounded, and seeks to adjust the matter in the best way he can. At his instance, a covenant of peace is entered into between himself and his nephew. They gathered stones, and erected a pillar, upon which Jacob offered sacrifices to the God of his fathers; and Laban, apparently touched with a sense of the superintending providence of Jehovah, said, This heap is a witness between me and thee; and therefore was the name of it called Galeed and Mizpah; for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another. A beautiful sentiment, used, as I remember, for the inscription of a seal to letters passing from one who feared God, to a friend from whom he was separated by an ocean. It was simply, Genesis xxxi, 49, to which his correspondent might turn, and read the prayer of affection and esteem: The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another. Then Laban, it is said, kissed his daughters and

his grand-children, bade them farewell, and this is the last we hear of him. That he was an idolater, is evident from his anxiety to recover his images, gods as he called them, which Rachel had carried away with her. It is also clear that he had some knowledge of the true God, which he had probably derived from his nephew Jacob. Enough, no doubt, if he had been so disposed, notwithstanding his naturally corrupt heart, to have secured his forgiveness, and a participation in the blessings of Jacob's God.

After the departure of Laban, Jacob pursued his way; and, although cheered by a vision of angels, his heart failed him, as with his little band he entered the confines of Edom, the residence of his brother Esau. He had left him, it will be remembered, deeply exasperated at being defrauded of his birthright. News was soon brought to Jacob that his brother, with four hundred men, was coming to meet him.

It does not appear, from the narrative, that Esau had any hostile intention in coming to meet his brother. It may have been that he merely intended to do him honor as he passed through his territories; but Jacob remembered his own unbrotherly conduct, and the threats which Esau had made twenty years previously, and he was greatly afraid and distressed. He betakes himself to prayer. In a spirit of deep self-abasement he exclaims, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies which thou hast showed unto thy servant. With heartfelt thankfulness he acknowledges God's goodness: With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and I return so prosperous, as to be able to divide my possessions into two bands. With faith he pleads the promises made by the Almighty to his fathers and himself: Thou hast said, O God of my father Abraham and God of my father Isaac, thou hast said, I will deal well with thee. And now he intercedes for the safety of himself and those who were dear unto him: Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, for I fear him, lest he come and smite me, and the mother with the children. After this, he prepares a magnificent present for his brother, and, with his usual prudence, he so arranges his company and his intended gift, as would, in all human probability, allay the anger of his brother, and appease his wrath. He

divides his present into three separate parts, with a space between each, directing his servants to say, each as he should meet his defrauded brother, This is a present sent unto my lord Esau, from his servant Jacob.

He then seems to have tried to get a little rest: but whatever sleep might fall to the lot of the women and children, or rest to the beasts of burden, there was little of either for him. He was now in the neighborhood of a small river called the Jabbok. It is a stream which falls into the Jordan, and according to modern travelers is exceedingly lovely. "Its banks, says Mr. Buckingham, "are so thickly wooded with oleander and plane trees, wild olives and wild almonds in blossom, with many flowers, the names of which were unknown to us, that we could not perceive the water through them from above, though the presence of these luxuriant borders marked the winding of its course; and the murmur of its flow echoing through its long deep channel was to be heard distinctly from afar."

Unable to close his eyes, Jacob rose up, and having crossed this stream, with his whole family and all that he had, he returned to spend the remainder of the night alone in communion with his God upon the other side. An instructive lesson this for all who may be placed in circumstances of a similar kind, or when from any cause separated from those in whose welfare we take a deep interest. If we can do no more, with the faith of Jacob we may commend them to that God who neither slumbers nor sleeps; and such faith will beget that assurance which will enable us to exclaim with the poet:

Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still shall they rest secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And their defense is sure.

And *Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.* Who was this with whom Jacob is said to have wrestled? The circumstances of the case, as related by the sacred writer, will not allow the supposition which some have advanced, that this occurrence was imaginary, or the result of a mere vision. On the contrary, it is the narrative of a fact, and clothed in such language as could not fail to deceive a plain reader had anything else been intended. The sacred writer says it was a man with whom

Jacob wrestled. There are, however, other passages of Scripture, which, taken in connection with the one before us, will more fully elucidate his person and his character. Thus, for instance, the Prophet Hosea, alluding evidently to the case before us, says of Jacob, He had power over the angel and prevailed. And the patriarch himself, after the occurrence, declares: I have seen *God* face to face. Hence it is obvious that he who in one place is called a man, is in another styled an angel, and in still another is known by the august appellation which belongs alone to the infinite Jehovah. Who, then, was this mysterious wrestler? this being to whom is applied the titles—man, angel, God? There can be but one answer to these questions. In the entire universe is but one being in whom these characters concentrate. It is he who was one with the Father before the world was; who was known to the patriarchs and the prophets as the angel of the Lord, and the angel of the covenant; who, through his own free grace, took upon himself human nature, was found in the likeness of sinful flesh, and became Immanuel, God with us. On no other hypothesis can these declarations of the sacred writer be reconciled, and for them who believe the record he has given, and who have no theory of their own to maintain, no other is needed. On the one hand we see herein the humanity of Christ, and on the other the supreme divinity of the world's Redeemer. Jacob wrestled with a man, and at the same time saw God face to face: he beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Let us notice now the reason given for his address to Jacob: Thou shalt be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed. How had he power with God? In what way did he prevail with him? An answer to these questions is found in the language and conduct of Jacob on the occasion referred to. That language was an importunate request for a blessing—I will not let thee go unless thou bless me; that conduct a persevering determination to press his suit, even although crippled in the encounter. Jacob probably was ignorant at first as to the person of his antagonist, but his seeking so earnestly a blessing at his hands is evidence that he knew at length that it was

indeed He who alone can bless with those blessings which Jacob then sought. In order, therefore, to gain an adequate view of the true nature of this mysterious strife, we must look upon it, says Bush, not merely in its literal sense, but as an illustration of that secret inward struggle of the soul which forms the very life of all earnest and prevalent prayer with God. In the exercise of wrestling, the highest effort of corporeal prowess is required. Every nerve and every muscle of every limb is called into play and put to its utmost tension. The whole energy of the frame is brought into action, and the least relaxation perils the issue of the conflict.

Thus was it with Jacob's prayer: it was a wrestling with all the energies of his soul; a determination to cease not until he obtained that for which he sought. Let me go, says he with whom Jacob wrestled; let me go, for the day breaketh! What language is this? What do these strange words imply? Why, evidently, that the author of every blessing would not leave him unless by Jacob's own consent. And now the heroism of Jacob's faith and perseverance shines forth with peculiar brilliancy. I will not let thee go unless thou bless me. As if he had said, Let the day dawn; faint and wearied and wounded though I be, I cannot, will not, give up my suit. Beautifully paraphrased by the poet:

Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain:  
When I am weak then am I strong;  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

And that was the moment of his victory. Thou hast prevailed, is the language of his God; and he blessed him. The shades of night were scattered, the dawn of another day was visible in the eastern horizon, and with it a flood of light and peace and joy broke in upon the soul of him no longer Jacob, the supplanter, but Israel, the victorious prince. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Omitting many practical inferences that might be drawn from the subject, I notice merely the answer here given to the question, Why are the children of God called Israelites? It is remarkable that they are so called, not only in the Old and the New Testaments, but in that upper city



to which their earthly pilgrimage is tending. When Paul would embrace in his benediction all who love the Lord Jesus his language is: Peace be upon the *Israel* of God; and John tells us that the gates of the eternal city are inscribed with the names of the tribes of *Israel*. Why is it so? Why is that name so highly favored? We should have thought the honor rather belonged to Abraham, a loftier, purer, lovelier character than Jacob's ever was even when his name was changed.

My answer to the question is, that Christians are called Israelites, as a perpetual memorial of the occasion on which Jacob's name was changed, and of the reason given for that change. Even as Jacob became Israel so only do the children of men become Israelites and heirs of the promises. Not by good wishes merely, not by the repetition of forms of prayer; but by fervency, by importunate pleadings—by wrestling do men prevail with God. Hence, says Christ, strive, or, as the word means, agonize to enter in at the strait gate; and hence the meaning of the Saviour's language: The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

### HOW TO GROW RICH.

"**N**OTHING can be done without money," said George, pettishly; "I had a splendid project in my head, but nobody will listen to such a poor fellow as I."

We were three friends, met together, bewailing the rigors of fortune. Our lamentations, however, took the turn they usually take among companions whose age does not exceed twenty years.

"And I," said Albert, "have finished a work which would create my reputation, could a publisher only be met with willing to undertake the expenses of printing."

"I have asked our principal," added I, "to increase my salary, after four years of assiduous service; and he answered, that of such clerks he could find as many as he wished for six hundred francs a year."

"My dear fellows," interrupted George, "although we have neither the one nor the other any hope of making a fortune, could we not get the credit of being rich?"

"To what good?" asked I.

"It gives one a position in the world; a large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held, everything becomes easy."

"I remember," was my answer, "having heard in my childhood of a cousin who went to Jamaica or Martinique, and never returned."

"That is just what we want, we will bring this cousin to life, or rather we will kill him. Yes, Jaques Meran died at Martinique, leaving a sugar plantation, fifty slaves; in short, a fortune valued at two millions of francs, all to his dear cousin, Louis Meran, from attachment to the name."

We laughed heartily at the joke, of which I thought no more; but my two reckless friends, George and Albert, spread abroad the tale when we broke up, with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came to compliment me. It will, of course, be understood that I disavowed all cause; but no one would believe me, my two friends had affirmed the truth of the report. In vain did I assert that it was all a joke. Many remembered my cousin Jaques, some had actually seen him embark at Nantes in 1789. Among the number of these visits was one not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a frock-coat in the new fashion, without having the means of payment; the garment was worn out, and I yet owed half the bill. There had been for some time a coolness between my creditor and myself, whose importunities I wished to avoid. The rumor of the legacy made him hasten to find me. Such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends.

"Good day, Monsieur Matthieu," said I, with some embarrassment; "you are come for the fifty francs?"

"Does monsieur imagine that I am thinking of such a trifle? No, it was for the mourning."

"What mourning?"

"The mourning for your cousin, monsieur; the mourning of an heir-at-law. Without doubt you want a complete suit."

"At this time, Monsieur Matthieu, it would be impossible."

"I hope monsieur does not think of withdrawing his favors from me. Coat, vest, and pantaloons black; frock of dark bronze for the mourning."

"I tell you again I have not yet received—"

"I entreat monsieur not to speak of money; it will come soon enough," added the tailor, who had already taken out his scissors, and passed his measure round my waist.

I was, in truth, in great want of clothes, and permitted him to continue. No sooner was he gone than another individual entered, who immediately began.

"My dear monsieur, you must do me a great service. Buy my house. You are rich, very rich, you want real estate. Fifty thousand francs are nothing for you, only the half of your income; and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Monsieur Felix to buy it, but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle."

"I buy your house? what folly!"

"It is no folly. It is a safe investment. After some repairs, in two years it will be worth double. I have your word," and he left without giving me time to reply.

So well did he propagate a report of my purchase, that in two hours afterward Monsieur Felix came to me in a great hurry, apparently out of humor.

"You have cut the grass from under my feet, monsieur," said he, on entering; "I cannot do without that house, and thought it was already mine, as I had made an offer of forty-nine thousand francs, believing that the owner would surely come to my terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement, so, without further preamble, I come to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand francs upon your bargain."

Fifteen thousand francs coming, I knew not how, to me, who had so much trouble in earning my eight hundred francs of salary as clerk to the registry of the courts of law. Although but little acquainted with business, I saw the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied:

"It is impossible, monsieur, for me to give you an answer at this moment, return at five o'clock; meantime I will consider the matter."

At a quarter before the appointed hour, Monsieur Felix was again at my door.

"Monsieur," said I, "I had no wish for that house, and did not even think about it, when the proprietor came to beg me to purchase it; and it appears that the house

is now mine. As it suits you, and any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer."

"You shall be paid in a fortnight, in paper on Paris," exclaimed the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on Paris! I was so little accustomed to that currency, as to imagine that it would be necessary to send to the capital for payment, and therefore wrote to a commercial house, the only one whose address I knew, as from that I received regularly an annuity of five hundred francs left me by one of my uncles, and which formed a welcome portion of my income.

With what impatience I waited the expiration of the time, when I wrote to Messieurs Hughes and Bergeret that, having certain funds to invest, I begged their advice as to the safest mode. It appeared that the words "certain funds" have very different acceptations in commerce, according to the name and position of him who uses them. The news of my inheritance must have reached Paris. Certain funds, situated as I was, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable sum, at least I supposed so, on receiving in answer from the firm that my letter had been received just before the close of the Cortes loan, in which they had purchased to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; that, if I thought it too much, a large profit might be immediately realized, as the stock had gone up. A postscript, in the hand of the principal, congratulated me on my accession of fortune.

Twenty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands; the amount frightened me. I wrote instantly to my correspondents, informing them that so large a sum went beyond my means; adding, that no remittances having been received from Martinique, as they supposed, I was unable to satisfy their claims.

The answer came in a day or two, stating that, as I did not appear to have confidence in the Cortes loan, they had sold out my stock at a profit of eighty thousand francs; and begged me not to feel uneasy, as remittances were always slow in coming from the distant plantations; in the *interim*, my signature would furnish me with all the money I could want. The prospectus of a German bank was inclosed, in which fifty shares had been secured for me.

Eighty thousand francs! Either I understood nothing of commercial matters, or the clerk had written one or two naughts too many. My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially when I put on my new suit of black. The editor of the newspaper thought himself obliged to give a biography of my cousin Jaques, and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions. In what way would I furnish my house? what would I do for public establishments? Some benevolent ladies wrote to recommend to my notice the institutions under their guardianship. I was ruined in postages; for, in the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money. Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich, no one would take a sou from me, and tradesmen courted the honor of giving me credit.

At last I decided on going to Paris. Immediately on arrival, I went to my bankers, who received me as the inheritor of great wealth.

"I regret," said Mr. Bergeret, "that you mistrusted the Spanish loan, for the stock has again gone up. No matter, however, you have some left."

"Will you have the goodness, monsieur," said I, "to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?"

"The calculation is easy. Twenty thousand dollars, at so much the dollar; and the sum already paid. If you sell to-day, you will put about two hundred and twenty thousand francs into your pocket."

I opened both my ears.

"You say, monsieur, two hundred and twenty thousand? Are you quite certain?"

"As certain as any one can be, within a few hundred francs."

I did not wish to appear too much the novice, and replied,

"That is well. You spoke also of a bank?"

"Yes; the establishment of this bank has met with some difficulties, but the affair is not less good, we are on the eve of terminating it, and the scrip is well up."

"Could that scrip also be sold?" I inquired.

"You hold fifty shares," replied the

banker, "which have advanced four hundred and fifty florins, making altogether nearly sixty thousand francs."

"Although as yet I have paid nothing?"

"Without a doubt," was the answer.

"That is singular, but since you say so, I submit. I should like to make a safe investment of the whole, will you be so kind as to specify one?"

"Our five per cents, monsieur, our five per cents, I know of nothing safer. At the present rate the gain will be six. I can easily understand that all these little matters worry you. You will soon have to deal with much larger sums."

"By placing all that I hold in the five per cents, I should have an income of—"

"That is soon reckoned. Three hundred thousand, or thereabouts; the quotation at eighty makes eighteen thousand francs, say twenty thousand, to make a round sum."

"Ah, twenty thousand francs of income!" said I; "when could I receive it?"

"O, to-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house."

"That, of course," was my rejoinder; "what other could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?"

The banker bowed.

Will it be believed? in the midst of all these treasures, I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small sum, of which I stood in the greatest need; for, after paying the expenses of my journey, I had but five francs left. Such, however, was the force of habit, that I could scarcely believe myself legitimately possessed of more than my little annuity, which was not yet due.

"Dare I ask," I inquired, with a blush almost of shame on my cheeks; "can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me for the moment a small sum, which I want on arrival in a strange city?"

"Eh, my dear monsieur, my chest is entirely at your disposal. How much do you want, three, four, ten thousand francs?"

"I do not ask so much, a thousand will be sufficient."

"Will you have it in gold or notes? Call the cashier. May I beg you," said the banker, leading the way as I rose to depart, "may I beg you to continue your good-will to our house?"

"Certainly, monsieur, you well deserve it," I replied, with a confidence which the certainty of possessing an income of twenty thousand francs began to give me.

"There is yet one favor which I wish to ask," said M. Bergeret; "you are not acquainted with Paris, you have, perhaps, but very few relatives here, come and take a family dinner with us to-day; my wife will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"We dine at six; if you have no engagement for the evening, we shall have a few friends, and hope you will stay."

There are few moments which I remember with more satisfaction than those of my leaving M. Bergeret's house. I began to believe in the reality of my fortune, and had a thousand francs in my pocket, a pleasure which had never before happened to me. The fifty golden Napoleons gave me an extraordinary impulse; in fact, I stood in great need of them. Possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, I was obliged, on my arrival in Paris, to leave my trunk at the office of the diligence, not having the means of paying for a lodging. I now hastened to redeem it, and afterward took a coach to the first hotel pointed out to me, where I established myself in a handsome apartment, and put on my suit of mourning. I arrived with so much punctuality at M. Bergeret's, that he had scarcely had time to finish telling my history to his wife. She, however, had heard enough to cause me to be received as a friend of the house. Every one did the amiable to me, I met a beautiful woman, and overheard whispered remarks made upon me, modest bearing, great skill, splendid business talents. Thus, when M. Bergeret entreated me to regard his house as my own, I promised willingly, although I could profit but little by the invitation. Madame Hugues would have me to dine, when I met with other introductions and invitations. I was taken to the theater and to parties. Now that I was rich, I could almost have confined my expenses to some few presents and fees.

Meantime my two friends, George and Albert, had heard with alarm of the success of their report, the truth of which they dared no longer deny. They had been frightened by my departure for

Paris, which all the world attributed to difficulties in the liquidation of my debts; and feared that I had suffered myself to be deceived by what was concerted between us merely as a joke.

Three days after my return from Paris, my faithful servant announced their names. "Let them come in," was my reply; for I did not receive all the world. On seeing my handsome time-piece and gilt candelabra, and the new furniture with which I had decorated my apartment, they opened their eyes in consternation.

"There is much difficulty in gaining admission here," said Albert.

"Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects, but you, my dear friends, you will be always welcome. You are come just in time to accompany me to an estate which I have some thoughts of purchasing. It is not a large affair, one hundred thousand francs."

"I take it to be some distance off," said George, with a significant jerk of his head.

"Two leagues only; but I will take you in my carriage."

"Your carriage?"

"My carriage!"

"You have a carriage?"

"Yes, and two dapple-gray horses, which I brought from Paris; as yet I have no saddle-horse, that being more difficult to find."

My two friends retired to one of the windows, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

"Dear Louis," they said, "you know that your cousin is not dead?"

"I don't know if he be dead, for I am not very certain that he ever lived."

"You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?"

"I am persuaded that only you and I believe so," was my answer.

"We have done great wrong," rejoined my friends; "great wrong in what was intended only as fun. It causes us much sorrow."

"On the contrary, I thank you for it."

"It is our duty to disavow it, we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty."

"I entreat you to leave things just as they are; a few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds."

George and Albert regarded me as completely deranged.

"Come," said I, "let us lose no time; the carriage is ready, I will tell you all as we are going along. I have spoken to a bookseller, Albert, who will print your manuscript."

Truth, however, always comes out. Some who were on the watch were surprised that nothing arrived from Martinique; well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The edifice so quickly raised tumbled down with equal rapidity.

"The best of it is," said some, "he has ended by falling into the snare which he laid for others. For my part, I never believed in it."

I comprehended that the storm had broken out, on finding one day a dozen notes on my table. They were all nearly in the style of the first I opened.

"M. Grignon presents his respectful compliment to M. Meran, and having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has the honor to inclose."

My answers were all alike: "M. Meran thanks M. Grignon for the bill which has been so long asked for, and sends the amount."

One letter only contained no request for money: it was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote to lend me five hundred francs, should I wish to remove from a place where so many rumors were circulated prejudicial to my character. My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded: "I am rich, not by an inheritance in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich; and I have, in reality, been made very rich; I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who talk of me."

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me of a friend upon whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was the subject of conversation. "He has been fortunate," if you will; "but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could maneuver in this way."

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For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius, yet a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Moralizing on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be so unaccountable.

### LIFE ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

THE immense territory stretching from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and from the northern boundaries of Canada to the coasts of the Arctic basin—but little inferior to Europe in extent—is a region of vast lakes comparable to inland seas, of rivers, torrents, swamps, and forests, with a similar proportion of naked plains intersected by as naked hills, often arranged in a wave-like form, as if an ocean had been suddenly petrified while heaving its huge billows under the influence of a strong and stormy gale. The dense forests occur in the southern part of this district. They contain various species of timber-trees, but are principally of pines, which have often a withered, scorched, and blackened aspect. The spark from an Indian's pipe, or the unextinguished fire of a bivouac, has ignited the dry moss and grass beneath them in summer, and the winds have kindled a conflagration, which has blazed till quenched by the winter's snows. Further north, a few stunted spruce firs line the banks of the streams, or are spread in patches over sheltered spots, till, on gaining a higher latitude, the zone of the woods is left completely, and only low willow scrub appears in hollows on the borders of the icy sea. Throughout this region, the signs of winter are unmistakable in October, and continue till May; but they commence even earlier and last longer on the coasts than in the interior. The cold is so intense, that the thermometer falls to 50° and even 70° below zero. Lakes and streams, ten to twelve feet deep, are masses of hard ice to the bottom. Brandy freezes, mercury solidifies, flannel may be snapped like a biscuit, and ice is occasionally formed in the nostrils. The breath, congealing as it passes from the mouth, becomes audible in a sharp whirr, like a small es-



cape of steam ; while the inside of heated apartments is encrusted with a thick coating of rime, produced from the respiration of the inmates and the steam of their victuals. Instruments and other articles of metal cannot be touched with impunity by the naked hand out of doors ; for the skin will stick to them on contact, and precisely the same effect as burning one's fingers be produced. Similar punishment follows on incautiously drinking from tin panikins. The lips cleave to the metal, and painful excoriations are often caused in removing them. It is curious to witness the mobile mercury, when brought into the atmosphere from a higher temperature, yield to the potent cold, and reluctantly resign itself to rigidity. The quicksilver slowly contracts, a dull film overspreads it, and next a bright fluid appears at the surface, when its consistency is akin to that of dough. Then follows the final change to complete congelation. King Frost has the prey fairly in his gripe when the temperature of his finger ends in about 40°. The metal hardens, till the before restless, volatile, and dancing mercury is stiff as a corpse—an indurated solid.

Severe as is the season, it is not without its glory. There are gorgeous spectacles in the heavens which canopy the dreary landscape and solitary country. Parhelia by day, and paraselenæ by night, are frequent, or mock suns and moons, with circles, arcs of circles, inverted or in a natural position, and horizontal bands, caused by the inflection of light from minute angular crystals of ice floating in the atmosphere. Then the Aurora Borealis adds its splendor to the visual variety, with an effect never witnessed in our own geographical position, or gladly would our population troop out of doors at midnight, and brave the bitterest blast to enjoy the spectacle. No language can adequately describe or pencil picture the phenomenon ; its ever-varying phases, its fickle hues, its radiance, and its grandeur, rendered all the more imposing by the perfect mysteriousness of the cause.

What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air ?

What wakes the frames that light the firmament ?

The lightnings flash—there is no thunder there,

And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent :

The winter night now gleams with brighter,  
lovelier ray  
Than ever yet adorn'd the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,  
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies ?

Some phosphorous fabric which the mountains screen,

Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise ?

The arrival of migratory birds from the south heralds the approach of a more genial season ; with an increase of temperature the snow melts. Pools of water are then formed on the lake and river ice, till the compact mass is itself broken up, the currents are again in motion, huge blocks passing along with the streams, grinding and hollowing out their banks. When impeded in their progress, they collect in enormous piles and form temporary dams, causing the obstructed waters to flood the adjoining country, till the barrier is removed by its natural dissolution. Upon the surface soil appearing, the ground is a universal swamp, but is gradually dried by drainage, in situations favorable to it, and by the increase of temperature. Summer comes at length, and though a briefer interval than the winter, it is rendered quite as distinct by its heat as the other season by its cold. Where the thermometer has fallen below zero, it often registers 84° in the shade and 100° in the sun, and by concentrating the solar rays on a black ground, a temperature as high as 112° may be obtained. Where, too, exposed limbs would be certainly frost-bitten in winter, they as surely wince at the bites of musquitos and gad-flies in summer. The region is thus one of surprising extremes, as well as of sudden changes ; for the seasonal transitions are effected with marvelous rapidity, and the weather is subject to the most capricious variations. Thick fogs prevail for weeks after splendid sunshine, rain is sometimes abundant with a serene sky, and the sun will occasionally burst forth in the midst of the heaviest showers.

Such are the physical characteristics of the territory. Its human occupiers consist of Esquimaux, thinly sprinkled along the shores of the Arctic Ocean ; Indians, of various tribes, sparingly scattered through the interior ; and the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter are for the most

part Scotch, and chiefly Orkneymen, with French Canadians and half-breeds, the progeny of a mixed European and Indian parentage. They are stationed at isolated and far-asunder posts or forts, often amid dense forests and cheerless solitudes, with the wolf and bear prowling in the neighborhood, ranging to the distance of three and four thousand miles from York Factory, the head-quarters of the Company on Hudson's Bay. The officers are either chief factors, who superintend the business of a district, in which there are several posts, with one of superior pretensions for a kind of capital, but sufficiently rough and homely; or traders, who barter with the Indians for skins; or clerks, who keep an account of all transactions. The servants perform the miscellaneous menial labor requisite, as cutting wood, drawing home provisions on sledges, and transporting furs. The latter service involves labor of the severest description; for the difficulties of mountain and forest, torrent and shallow, have to be encountered and overcome, while the extremes of cold, heat, and privation are experienced. From the remote stations it requires nearly a twelvemonth to convey the goods to York Factory, from whence they are shipped for England. The furs are made up in closely-pressed packs, the smaller and finer skins—as those of the musk-rats, martens, and otters—being placed in the inside, and inclosed by those of the wolf, bear, and reindeer. In winter they are drawn on sledges to the nearest point from which water-carriage can be obtained in spring; and upon the rivers becoming open, they are placed in boats, which can only advance through immense distances by being dragged along; while at the rapids, goods and boats have to be transported on the backs of the men, to a point of the stream above the embarrassed locality.

The forts vary as to the number of persons attached to them, according to their importance; and their accommodations hinge upon the same circumstance, as well as upon their distance from the borders of civilized life. They are commonly constructed of roughly-hewn pine logs, of large dimensions, interstices being plastered with mud, the universal substitute for mortar. The roofs are composed of flat layers of sticks and moss; while light is admitted through casements of parch-

ment, which is repaired, when rent, with scraps of paper. As to interior furniture, there is neither sofa, ottoman, nor easy chair, though the inmates are not always bachelor Scotchmen. The bedsteads are branches of pine, the unadorned work of the ax; the chairs are stools, made out of huge single blocks; the tables are similarly made, and massive; while a most miscellaneous assortment of articles may be observed here and there, consisting of guns, blankets, skins, kettles, horns, coffee-pots, pemmican tins, and fishing-lines, with the woodman's and carpenter's implements. Yet the persons in charge of these primitive dwellings are gentlemen in manners, feeling, and intelligence; and at one of them—Fort Macpherson—the most northerly, a Scotch bride arrived in the winter of 1842, to commence the duties of married life amid the ice and snow of the Arctic zone. The northern district of the Company's territory, which includes the basin of the Mackenzie River, has Fort Simpson on its banks for the head station; in latitude  $61^{\circ}$ , that of the Great Slave Lake. Further north in succession are Fort Norman, on the Bear River; Fort New Franklin, at the south extremity of the Great Bear Lake; Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie, under the Arctic circle; Fort Confidence, at the north extremity of the Bear Lake; and Fort Macpherson, on the Peel River, an affluent of the Mackenzie. The natives of the district are the Loucheux, or Quarrelers, the Hare, Rat, Dog-rib, and Strong-bow Indians, with the Esquimaux of the coast.

There is little variety of food at these remote stations. Flour, bread, tea, and sugar—European importations—are articles of extreme luxury, owing to the difficulty of transport through such an immense distance and wild country. A certain quantity of these and other domestic stores is annually forwarded from York Factory; but in order to make the allowance last, it must be consumed in homœopathic portions, or reserved as a treat for Sundays. Fish is a main article of diet, summer and winter, prepared in almost every conceivable method—boiled and roasted, dried, smoked, and cured. There are fish soups and fish cakes, with "fish, fish, fish" in a variety of phases, somewhat taxing to ingenuity to invent. Summer fare includes fresh buffalo, reindeer, and elk flesh, with rabbits and other smaller animals, usually

obtained with little effort, and in great abundance. Winter fare comprises fresh bear and beaver meat occasionally; but pemmican, or dried buffalo and reindeer flesh, requiring vigorous mastication, is the ordinary dish, as the animals can then be rarely captured, having retired from the wind-swept plains to the shelter of distant woods. Two meals a day—at ten o'clock in the morning, and between four and six in the afternoon—are the usual repasts. Lieut. Hooper, who wintered at Fort New Franklin in 1849-50, in his account of the sojourn, mentions the very remarkable fact of the rabbits, throughout the whole region, being subject to periodical conditions of increase and reduction in their numbers. They overrun the country in astonishing quantities at one period, gradually lessen annually, until very few can be caught; then, having arrived at their minimum, they gradually increase, until the animals become as abundant as before. These cycles of progress and decay comprehend an interval of about eight or ten years. Several causes have been assigned for this extraordinary ebb and flow of life. Some assert that the rabbits migrate at regular intervals, to avoid the merciless persecutions of their many enemies—the lynx, wolf, fox, marten, and ermine. Others refer the circumstance to the periodical visitation of an epidemic. However this may be, the fluctuation has an important effect upon the fur trade. In the year succeeding that when the rabbits are most plentiful, the fur-bearing animals, whose prey they become, are most abundant, while the year following that of their greatest decrease is the most deficient in its supply of furs.

Plenty in summer, amounting to even wasteful abundance, often alternates at the isolated northern posts with absolute scarcity and positive famine in winter, owing to the migration of the larger animals, and failure in the arrival of customary supplies. Frightful crimes have been committed by the Indians to assuage the pangs of hunger; and even the whites—French Canadians and half-castes—have been driven to cannibalism by the pressure of the same dire necessity. During the winter of 1845 the Company's people at Fort Good Hope were short of provisions, and the Indians in the neighborhood were on the verge of starvation. One night the persons in charge of the station heard

the blows of the ax in the lodges around the Fort, by which the weaker were killed, in order to be devoured. Two expressmen, one Scotch and the other a native of the Orkneys, who were proceeding with letters to Fort Macpherson, met with a party of starving savages, who stole upon them in the night, murdered, and ate them, along with their provisions. While Lieut. Hooper was at Fort New Franklin, an old Indian hunter was located there, who had several times sustained life by feeding upon the corpses of those who had perished from famine, among whom were including his own parents, one wife, and the children of two. On one occasion this man made his appearance at Fort Norman to solicit food, and had, at the same time, the hands of his brother-in-law in his game-bag! At Fort Simpson there was another Indian, named Geero, who, according to report, had assisted in the consumption of eighteen individuals, and was said to prefer human flesh to any other kind of food. The lieutenant, being desirous of going off for a few days into the woods to find reindeer or moose, wished to have Geero for his companion and guide; but the Indian refused the service, and, on being pressed for a reason, he frankly told the interpreter that he did not dare to trust himself with any one alone in the woods, as he might be tempted to treat himself to a repast of his much-esteemed fare! The officer did not further solicit the honor of his company.

Some of the tribes, as the Slaves and Dog-ribs, are indifferent to these horrors; but others are less callous, and regard with abhorrence those who overcome a period of exigency by such revolting means. In the spring of the year 1850, which followed a terribly trying winter, an Indian of the Beaver tribe came to Dunvegan Fort, but refused to exchange greetings with the persons in charge of the post. When asked the reason of his unfriendly demeanor, he replied: "I am not worthy to shake hands with men; I am no longer a man, for I have eaten man's flesh. It is true I was starving, was dying of hunger, but I cannot forgive myself. The thought of the act is killing to me, and I shall die soon, and with contentment; for although I still exist, I cannot any longer consider myself a human being."

Such are some phases of life on the

Mackenzie River, sufficiently painful and forbidding. Yet has it features of interest to hardy adventurous spirits—the buffalo hunt, the bear chase, the capture of the fur-bearing animals, and the traffic with the Indians—which prevent monotony and offer excitement. This wild kind of occupation, together with certain remuneration and the prospect of rising in the Company's service, induces an adequate number of our countrymen to forego for a season the domestic comforts to which so much importance is attached at home, and doggedly endure the solitariness, desolation, fatigue, cold, and perils of a sojourn in the northern wilds of the western world. Nor is there perhaps to be found a more striking example of hardihood and energy in the search after commercial prosperity, than is afforded by the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company at the remotest outposts, who live through half the year with a temperature below zero, and deem themselves fortunate if twice in a twelvemonth they hear a little of what is going on in merry England.

#### THOMSON AS A POET OF NATURE.

THOMSON produced his most popular work, "The Seasons," at a period when the better qualities of our nature, at least in the upper ranks of English society, were in a very dormant state. Skepticism in religion, corruption in public, and licentiousness in private life, were the prominent characteristics of the social condition; yet the success of the "Seasons" was instantaneous and complete.\* It seemed as if a fountain of emotion which had been long overgrown and hidden by the weeds of a corrupt civilization, had been unexpectedly revealed, and shot its bright and sparkling waters into the light of day. All classes participated in the sensation of a new pleasure, and the eyes and hearts of many were for the first time opened to the attractions and enjoyments of nature. Thomson discovered that he had touched a chord of humanity that vibrated in unison with his own. Praise and enthusiastic approbation poured in upon him from all quarters, and more substantial testimonials

\* Winter, as is well known, was published first; but the other parts followed in quick succession.

were tendered and pressed upon his acceptance. Quin the actor, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude and delight, presented him with a hundred guineas, "as a poor equivalent for the pleasure he had derived from a perusal of the 'Seasons.'"

It would be "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," to eulogize or criticise so well-known and popular a poem: there are, however, portions of Thomson's works which have been comparatively neglected, but which equally illustrate his great powers as a descriptive poet, and abound in beauties even of a higher order than any that are found in the "Seasons;" and this is more especially the case with the "Castle of Indolence."

Upon this poem Thomson put forth all the powers of his genius, and lavished all the riches of his imagination. It is the most finished of his works. His most genial hours must have been employed in its elaboration, and it embodies his happiest inspirations. It is one of the most artistic and thoroughly complete poems in the English language. The interest is sustained, the versification faultless, the unity complete. The boundless love of nature is nowhere more prodigally displayed, and the descriptions of scenery are such as a painter might study with profit and delight. Nevertheless it is a strange but undoubted truth that this poem, so rich in everything that can delight the fancy and satisfy the moral taste, was but coldly received at its first appearance, and is, at this day, as remarked by Wordsworth, "the delight only of a few!"

It has been said by a great critic, that the poetry of the "Castle of Indolence" can only be described in poetry. The moral is simple—namely, the necessity of labor to the happiness and elevation of man. The poem opens with a description of the valley in which the Castle of Indolence is placed, and no painter has ever conceived or represented a scene of more perfect loveliness:

In lowly vale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,  
And there, a season between June and May,  
Half deck'd with spring, with summer half  
embrown'd,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living soul could work, nor caréd even for  
play.

Was nought around but images of rest,  
 Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between,  
 And flowering beds that slumbrous influence kest,  
 From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurl'd everywhere their waters sheen,  
 That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forests deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper would keep ;  
 Yet all these blended sounds inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,  
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,  
 And where this valley windied out below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

This beautiful scene fills the mind with sensations of voluptuous enjoyment and dreamy repose. It was, probably, not entirely a creation of the poet's imagination. Thomson must at some period of life have visited the north coast of Devon, for the landscape which he has so exquisitely portrayed has its exact counterpart in some of those lonely valleys, or combes, as they are provincially called, which open out upon the coast. Shut in by lofty hills crowned with woods, a bright stream flows through them, the meadows are rich in flocks and herds, and the sea is audible before it is seen. No one can have wandered through one of these beautiful sylvan vales (rarely explored by the tourist, but often haunted for weeks by the delighted artist) without having the descriptive poetry of the Castle of Indolence brought to his recollection. There, more perhaps than anywhere in England, is felt the impression of perfect solitude and perfect beauty. There is, moreover, a solemnity in the aspect of nature which strongly affects the imagination. On a calm summer evening, when the sun shoots its horizontal beams up the valley and throws a flood of amber light over the pine-clad hills, the scene is

inexpressibly lovely ; it is more impressive in the "grim and breathless hour of noon," just before the thunder breaks over the heights, or on some stormy afternoon when the wind makes mournful music as it sweeps through the woods. These romantic valleys generally terminate in a small sandy bay, shut in by precipitous and picturesque rocks, the abode only of the gull and the sea-mew. No fisherman's cot relieves the solitude, and no sign of civilization is visible except, perhaps, a white sail gliding along the distant horizon.

Thomson has allegorized Indolence as a wizard dwelling in a paradise of terrestrial beauty, and ceaselessly striving by the charms of his song to entice mankind into his voluptuous but enervating retreat. The happiness of a life exempt from toil and care is exemplified in the freedom and joy of the insect and feathered tribes :

Behold ! ye pilgrims of the earth, behold !  
 See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :  
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !  
 What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
 The feather'd songsters of the careless grove,  
 Ten thousand throats, that from the flowering thorn  
 Hymn their good God and carol sweet of love ;  
 Such grateful, kindly raptures them emove,  
 They neither plow nor sow, nor fit for flail,  
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;  
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
 Whatever crowns the hill or smiles along the vale.

Then follows a beautiful allusion to the statesmen and heroes of past ages, who found that happiness in rural peace which the fevered excitement of public life had failed to bring :

The best of men have ever loved repose,  
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,  
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,  
 Embitter'd more and more from day to day :  
 Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
 The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,  
 From a base world at last have stolen away ;  
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
 Retiring, tasted joys he never felt before.

Descriptions of the interior of the Castle, of the amusements of its inmates, of the voluptuous banquets, of the music which attended them, of the pictures collected for the gratification of refined taste, of the gardens, the fountains, the luxurious ease



of the days, the dreams by night, the magic mirror in which all the turmoil of the world without was viewed by the residents of the Castle, succeed, and resemble the imagery which Tennyson has employed so lavishly in his fine poem the "Palace of Art." Tennyson's object was to depict the misery and despair of a cultivated mind which had lived long in a state of intellectual and moral isolation, and found its enjoyments in the solitary indulgence of meditation and in the contemplation of artistic beauty. Thomson describes the pernicious consequences of that indolence which Wordsworth says is "so dear to native man," enervating the body and paralyzing the soul. Thomson forces his moral chiefly by the representation of horrible forms of physical suffering, Tennyson by portraying the more fearful agonies of the soul:

She, moldering with the dull earth's moldering  
sod,  
Inwraught tenfold in slothful shame,  
Lay there exiled from eternal God,  
Lost to her place and name.

In the second part of his fine allegorical poem, Thomson represents, in stanzas of inimitable beauty, the education and career of Industry, the power destined to destroy the influence of Indolence, and to dispel the charms by which mankind had been enslaved. He describes him, after civilizing the barbarous regions of the ancient world, as taking up his final abode in Britain, upon which the poet bestows some graceful praise:

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains.  
Be this my great, my chosen isle, (he cries;)   
This, while my labor Liberty sustains,  
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.  
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firm-  
est hand.

He chooses, like Indolence, a beautiful  
and secluded valley for his abode:

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
Where his long alleys peeped upon the main;  
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the  
swain,  
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;  
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest  
domain:  
His days, the days of unstain'd nature roll'd  
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of  
old.

But here, instead of slothful ease or  
enervating enjoyment, all the rural arts  
are cultivated by which a country is en-  
riched and adorned. The progress of ag-  
ricultural improvement, in its more poetical  
aspect, is sketched in a few lines of strik-  
ing beauty:

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was  
The amusing care of rural industry.  
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the  
eye,  
And all the enliven'd country beautify:  
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;  
O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;  
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'  
store,  
And woods imbrown the slope, or wave along  
the shore.

The moral of the poem is then wrought  
out by an animated narrative of the success  
of Industry in his encounter with the demon  
Indolence, and in a succession of fine  
stanzas, containing an appeal to his victims  
and to the feelings and principles that had  
been temporarily stified in the voluptuous  
retreat:

Ye hapless race,  
Dire laboring here to smother reason's ray,  
That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd  
sway;  
What is the adored supreme perfection, say?  
What but eternal never-resting soul,  
Almighty power, and all-directing day;  
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll,  
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the  
whole.

Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?  
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass,  
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?  
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as  
glass,  
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?  
The same in all holds true, but chief in human  
race.

But our limits forbid further quotation;  
and it is not for the purpose of critical  
analysis that we have selected this beauti-  
ful production of Thomson's genius as a  
subject of a brief disquisition, but in the  
hope of recalling attention to certainly the  
not least attractive of his delightful works.  
The Spenserian form in which the poem  
is cast, and the occasional use of obsolete  
language, are now, as they probably were  
at first, obstacles to its general popularity;  
but no mind with any poetical sensibility  
can fail to receive abundant gratifica-

tion from its sparkling diction, glowing imagery, and rich and diversified descriptions.

Johnson, notwithstanding his noble praise of Thomson's poetry, coldly says of his "Liberty:" "When it first appeared I tried to read it, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure." The poem is not the brightest emanation of Thomson's genius, but it contains many fine thoughts. The sentiments are somewhat overlaid by the diction, but gleams of beauty occasionally break through the cloud of words, and cast a transient splendor upon the page. The poem, as a whole, is neglected, but it contains passages of considerable descriptive power. Take, for example, the following of mountain scenery in Switzerland:

From steep to steep ascending, the gay train  
Of fogs thick roll'd into romantic shapes;  
The fitting cloud against the summit dash'd,  
And by the sun illumined, pouring bright  
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks  
The mountain ash, the solemn sounding pine;  
The snow-fed torrent in white mazes toss'd  
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;  
And high o'ertopping all the broken scene,  
The mountain fading into sky, where shines  
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top  
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

Mountain scenery was not that in which Thomson chiefly delighted or was most competent to describe. His genius recoiled from the sublime, and loved to expatiate amid softer scenes and yield itself to gentler impressions. We find in his poetry none of those personifications which, occasionally, give such wonderful sublimity to Shelley; nor does he invest the mountains with awful and mysterious attributes like Wordsworth. He simply describes them, and other scenes, as they appear to him, and to others with minds of ordinary poetical cultivation; and this is probably one cause of his extensive and enduring popularity. He was incapable of conceiving a magnificent prosopopœia like Shelley in his Prometheus:

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,  
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind.

Yet he occasionally employs imagery of a high order. Thus Liberty is represented, on approaching Britain, as encountering the Genius of the Deep:

As o'er the wave-resounding deep,  
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd  
With easy wing, behold! from surge to surge  
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep:  
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest hung,  
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head,  
And ready thunder reddened in his hand,  
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud.

His description of Liberty as a personification is very beautiful:

The Goddess whose staid eye  
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn;  
Of high demeanor, stately, shedding grace  
With every motion.

One of the best features of Thomson's character is his thoroughly English feeling. A noble spirit of patriotism is constantly breaking forth in the midst of his worship of nature, and he mingles the praises of his native land with eulogies of her people and institutions:

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

The English character is admirably described:

Courage of soft deportment, aspect calm,  
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provoked,  
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;  
But on just reason once his fury roused,  
No lion springs more eager to his prey:  
Blood is a pastime; and his heart elate  
Knows no depressing fear.

Thomson is the poet who has first awakened in thousands that love of nature which is to many an ample equivalent for the absence of more stimulating enjoyments. To none do we oftener repair for the refreshment of our spirits, jaded by "the dreary intercourse of daily life," or exhausted by its artificial excitements. No poet so effectually revives that moral sense which polished life, with its endless round of frivolities and conventionalities, is so apt to obliterate. These influences we owe to the purity and simplicity of his feelings, to his goodness, and to the cheerful persuasion he felt that "all which we behold is full of blessings." The tenderness of his nature is shown by an affectionate sympathy, not with his own species only, but with the whole animal creation. The fleecy wanderers of the downs, "the laborer ox,"

He whose toil,  
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest;

the varied songsters of the woods and groves, the swarming myriads of the atmosphere, are all objects of his deep, inexhaustible love. What can be more tender than his lament over the annual destruction, and the "ruined commonwealth," of the bees:

And was it then for this you roam'd the spring  
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning summer heats away?  
For this in autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long  
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation?

This tenderness for organized life in all its varied and minutest forms is an amiable peculiarity in the character of poets in general, but by none is it more exquisitely expressed than by Thomson. Shelley possessed it in an equal degree, and repeatedly gave it utterance, as in his *Alastor*:

If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherish'd *these my kindred*,

Cowper's fondness for animals is familiar to all, and Wordsworth overflows with affection for the whole race.

In other poets we often meet with choice scenes and exquisite descriptions of nature, but Thomson takes us abroad to survey the whole horizon, and view her in all her vicissitudes. Wordsworth was never fully inspired but when wandering among his native hills; his genius never expanded to its full dimensions in the presence of beauty alone. It was amid the mountains that he poured forth his noblest song, and there, like them, his spirit will always dwell in solitary and perpetual grandeur. Thomson rejoiced in the streams and woods, and gently-swelling hills and dewy meads. He found charms even in the wild common, where the plovers

Sing their wild notes to the listening waste,

and in the dreary regions where the bittern haunts the stagnant pool, or "shakes the sounding marsh" with his hoarse and melancholy cry. He trod the fresh-turned furrows and the breezy downs, roused the lark from its resting-place and caught its song, in sympathetic rapture, as it soared into the azure sky. "Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood," and the winds

and storms of winter, made as grateful music to his ears as the melodies of the opening spring. He inhaled with delight every scent with which the summer breeze was charged; and the furze blossom, the bean-flower, the wild rose, and the woodbine formed a combination of odors more precious to his sense than the rarest of exotics, and sweeter than all the perfumes of Arabia. He paced the lonely shore in lofty meditation, and watched

The cloud stupendous from the Atlantic main,  
High towering, sail along the horizon blue,<sup>2</sup>

or observing the omens of approaching tempest, walked serene amid the elemental strife, his spirit raised and solemnized by the thunder's voice and the glare of the illumined sea. Or he would turn into the woods at noon, lulled by the hum of insect life, himself murmuring gratitude for the innumerable and varied delights which nature has everywhere provided for her unsophisticated children. But he peoples his sylvan recesses with no fantastic beings—the creations of the "classic" age. In his groves are no fauns, no dryads, no satyrs, no nymphs, no gods, no goddesses. Even the traditional English fairy is disowned. He rejects the supernatural when associated with the grotesque or the profane. But he makes his woods and groves the occasional haunts of beings who have once partaken of the same nature as his own. Some of his finest thoughts are founded on a belief of their presence and of their sympathetic interest in man:

Here often at the visionary hour  
When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,  
Angelic harps are in full concert heard;  
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd  
hill,

The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade.

And he supposes himself, in some awe-struck moment, thus addressed:

Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures we  
From the same Parent Power our beings drew.  
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life  
Toil'd tempest-beaten ere we could obtain  
This holy calm, this harmony of mind.  
Then fear not us, but with responsive song  
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.

This purity from classic fables is one of the great attractions of Thomson. Cowper and Beattie are equally free from them,

but Pope, Thomson's immediate predecessor as a popular poet, is a great offender in this particular whenever he affects a pastoral style or aims at elaborate description. Scenery is generally made subservient to some silly fable. Even the Thames, which perpetually flowed before the windows of his villa, appears in his poetry chiefly in the form of an ugly impersonation—a river-god with an inverted urn; and the Twickenham meadows are complimented as the chosen abode of Pan, Flora, Ceres, and Pomona. But Pope had no real love for nature. He looked out from his grotto upon rich fields and woods, and his imagination probably never traveled beyond their limits, nor wished for any higher order of natural beauty. His trim garden gave him more pleasure than the finest landscape could have afforded; and if he ever deviated from its well-kept walks, it was probably only into some familiar paths, in silk stockings and with his gold-headed cane.

Contrasted with Pope, Thomson's poetry is a treasury of pure thought and natural feeling. He may not always, as a poet of nature, possess the sublimity of Wordsworth, but his pages are not disfigured by the puerilities, and often willful absurdities, of that great man. There is in his poetry no mysticism, no transcendentalism, no attempted identification of the world with its Author. He looks upon the universe as a spontaneous, not a necessary, creation; upon the world as one of the most beautiful of the works of the Great Architect; and upon man as a creature especially formed to comprehend and to enjoy it. He derived his cheerful faith less from "the dread magnificence of heaven" than from the woods and fields and streams of this green earth, and the enjoyments of its multitudinous and happy population. The "meanest flower that blows" was to him, not less than the not more spiritual, although profounder poet of nature, as much a demonstration of boundless power and universal love as the countless orbs that roll in space and the suns that illumine and sustain them. Cowper, who as a poet approaches in descriptive power nearest to Thomson, possesses this religious spirit in a high degree, but it is saddened by his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and often throws a shadow over objects which to Thomson's more serene and cheerful eye were clothed with beauty and brightness. Thomson

lived in nature; his feelings never lost their freshness. His love for her continued to the last

Like the first virgin passion of a soul  
Communing with the glorious universe.

He uttered his orisons from the green meadows and the purple heaths, and his rapt spirit caught responses from the smiling and approving heavens. As he chiefly derived his piety from nature, so he found her enjoyments all-sufficient for his happiness. He was a poor man, but his poverty gave him little concern. He cared not for the superfluities, he sometimes jested at his want of the common necessities, of life.\* The independence of his mind is visible in his poetry. He breaks from his subject, in the "Castle of Indolence," into a strain of noble egotism, proclaims his indifference to wealth, and displays a sublime contentment with his lot. He must have been a happy man who could have thus written and felt:

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.  
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve:  
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Thomson is a poet for all time. His productions are the creations of a mind of exquisite sensibility, and pure as the morning dew. He is emphatically the poet of nature as she manifests herself in England, and her people will turn to him with increased sympathy and affection as often as, seduced for a season into the admiration of some unworthy professor of the divine art, they regain the purity of their taste and return to the living fountains which have been so abundantly opened up for them; or, to adopt the imagery which Thomson has so well employed in his "Castle of Indolence," as often as, released from the magic spells of some false enchanter who may have bound and held them captive for a while, they are re-awakened to the superior attractions of simplicity and truth.

\* He once admitted to Lyttleton, who had made some kind but delicate inquiries into his circumstances, that his affairs were certainly just then in "an unusually poetical position."

## LECTURES AND LECTURERS IN THE WEST.

THE PEDAGOGUE — SYMMES'S POLAR OPENING — NEW SYSTEM OF PLANETARY MOTION — PHENENOLOGY — TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM — MEDICAL ELECTRICITY — GEOLOGY — COLONIZATION — ABOLITION — MESMERISM — SPIRITUALISM — MILLERISM — MORMONISM — FOURIERISM — FREELOVEISM, ETC.

IT is known perhaps to many, that the West has been long regarded as a paradise for humbugs, and hence it has for many years presented a most inviting field for public lecturers, as well as quack inventions of every kind. No one can tell how many palatial residences in our fashionable avenues have been reared and furnished by bogus operations in the credulous West. It is not our intention, however, to dwell on this subject now, as an occasion may hereafter offer for an elucidatory chapter. Our present aim is to furnish the reader with a sketch of the lectures and lecturing in the West which have come under our personal observation.

We can distinctly remember when public lectures were not heard of in the West, unless it were occasionally by some itinerant schoolmaster, who wished to impress the town in which he resided, or the village which he visited, with the importance of an education. Sometimes an author of a new book on grammar or geography, in which those sciences were made easy, and who desired to effect their sale, or one who had accomplished the mighty task of reading and mastering them, filled with the laudable desire of "teaching young ideas to shoot" in the same direction, would gather the people together in the school-house or court-house, and harangue, or rather lecture them on the subject. More recently lecturers of this description are sent out by publishers of new school books for the purpose of having them introduced into the schools, and thus securing their circulation and sale. So extensively is this business carried on that one class of textbooks hardly suffices to last a school through the year, and parents are from term to term subjected to the annoyance and expense of purchasing new books. The sciences are exceedingly uncertain in this country, or our scientific men have a wonderful faculty of rapidly evolving new facts and principles superior to the savans of every other land.

The first public lecture we recollect hearing was in Ohio, somewhere about thirty years ago. The name of the lecturer was Reynolds. He had adopted the theory of Symmes in relation to a polar opening. Symmes, who was a Westerner, (for be it known, though the East is the place of light, yet corruscations are sometimes seen in the West,) had by a long course of investigation elaborated a theory which demonstrated, to his entire satisfaction, that the earth was hollow, and within the interior there were continents, and seas, and rivers, and beautiful islands, with groves, gardens, fruits, and flowers, and peopled with human, perhaps unfallen beings. All he asked was that government would fit out an expedition under his command, and he would guide the exploring keel through the opening at the poles to summer seas beyond the frozen ocean, and annex an internal world to the United States, outrivaling the discovery of Columbus himself. It would be unnecessary, and detain the reader too long, to explain in detail how this Western geographer, by a long course of study and observation, arrived at the results of his wonderful theory. Strange and startling as it was, it found many admirers, and there were several who embarked their all in the enterprise. We were then but a boy, but we recollect distinctly how we were fascinated by the lecture, and with what wonder and astonishment we gazed upon the hollow globe exhibited by the lecturer, and how deeply we were interested in hearing him describe the manner in which the heated waters of the tropics poured through the equator, and flowed to the poles, like the warm life blood rushing out from the heart to the extremities, and returning again to reanimate the system.

Professor Reynolds obtained a passage on a government vessel to the South Sea, made the voyage round the world, and published in a large volume his discoveries. Years have passed since this polar opening expedition, and effort after effort has been made to penetrate the Polar Sea, but the fate of Franklin, and the ill-success of Kane in finding that undiscovered country, seem to indicate that we shall be as little likely to hear of a northwest passage as of the polar opening. If, however, this theory of Symmes be true, Franklin may yet be living on one of the beautiful islands that dot this internal sea,



and Morse may put us in connection with its inhabitants by an interoceanic telegraph.

Years passed and another lecturer came along. He was a wandering star, an itinerant astronomer. He had a new theory of planetary motion. Attraction and gravitation, he affirmed, did not cause the earth either to revolve on its axis or in its orbit round the sun. He asserted that it was not true that the tides were produced by attraction, and he affirmed that this wonderful phenomenon could only be accounted for on his theory of planetary motion. But what think you that theory was? It was this: the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, and all the planets were produced by electricity, positive and negative electricity. If the reader had seen his diagrams, and heard him demonstrate his propositions, as we did, he would have wondered with us at the learning and eloquence of Professor Richardson. Not being able to get a hearing in the school-house, court-house, or church, he was obliged to deliver his lecture in a small room of a tavern. Science, it seems, from the days of Galileo, has always met with rough treatment and opposition, and as the craft of the pedagogue, whose eyes were just opening to the sublime science of astronomy, was in danger, that distinguished personage succeeded in keeping the lecturer out of these places. Halls and lecture-rooms were not heard of in those days. He told us the sun was a vast body of electricity, and, of course, always positive. Now as positive attracts negative, and repels positive, the earth being positive in the day time, and negative in the night season, its motion on its axis was accounted for, part being attracted and part repelled. The attraction of the negative part by the sun was the centripetal, and repulsion of the positive by the same body was the centrifugal force. Comets at their perihelion became entirely positive, and were consequently repelled and sent out into the far off regions of space until they cooled off and became negative, and then were attracted and would return. A distinguished lecturer on elocution was present, who has since figured largely, published books, made a fortune, and now, I think, resides in Boston. When the astronomer had finished his lecture, he modestly asked that a collection be taken up to defray ex-

penses. Certainly said our lecturer on elocution, and very politely carried round the hat.

The next in order, if our memory serves us correctly, were lecturers on temperance. For these, at first, there was less respect shown, if possible, than for the scientific lecturers. They did not, however, advocate the doctrine of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, but simply the temperate use of vinous and fermented liquors. We recollect distinctly what a tremendous hue and cry was raised by those in the Church as well as those out of the Church against this innovation. These lecturers, said they, would take from us our liberty. The cause made small progress in those days, and the ardent was considered an indispensable to the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the school-teacher, for the purpose of brightening their ideas, as we once heard the latter say; and it could not be dispensed with at funerals any more than at weddings and log-rollings.

Next came lecturers on phrenology. A new science had been discovered in Germany, by Gall or Spurzheim, by which a man's character and propensities could be found out by examining his head. The mind was mapped out, and the different organs located here and there upon the surface of the skull, an elevation or indentation indicating an excess or defect of a faculty. We have known many a conceited man, with more vanity than brains, get charts of character which suited his notions as exactly as if made to order. Whatever may have been the reputation of Gall, or Spurzheim, or Combe for learning and sagacity, we do not recollect hearing a lecturer on phrenology that we did not consider a charlatan.

Another light from the East visited us with an invention. Whether a son of Esculapius by regular descent, or whether he had taken up the profession of doctor on his own account, we know not, though we are inclined to the latter opinion. This doctor professed to be able to cure all diseases to which flesh is heir, not, however, by patent nostrums, reduced to the decillionth potency of an imponderable nonentity, or by hydropathic plunging or packing, but by an entirely new mode of treatment. Franklin had caught and tamed the hitherto tameless lightning, and

Morse had taught it to speak in all languages, so our learned professor conceived the idea of teaching it to cure diseases. Had it not been for the fact that he was constantly murdering the king's English, one might have been led to suppose, from his learned expositions and the wonderful experiments performed by his battery and machine, that he was an educated and really scientific man; but though he had donned the lion's skin, the bray of the animal, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the speech of the man betrayed him. It mattered not whether the disease were internal or external, the application of electricity was sufficient to cure all diseases, whether they were tubercles of the lungs or tumors of the skin. His doctrine was that "e-lec-ter-icity" as he called it, was the vital principle of all existence; in fact, that it was the life of the world, the soul of the universe; in short, that it was the great first cause itself. Its presence was life and health, its absence disease and death.

His theory resembled in some respects that of Thompson, whose foundation principle was that heat is life and cold is death, and whenever any person was sick the invariable remedy to be applied was No. 6 and steaming *pro re nata*. Large classes attended the lectures of the electric doctor, and we know of some preachers who mastered the science, and now bear the name of reverend doctors, a title which we are sure they never could have reached in any other way. The greater the humbug the more likely is it to succeed, as Barnum or some one says. People like to be humbugged, and hence multitudes of sick sought the remedy, and were the more induced to do so from the fact that they were not obliged to take anything which the doctor did not take before them, as he communicated the current through his fingers to the parts affected.

Next came a lecturer on terrestrial magnetism. He had found that magnetism could be employed as a motive power. He had a miniature locomotive and a circular track, and the little engine was propelled along it by means of a magnet. This professor was a thorough-bred down-easter, and we liked the man and his invention. His scientific attainments were of a respectable order, and his lectures were exceedingly inter-

esting. We have not heard of the successful application of his new motive power, and presume that magnetic power could not be generated of sufficient force, or there was an essential difficulty in its application, and consequently the theory so plausible had to be abandoned, or at least has not been made available for any useful purposes.

Scarcely had this star gone down till another arose in our western hemisphere, which, if not of equal brilliancy, was at least of much greater pretensions. We scarcely ever think of this latter without mortification at the fact that we were induced to advertise his lectures in the pulpit, and used our personal influence to get him an audience to his course. He came strongly recommended, and exhibited newspaper puffs in abundance, which we have reason since to believe were written by himself and paid for as advertisements at twenty cents a line. He was a lecturer on geology, an interesting and wonderful science. A room was procured and the course began. From his array of authorities, his maps and diagrams and specimens and philosophical instruments, the uninitiated might have been led to suppose that he was really a man of science; but, like the electrician, his speech betrayed the stratum of society to which he belonged, and indicated most clearly that he was of the genus charlatan.

He professed great regard for religion, but was in fact an ignorant infidel. It was amusing to hear him attempt to quote Hebrew, and to hear his exegesis of passages in Genesis in relation to the six days' work of the creation. He had adopted the theory of La Place, denominated the nebular hypothesis. All matter in its primitive state was fluid, and existed in one vast fiery mass which we call the sun. The great First Cause started this into motion, and this motion gave it a spherical form. In its revolution a portion of the surface was thrown off, and that in turn, from the motion imparted to it from the primitive body, gathered up its parts and set up an independent whirl as a primary planet, throwing off its moons or secondaries, until the solar system was completed. This was the beginning. The earth, like its parent, the sun, was in a fluid state, but in process of time it began to cool, and the surface to harden into a granite crust. Vapors

began to rise, and disintegration to take place; water began to collect, the vegetation to start; the radiata were formed, then the vertebrata and mammalia were in process of time developed, and finally man, as including all animal organizations below him, and the crowning piece of the whole. In the successive geological periods and formations and existences there were no distinct creations, but only successive developments, and the production of man was but the natural and easy transition from a monkey to a reasoning intelligent being.

After the lecturer had exhausted his lore on the subject of geology, seeing he had succeeded so well in humbugging the people out of their money, he concluded to make another raise, and commenced a course of lectures on the odic and odylic forces, and entered upon an explanation of the spirit-rappings, having trained his feet to such an extent that he could by muscular contraction crack the joints of his toes. But he went further, and lectured on human anatomy and physiology, and finally became so gross and vulgar in his illustrations as to outrage all decency, and caused the members of the library association, who had invited him to lecture in their midst, a general regret that they had been so wretchedly taken in. The last we heard of this humbug, who prided himself in his long hair, though he was equally famous for his long ears, was in the further West. We believe all such scientific impostors should be advertised, and the public warned against them as dangerous to the morals of the community.

It is needless to say that the country was flooded with lecturers, if not as thick as the locusts which come in the West every seven years, yet at least as numerous almost as the clock and tin peddlers that infested the land. The new subjects that were introduced became successively themes for essays and discussions at debating clubs and lyceums, and the old superannuated subjects had to give way at their advent. These discussions, if they did not add much to the common stock of information, at least gave some who were afflicted with a disease known in the West as *cacoethes loquendi*, an opportunity of delivering themselves of the thoughts which overwhelmed their minds and struggled for utterance.

We must not omit to mention another class of lecturers who came among us, namely lecturers on colonization and abolition.

The colonization scheme did not meet with any opposition at that time, either in the North or South, both sections of the country vieing with each other in promoting its objects. Slavery having been abolished in the West Indies, some colored people who did not like the idea of taking so distant a voyage as that to Africa, concluded to direct their course to those islands. Quite an excitement was gotten up in the place where we resided. A colored man from Hayti called his brethren together in the African church, and lectured them on the subject. He was quite fluent as a speaker, and being gifted, as most of the colored race are, with the power of song, he perhaps accomplished more in the way of singing than by his lectures. We can only call to mind a verse of one of his songs composed for the occasion. That the reader may the more readily see its force, it may be well to remark that Lafayette was at that time in this country as the nation's guest, and was everywhere hailed by the people as the friend and ally of Washington. All delighted to do him honor. But to the song. One verse ran,

"O ye emigrants,  
When ye go to Hati,  
That you'll be received  
Like General Lafayetteti."

It had the effect that a more recent song has had on the minds of southern slaves in relation to the underground transit to Canada, a verse of which runs:

"I heard old Queen Victoria say,  
If we would all forsake  
Our native land and slavery,  
And come across the lake,  
That she was standing on the shore,  
With arms extended wide,  
To give us all a peaceful home  
Beyond the rolling tide.  
O, old master, don't come after me,  
For I'm on my way to Canada,  
Where colored men are free."

Many started for Hayti, but, alas, they found that there was more poetry than truth in the colored lecturer's song, bad as the poetry was. One, an intelligent colored man whom we knew well, after having gone out, became so thoroughly disgusted with the country that he secreted

himself in the hold of a ship until he was out of reach of the Haytien authorities, and thus found his way back. He informed his friends that as soon as he landed in Hayti he was set to cutting *lignum vite*, and it was vastly harder work and poorer fare than he had at home. This was a damper on all his brethren, and there was no more emigrating from that quarter. The negro—much like the white man—dislikes hard work, and whatever may be the inducements, it is rarely that his *vis inertiae* is overcome. Perhaps no race can be found more easily moved by hopes or fears than the African. A colored preacher was once holding forth on the punishment of the wicked. He represented hell as a vast frozen country filled with icy mountains, where the people were always freezing with the cold. It was midwinter when he preached in this strain, and the shanty where he discoursed was uncomfortably cold, which perhaps suggested the idea. A divine of the town heard of his description, and when opportunity presented called his brother preacher to task for preaching heresy, informing him that the Scriptures represented hell as a lake of fire. "Ah bless you, massa," said he, "you tell a nigga in de winta season da's fire in hell and he brake he neck to git da."

But we have wandered. The Colonization Society, through its lecturers, was more successful in getting emigrants to Liberia, though some of them thought, after an experience of a short time in that country, they fared quite as hard. Unacclimated as they were, many of them died, and others returned. Suspicion was cast upon the enterprise, and it was regarded by some only as the safety-valve to slavery, while Liberia was considered as but little better than the grave of the African race. Colonization was held at a discount, and abolition sprung into being. Societies were formed in all parts of the country and lecturers sent out. Colonization was written dead and buried beyond the hope of a resurrection. The lecturers, however, of the new scheme did not fare as well in the West as those of the old. Their arrival in a town was the signal for a rally in some instances of the priest and his people, and mobs were gotten up and stones and eggs flew in rapid succession, winding up sometimes with a plentiful supply of tar and feathers. Such argu-

ments, however, failed to stop the rising, swelling tide, and, indeed, we have known of many who at first had no sympathy for the abolition movement, that were made its strongest friends by the unjust and cruel persecution of its lecturers.

This reaction in the colonization movement no doubt in a great measure was effected by the position taken by some of the lecturers of that organization. We recollect distinctly hearing a divine of the West say, in one of his lectures, that he had no doubt the enslavement of the African race by the Christians of the United States was ordained of God for their final redemption, in the same way that the enslavement of the Israelites in Egypt was brought about by the Divine agency for their future good. It was properly argued that if this proposition be true then the necessary sequence of the whole was that slavery was a divine institution, and, instead of being abolished, should be perpetuated until all Africa's children were reduced to bondage. But the principle had a wider significance. If it was in accordance with the Divine plan to reduce one heathen nation to bondage for the purpose of Christianizing it then it, was equally right and proper to reduce another, and thus the whole heathen world, by this process of reasoning, would become the goods and chattels of the saints by divine right. The sophistry of such reasoning lies in the fact that there is a wide and marked distinction between the wrath and unrighteousness of man and the overruling and restraining providence of God. Jehovah cannot justify the wholesale robbery of men, women, and children, for the purpose of Christianizing them, any more than he can justify any crime committed against the decalogue; but he frequently does interpose his righteous sovereignty in overruling the wickedness of man and bringing good out of evil. The fruits of colonization on the western coast of Africa, as they are exhibited to-day, are no more to be ascribed to the slave-trade than are the fruits of Christianity, now seen in all parts of the world, to be ascribed to the persecutions which scattered the saints abroad over the earth.

Marvelous stories came to our ears in the West of the wonders of magnetism—animal magnetism, or, as it is sometimes called, biology, vital electricity, etc., said to have been discovered by Mesmer, and

sometimes called on that account Mesmerism. The magnetizer was said to have the power, by holding one's hands and looking intently into the eyes, of communicating a "*nerve aura*," or a vital electricity, that threw the subject into a state of somnambulism, in which the mind and body were both subject to the will of the operator. The new science was scarcely imported from Europe until it was seized upon by the Yankees and mastered, and soon itinerant lecturers started out to that paradise for humbugs, the West, where they confidently expected, and were not disappointed, to reap a rich harvest from the invention. Huge handbills were posted at the corners of the streets, on the walls and fences, announcing that Professor Don Juan (who, in his native town, was a cobbler, clock-maker, or tinker) would give a lecture, accompanied by startling experiments, on the subject of animal magnetism. Vast multitudes flocked out to hear and see this new wonder. Men and women were placed upon the platform, and the professor, taking his seat in front of them, would fix his eyes upon one and then another, and make mysterious passes over them until they went into a magnetic sleep. We have seen the most ridiculous performances carried on at such lectures. As one discovery of science is said to assist and confirm another so it was in this case. Phrenology was on the wane, and about to become an extinct humbug, when, lo! it was magnetized into life, and the truth in regard to the location as well as functions of the organs demonstrated. In the magnetic state the operator had only to touch the organ of tune and the subject would at once commence singing, or the organ of veneration and he would commence praying, or that of combativeness and he would commence fighting. Men were made to play on instruments of music without any knowledge whatever of their use, and every conceivable freak was gotten up for the amusement of the audience and the demonstration of the truth of the wonderful science.

Connected with this was clairvoyance, in which state it was affirmed that a person could see without eyes, and though securely bandaged could read the smallest print and describe any object presented to the back part of the head. But more than this. The clairvoyant was able to go in mind to any part of the world and describe

persons and places, find lost property, and a great many other wonderful things too tedious to enumerate. To believe all that was told of the marvels of magnetism would almost make one think that the days of miracles had come again. A certain lecturer that we wot of, who, for want of skill or industry, found it difficult to make a living at house and sign painting, became initiated into the secrets of the wonderful art, and forthwith started out with his little circular metallic tractors and itinerated from town to town. He advertised that he could heal the sick, cure the lame, restore sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf. Accordingly the maimed and halt and blind came to attend the lectures of the mysterious physician, but that any received advantage from their visits we did not learn. If any one, however, will go to the capital of a certain state in the West, he can have pointed out to him a row of costly buildings bearing the name of this successful lecturer on mesmerism, showing conclusively that if he did no good to others he was successful in benefiting himself.

Following in the wake of animal magnetism came the lecturers on spiritual rappings, revealing statements of a more astounding character than had ever yet reached our ears. That undiscovered "bourne from which no traveler returns," had been found, the passage had been opened, and the dead of other ages, upon whom had rested the silence of centuries, came back to the earth at the bidding of a medium in the person of one or more of a mystic circle. Luther and Calvin, and even the quiet Wesley, were evoked from the dead to rap out on a table their experience and observations in relation to the spirit world, and if we are to believe the spiritualists they have communicated so far as to correct their theology in relation to several important dogmas of their respective creeds. The spirit world, by these necromancers, has been divided into spheres, and persons from each have communicated through rapping, and tipping, and writing, and speaking mediums many things too wonderful to be told or not lawful to hear. Grave doctors and judges and graver divines have embraced the spiritual art, and now lecturers old and young, male and female, Christian and anti-Christian, believers and infidels, are to be found in all parts of the country hold-



ing forth to listening thousands the revelations of the spirit world.

Truly this is a glorious country, tolerant of all opinions and religions. The Jeffersonian doctrine, that error may be permitted to exist and be protected where reason is left free to combat it, finds a decided illustration in our midst. Millerism spread like wild-fire over the West, breaking up families, impoverishing children, and sending multitudes to the Lunatic Asylum. Mormonism finds its stronghold in the West, perpetrating its enormously outrageous practices under the cloak of religion, and all the free reason in the world cannot destroy the delusion. Phalanxes and free-love associations find in the West free scope for their operations, and no wonder ever dreamed of in imagination, no theory ever concocted in superstition, but what can find a home and friends in the West.

#### THE FORGED PATENT.

THE changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any one who had not witnessed them. At that time the settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprise which now pervades every corner of the state, had not awakened. The bluffs of the beautiful Illinois river had never sent back the echo of the steam-engine. Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised, and from the time it was "laid by," near the end of June, till "pulling time," in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except Saturdays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers, at the distillery, amused themselves with shooting at a mark, trading nags, and too often, when the tin cup passed freely round, in fighting.

This is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of the oldest settlers will deny.

One Saturday afternoon, in the year 1819, a young man was seen approaching, with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather distillery, of Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Traet. As usual on that day, a large collection of people were

amusing themselves at Crosby's, who owned the distillery in that region, was a magistrate, and regarded by the settlers as rich, and consequently a great man.

The youth who now came up to the group, was apparently about twenty-one years of age, and of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society, and it was evident at a glance that he was not inured to the hardships of frontier life, or labor of any kind. But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting coat of the coarsest linsey woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of doeskin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was business, the horse swap was left unfinished, the rifle laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal person among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated, saying that he was extremely ill, and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him closely and suspiciously for a moment without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a "Yankee," a name at that time associated in the minds of the ignorant with everything that is base. Mistaking the silence of Crosby for a fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not without money," and putting his hand to his pocket to give ocular proof of his assertion, he was horror struck to find that his pocket-book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing, without even a paper or letter to attest that his character was honorable, in a strange land, and sickness rapidly coming upon him, these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The squire who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue. With a loud and sneering voice he said:

"Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree if you think to catch me with that are Yankee trick o' yourn."

He proceeded in that inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the "Squire" was powerful, and few dared to displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eyes around the group, and in a tone of deep anxiety, inquired :

"Is there none here who will receive me?"

"Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor, sick stranger, I will shelter you." Then in a lower tone he added: "I know not whether you are deserving, but I do know that you are a fellow being, and in sickness and in want; and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your own sake, will I be kind to you, poor young stranger."

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering was Simon Davis, an elderly man who resided near Crosby, and the latter was his deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore many persecutions of his vindictive neighbor without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, and heard no more, for overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he sank insensible. He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious, he called upon his mother and sister, almost constantly to aid him. When the youth was laid upon her bed, and she heard him calling for his sister, Lucy Davis wept, and said to him, "Poor young man, your sister is far distant, but I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night did she watch over him, except during the short interval when she yielded her post at his side to her father.

At length the crisis of the disorder arrived—the day that was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of awakening him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis, and faintly inquired, "Where am I?" There was intelligence in that look. Youth and a good consti-

tution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn anything further, and forbade him giving his story until he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson, and his parental home Boston.

A few days afterward, when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson sat close beside his head his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket-book whose loss had excited so many regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment the circumstance was forgotten. He examined it, and found everything as he left it.

The discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came, and Mr. Davis did not return. Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached he was still absent; terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when her parent hove in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, wo-begone countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, and went into his house, and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that she attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, during which there was a powerful struggle going on in his feelings; he rose and took his daughter by the hand and led her into the room where Wilson was seated. "You must know all," he said, "I am ruined; I am a beggar. In a few days I must quit this house; the farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own." He proceeded to state that a few days before,

Crosby, in a fit of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded as only an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a forged one, and that he, Crosby, knew the real owner of the land; had written to purchase it; and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the land-office. Crosby was right. The patent, beyond all dispute, was a forged one, and the claim of Davis to the farm was not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds have been duped. "It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not where or how I pass the remainder of my existence. I have a little home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have loved to protect her child, my own affectionate Lucy." The weeping girl threw her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. "We can be happy still," said she, "for I am young, and can easily support us both."

A new scene followed in which another individual was the principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it, and barely remark that at the close, the old man took the hands of Lucy and young Wilson, and then joining them, said: "My children, I cheerfully consent to your union. Though poor, with a good conscience you can be happy. I know, Charles, you will be kind to my daughter, for a few nights ago, when you thought that no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my gray hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you. Taking down his family Bible, the venerable old man added, "It is a season of affliction, but we are not forsaken. Let us look for support to Him who has promised to sustain us. He then opened the book and read:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labors of the olive shall fall, and the

fields yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet will I joy in the God of my salvation."

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while he prayed they wept tears of grateful emotion. It was a sleepless but not unhappy night to the three inhabitants of the neat, cheerful dwelling they were about to leave, and go they knew not where.

It was then that young Wilson learned the real value of money. By means of it he could give shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

All night long he had thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind; that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land, and had now obtained the promise of the deed.

It is now time for the reader to become fully acquainted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, senior, was a merchant in Boston who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the war, when the soldiers received from the government their bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he resolved to save them from the sacrifice of their hard earnings, and he purchased at a fair price all that was offered. In three years no small portion of the Military Tract came into his possession.

On the day that Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of the principal part of this land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out and see it, and if he liked the country settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son to lay aside his broadcloth, and dress like a backwoodsman.

In compliance with this suggestion, the young man had assumed a rude and rustic dress, so inappropriate to his appearance and manners as to excite some suspicion that he had motives for concealing his real character.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain quarter

section at government price which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on these terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the circuit court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received inclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and putting the letter and certificate into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer, according to promise, upon his arrival in Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the plan of Crosby, with a trembling hand he examined the letter and certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase, the identical farm of Davis.

Astonished that his friend the judge should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate; and after a moment's examination, unhesitatingly pronounced its signature a forgery.

An explanation from the young man now became necessary, and calling Lucy into the room, he told them his story, and laid before them a pile of patents and bank notes, one after another, till the sum reached thousands. It was a day of thankful happiness to Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene, Crosby entered.

His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power, and intends to trample upon him. He scarce noticed young Wilson except with a look of contempt. After pouring out all his meledictions upon the family, the old man inquired if he would give nothing for improvements made. The answer was, "Not a cent."

"You certainly would not," said Wilson, "drive out this man and his daughter penniless into the world?"

"What's that to you?" replied Crosby, with a look of malice and contempt.

"I will answer that question," said Wilson, and he acquainted him with what the reader has already learned.

Crosby was at first petrified with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed a forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees,

and begged first the old man, then Lucy and Wilson, to spare him.

Much as they pitied, it was impossible for them not to despise the meanness of his application.

Wilson told him that he deserved no mercy. That a moment since he would have driven the family of Davis from their home, without even means of a temporary support. He would pay Crosby a fair price for his property, and forbear prosecuting him on condition of his instantly quitting the country.

Crosby accepted the offer. The writings were made out that day, and before morning he and his family were on their way to Texas,

Why should I spin out the narrative? Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion soon rose upon the farm of Mr. Davis, both love far better the little room where she had so anxiously watched over the sick bed of the houseless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich, but never forgot those who were in want.

Cheered by the kind and affectionate attentions of his children, old Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence.

He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright-eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the forged deed. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grandchild that even a cup of cold water given from a good motive, shall not lose its reward.

#### THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement,  
And look'd upon the night,  
And saw the westward-going stars  
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discern'd the music  
Of their long triumphant march,

Till the great celestial army,  
Stretching far beyond the poles,  
Became the eternal symbol  
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward! forever onward  
Red Mars led down his clan,  
And the moon, like a mailéd maiden,  
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small—  
But these might be, in their great height,  
The noblest of them all.

Downward! forever downward,  
Behind earth's dusky shore,  
They pass'd into the unknown night—  
They pass'd, and were no more.

No more! O say not so!  
And downward is not just;  
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim,  
That looks through the heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,  
Though they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattl'd lines  
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshal'd brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward! forever upward!  
I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,  
That the palest fainting one,  
May to Divine wisdom be  
A bright and blazing sun.

### CASTE, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

THE existence of *caste* as an institution venerable in its origin, and of powerful influence in the country of its adoption, is a fact generally known. By those accustomed to regard the territories of India, through the light of idealized record, as regions of unparalleled fertility, yielding bountifully all the elements of material affluence, where the earth gives forth her fruit unsparingly, where mines teem with costliest merchandise, and where waters roll over golden beds, the mediæval East of Mandeville or Marco Polo, glittering with the marvels and enchantments wrought by extravagance, even by those versed but in those dim lights of tradition revealing the palace of Prester John, the idea of caste is associated as inseparably bound up with the social usages of India. Not the less has this idea imbedded the minds of those whose predilections incline them to modern sources of enlightenment, more reliable if not so dazzling; while we find students of Indian history following in the pages of Mill or Elphinstone, not only the fascinating chronicle of English conquests in

the triumphs of Clive and Hastings, but seeking an elucidation of Indian social laws in the operation of caste as a fact no less remarkable, important, and essential to the right understanding of these laws than the customs of suttee, infanticide, or idol-worship. One unvarying explanation of this extraordinary institution has been transmitted from time to time. This interpretation, just as regards theory, if ever, which is very doubtful, applicable in a practical sense, is so no longer. Thus, spite the recognition of the importance of caste, the greatest misconception has existed in the popular mind as to this essential element of Eastern nationality. Its divisions and sub-divisions, with the maze of superstitious observances to which its corruptions have given rise, render it, indeed, extremely difficult to comprehend or explain; but though inappreciable probably, in some measure, except by the native mind, some points are, nevertheless, sufficiently obvious on careful inquiry, in its principal features and relations, to enable us to arrive at a just conception of its nature and operations. The characteristics of the theory, as shown in the accounts of numerous writers, it is true, appear simple; though the infinite forms in which these operate, the multiplied customs and ceremonies resulting from their agency, render it complex in the extreme; so that a correct notion of the elaborate details into which the system ramifies, and its identification under the most diverse and anomalous phases, is next to impossible. Caste as represented by Schlegel and other writers, is that portrayed in the ancient Vedas, environed, like the Mosaic law, by stringent ordinances and penalties. Mr. Horace St. John, in his "History of British Conquests in India," states "that Professor Wilson's remarkable success in the translation of the 'Rigveda' is clearing the way for the march of those intellectual forces which are to shake, shatter, and level the gloomy but stupendous fabric of Brahminical superstition. Thousands of intelligent Hindoos are perceiving, from the witness of their own religious books, the Scriptures and canons of their ancient faith, that the priesthood has deluded them with monstrous traditionary legends and false interpolations, invented to furnish resources for the fund of sacerdotal



craft in the credulity of an ignorant multitude." Thus, the prevailing idea of caste has been drawn from the commentaries of arrogant, intolerant Brahmins, rather than from the form under which it was accepted by and influential among the people.

In the code of Menu, having for its foundation the sacred books to which it bears constant testimony, we find the whole race of Hindoos included in the following divisions of the sacerdotal, the military, the industrious or mercantile, and the servile classes. The first of these, the Brahmins, are said to have issued from the mouth of Brahma; the second, the Cshatrya, from his arm; the third, Vaisya, from his thigh; and the fourth, the Sudras, from his foot. The influence of this allegory is of course to give nobility, power, and privilege to the Brahmin, the bestowal of which does not exempt him, however, from certain fixed duties. The priestly office and work of legislation are assigned to him, the first of these involving a diligent study of the Vedas, which he is to read aloud and expound. The offering of sacrifice, as well as assisting others to offer it, is incumbent upon him; the bestowal of alms and the acceptance of gifts. To maintain an exterior appropriate to his venerable calling, he is "always to appear clean and decent, having his hair and beard clipped, his body pure, his mantle white, and bearing a staff and a copy of the Vedas in his hand, and bright golden rings in his ears." That he is to shun all frivolous amusements, and to keep his passions subdued is an accompaniment to this clause. Yet he is not required to fast or subject himself to needless severities, so that the restrictions of his class are slight compared with the honors and benefits accorded it.

The Brahmin is regarded as the chief of human creatures, to whom the world is dedicated, and whose favors or denunciations surpass in force the fulminations of the Olympian god. He could by his power, also, form fresh worlds and give life to gods and men. Hence the profound respect with which he inspires even kings. By a curious contradiction the same power which could injure or destroy existence in others was not sufficient for the preservation of his own, and the life and property of the Brahmin were to be protected by the most stringent laws, the

contempt of which was punished severely. Thus all offenses against him were chastised with fearful rigor, while his own were treated with remarkable lenity. Stealing gold, or injuring cattle, or any other property belonging to a Brahmin, involves penalties of extraordinary severity. While so many enactments exist for the preservation of their possessions there are an equal number for increasing them. Every religious ceremony includes presents to the Brahmins, and by lavish offerings the worst penances can be commuted. If a Brahmin finds a treasure he keeps the whole of it; if found by another person, the king takes it, giving one half to the Brahmins. Their property, not having descendants, is divided among their own class, while that of other classes, under such circumstances, is forfeited to the king. They are exempt from taxation, liberality toward them is incumbent upon all, and their maintenance is enforced upon the state should they be reduced to poverty. As a lesson in humility necessary to counteract such favoritism, the early period of the life of a Brahmin is to be devoted to menial services. He then has to perform servile offices for his preceptor, provide logs for sacrifice, and beg from door to door; while during another period he becomes an anchorite, and clad in bark or the skin of the black antelope, lives silent and solitary, feeding on roots or berries.

Next in rank are the Cshatryas, or military class; these possessing, in some sort, a sacred character, as essential to the welfare of the Brahmin; the precepts of Menu supporting a principle equivalent to our church and state union, in assuming the prosperity of both to depend on their alliance. Like the Brahmins they boasted immunities in criminal law, though in an inferior degree. Their duty was to give alms; also to read the Vedas, to shun earthly temptations, but principally to defend the people. The Cshatryas alone engrossed the military profession and the executive government, the Brahmins interpreting only the laws.

Upon the Vaisyas, the mercantile class, devolved the reading of the Vedas, but their chief employment consisted in attending herds of cattle, in the interchange of commerce, in money-lending, and in the occupations of agriculture. Such were the heterogeneous duties of the Vai-

syas, requiring a diverse and somewhat extensive knowledge for their performance. While these three classes enjoyed equality to a certain degree, uniting together in important rites, and together receiving the benefits of legislation and religion, the fourth, the miserable Sudras, were degraded to a condition surpassing in its wretchedness that of the villain of the mediæval age. Forbidden to accumulate property, having all source of emolument or distinction, nay, almost of subsistence, closed to them, all chance of amelioration was hopeless. Nor were they permitted to look to a future world for indemnity, since not even transmigration, it was considered, could effect any material change in their condition. Though devoted to the service of the Brahmin, the Sudra received not in return any spiritual enlightenment or consolation from that supreme functionary. The precepts of the law forbade them even to open the Vedas. A Brahmin cannot receive an offering from him, nor eat what is cooked by his hand. The greatest submission is required from him, and impertinence is to be expiated by having his tongue slit. Should he lecture a Brahmin, hot oil is to be poured into his mouth; should he listen to scandal against him, hot lead into his ears. So lightly is the existence of a Sudra esteemed that the penalty for killing him is the same as for killing a lizard or a frog. We see, therefore, that the laws of Menu include ordinances of the most glaring injustice and oppression, the practice of which in their fullest significance it is difficult to imagine to have ever been in vogue even among the pliant and weak-willed Hindoos. History, it is true, is not wanting in precedents of the existence of systems of slavery for certain periods, yet these have never prevailed for centuries with the universal consent, nor can we conceive them to have done so, though favored by the apathetic immutability of the East. At all events, it is satisfactory to reflect that such precepts are now obsolete, at least in their actual interpretations. Notwithstanding, it is doubtless owing to the prestige of its sacred origin that caste has exercised its marvelous influence. But it is in the spirit of the tenets rather than in the letter that it has remained; as the influence of feudalism might endure long after actual serfdom was abolished. Certain it is that the or-

ders as well as the titles of Cshatryas and Vaisyas are no longer known. In place of these there exists an infinite variety of castes bearing more the character of guilds, or associations for mutual benefit and intercourse, which derive a nomenclature either from the province in which they arise or from their founder. The confederations prevail equally among the Mussulmans and Parsees as well as the Hindoos, and sometimes in an extraordinary proportion, the number of associations in Bengal alone amounting to some hundreds. The rules of these, infinitely diversified and curiously interwoven with native and local idiosyncracies, frequently degenerate into mere formalities, yet regulate the minutest circumstances of life, as courtesy among the Chinese is never forgotten, though degraded into mere fantastic ceremony. Occasionally we have presented some observance in which the distinction made is so inconsistent that it appears absolutely inconceivable to a rational mind; as, for instance, that the domestic who sweeps your room should refuse to take a cup from your hand; and the servant who grooms your horse should feel insulted by a request to mow some grass for its sustenance.

The testimony of history goes far to prove that a strict interpretation of the laws of caste was never for any length of time in active operation, from the repeated instances of men of the humblest origin having attained to sovereign power. As among us the influence of wealth has overcome even *prestige* of birth; opulent members of the *bourgeois* class have been privileged to compete with aristocracy, and the latter have even sometimes become subordinate. Through this process of inversion it is not unfrequent for a Brahmin to find employment, having made himself a proficient cook, under some prosperous Sudra. In this case the most singular incongruities result. All food prepared by a Brahmin is pure, and consequently eatable by his master, whose use of the plates, however, causes them to be polluted, and his domestic will not touch them. The difficulty of comprehending these superstitions is increased by the fact that they cannot be reduced to any regular standard, depending as they do on local or family peculiarities totally opposed. In Bengal and Orissa fish is universally eaten, while in some quar-

ters it is held in abhorrence. The Hindoo aversion to animal food is well known, and such is the hatred of pork that thousands have died from famine rather than violate their prejudices; yet the majority will eat the flesh of the deer and wild boar, when not killed by their own hands. A short-tailed sheep is eaten when a long-tailed one they will not touch, and those who shrink from poultry will devour jungle fowl. In certain districts the Brahmins, to whom all animal food is forbidden, will nevertheless partake of the flesh of any animal whatever. With some castes pork is the chief diet; with others only beef is prohibited.

The same contradictions occur with respect to other matters. An earthen pot, for instance, is polluted irretrievably when touched by one of inferior caste, while a metal one suffers no such injury. So trivial are the differences sometimes that many castes are distinguished from each other only by the color or fashion of their clothes. The debasing effect of this maze of delusive superstitions into which the system of caste has degenerated is alone an irrefutable argument against it. An extraordinary obliquity of moral perception and principle are manifested through its influence, giving rise to the repeated perjuries of Hindoo witnesses, for when summoned against any one associated with them through caste, it is considered a duty to swear to everything which can tell in his favor. These perversions constitute a formidable obstacle to enlightened regulations, and the procedure of justice according to English routine. As a theory, caste involves doctrines of the grossest injustice, founded upon the most despotic principles of absolutism. The modification even of its spirit in practice is prolific of servility on the one hand and the tyranny of self-exaltation on the other; the support of a social policy utterly opposed to the introduction of English affinities and sentiments, the nationality of England deriving its nobility from the recognition of equality in a common enjoyment among all orders of the benefits of religion, law, and government. It is true that the immunities of rank among us too frequently prevail to the detriment of strict justice and integrity, and that the trammels of etiquette resulting from these class distinctions are vigorously enforced; yet

liberal education and superiority of character go far to destroy these prejudices, unsanctioned by what we are accustomed to regard as our highest standard of ethics, and unenforced by the caprice of arbitrary regulation or custom. Beyond all they are undermined by the influences of the Christian faith, and by the great principle it establishes of the equality of all men before their Maker. This it is which constitutes the marked difference between the Hindoo social creeds and our own, (occasionally less irrational and frivolous,) that while theirs is supported by sacred authority, the cause, indeed, of its dominion, Revelation with us disclaims them entirely. Caste has not wanted advocates, however, who, describing it as a salutary institution, have nevertheless been unable to refute facts proving beyond doubt its evil effects considered with reference to the welfare of the Hindoos as a race, while it militates powerfully against those objects which it is the aim of our civilization to accomplish. As destructive of all public spirit it is highly injurious. No patriotic sense exists, binding all in the unanimity of brothers through one common bond, the love of country. Hence the ease with which successive invaders have overrun the Indian territories. Connected with this is the characteristic apathy of the Asiatic, which renders him insensible to the desire of improvement in the condition of his fellow-men; and the utter absence of zeal in the pursuance of everything that could tend to public prosperity and progress. A corresponding indifference prevails as to the existence of evils menacing the general welfare: proved by the bands of assassins and plunderers, Decoit gangs, Thugs, and Pindarees, who follow their grim vocations without an effort made for their suppression. A narrow feeling of clan-ship, produced by caste, deprives its members of the common impulses of humanity toward those without the pale of some particular class. A traveler might faint by the way, yet the dread of pollution would prevent his receiving assistance. It thus obstructs the exercise of benevolence, engenders jealousy and pride, arms men against each other, renders prejudice inveterate, and degrades and entralls the mind through the very medium which should elevate and free it; for the religious principle is the source only of submission to de-

basing superstition. Prolific of evils, it is productive of no counteracting advantage ; for while depressing alike the mental capacities and moral energies, it is a barrier to the hope of advancement, materially, intellectually, and religiously. No native characteristic or custom can be so detrimental to the efforts of the missionary as the prevalence of caste, nourishing aversions and partialities utterly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel.

# OLD AGE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

AFTER a long reign of forty-five years, Frederick felt the approach of those infirmities which indicated that the termination of life could not be far distant. Zimmerman, an eminent physician of the day, well known as the author of a once popular treatise on Solitude, was sent for by the king, to attend him during what proved to be his last illness. He found Frederic courteous and affable, regular also in the discharge of his official duties, but wedded to the pleasures of the table, against which his previous medical advisers had ineffectually warned him. The following is Zimmerman's description of a dinner eaten by the invalid, or, to speak correctly, the dying monarch. It shows the extent to which he indulged himself, and how little he understood the grace of Christian temperance :

" This day the king took a very large quantity of soup, consisting of the very strongest and most highly-spiced ingredients ; yet, spiced as it was, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of pounded ginger and mace. His majesty then ate a good piece of *bauf à la Russe*, beef which had been steeped in half a quart of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, made half of Indian corn, and half of Parmesan cheese ; to this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter, until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This was one of the king's most darling dishes, named a *polenta*. At last, the king having expressed his satisfaction with the excellent appetite which his medicine had given him, closed the scene with a plateful of eel-pie, of the most hot and fiery nature." Even before leaving the table on this occasion, he was seized with convulsions.

Frederic, as will be readily imagined

after this description of his habits, daily grew weaker and weaker. Old and enfeebled, deprived of his youthful companions, there was little in the aged monarch's position to envy. He had no hope, to render the prospect beyond the grave, to which he was hastening, bright with immortality ; and the past was but a vision of acquisitions gained by questionable means, and soon to glide irrevocably from his grasp. Like his dying father, he had to feel, even if he would not in words admit the truth, that life's richest boons, without God's blessing, are but vanity and vexation of spirit. He continued to occupy himself, however, with official business to the very last ; it drowned reflection, probably, and stifled the whispers of the inward monitor. During his reign, he had invariably treated with contempt, so far, at least, as their religious instructions extended, clergymen of all denominations. None of them, accordingly, stood beside him at this important period of his life, to awaken him by their exhortations to repentance, or to point him to the Saviour as the source of peace and safety. What his clergy were unable to accomplish, however, by oral communication, was attempted by a pious but unknown individual. One day, when near his death, Frederic received a letter, couched in the following terms :

" Sire : Filled as I am with respect and reverence for the Supreme Being, I cannot forbear from recalling, in all humility, to your majesty's mind, what is the greatest and most precious of all treasures, and that which alone can render you happy. That treasure is the faith which comes from the grace of God. But the great understanding of your majesty will at once perceive that this important advantage, which alone can lead to eternal life, must be asked of God in prayer, with a right course of life, and a due meditation of the Scriptures. Eternal happiness is worthy of being thought of. It is obtained by the grace of God, for those who humble themselves before him. If, says Jesus, ye are not converted, and do not become like little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. The change may be difficult for your majesty, but with God everything is possible ; and may his blessed Son have pity on you. I am, with the most profound respect, and the most Christian charity, the simple and faithful Christian. O. F."

Instead of being angry with this communication, as he would have been at other times, the king replied, " Let this be answered civilly : the intention of the writer is good." He did not profit by the

advice. Not long after the receipt of the above letter, the hand of death seized him; and without one ray of Christian hope to brighten his latter end or cheer his departing spirit, he entered the eternal world to learn its dread realities. By his will he expressly requested that he might not be buried in a church, but ordered that he should be laid by the side of his dogs! The request was not complied with. By some, such a dying wish will be regarded as a mark of affectionate attachment to his dumb favorites; by others, perhaps, it will be viewed, not inappropriately, as one of the fruits of that cheerless creed which taught him that after death he was but as "the brutes that perish."

In the last century, Frederic attracted a considerable degree of attention from his cotemporaries. His actions, his witty as well as wise sayings, were diligently recorded, and rapidly communicated from country to country. The age was one in which spiritual religion had greatly declined, and in which, therefore, a monarch like Frederic was sure to be welcomed, from his indifference to evangelical truth, and his claims to freedom of thought. Viewing him from a distance, however, it is not difficult to decide that he was greatly overrated, and that his infidelity, so far from rendering him a philosophical king, was the cause of his fulfilling imperfectly many of the most important social duties.

As a son, he lived in continual collision with his father. It is true that the latter was much to blame, but this circumstance does not exonerate Frederic from various charges of disobedience and undutifulness clearly brought home to him. A good husband, also, he cannot be considered to have been, seeing that he lived in a species of seclusion from his consort for nearly half a century. As a friend, his conduct is not more satisfactory. We have observed the lack of generosity with which he treated his early companions, and the relatives of those who had made large sacrifices for his sake. Thiebault, who resided with him, or in his immediate circle, for a number of years, gives us many pictures of the tyrannical mode in which he exercised his power over those who were his intimates and daily associates. Keen cutting gibes were continually passed upon them; they dared not to retaliate, however, as a witty repartee would

probably have deprived them of their bread. The Marquis d'Argens, one of his oldest friends, after having passed fifty years in his service, was deprived of all his pensions, for a short delay in returning to court when on a brief visit to some friends in his native country. This was not a solitary example of the caprice which regulated his proceedings. When in his company, the only prudent course was to say as little as possible. Thiebault states that one evening he was called on by the king to discuss some propositions for his amusement with another courtier, known by the classic title of Quintus Icilius. The subject proposed was, whether man would have been happier, had his Creator gifted him with the power of foreknowing the hour of his death? Icilius having, in a few words, shown the wisdom of the existing arrangements of Providence in that matter, the king rudely interrupted him, telling him that he was a base and groveling soul, incapable of understanding elevated sentiments. All this coarse effusion of feeling arose from Frederic having been foiled in an argument, no less impious than absurd, which he had endeavored to maintain.

As an author, Frederic's talents were considerable, but they were grossly misapplied. His works are most objectionable. They advocate principles of infidelity, and are stained by gross impurities. For many years he maintained a literary correspondence with D'Alembert as to the best mode of undermining Christianity. Their letters generally terminated with the syllables "Ecr. l'Inf.," being a contraction in French of the words, "Crush the wretch." This term he applied to the gracious Saviour of mankind!

Thiebault, whom we have already named, was a French writer employed to correct the king's literary compositions; to attend, as a critic sneeringly remarks, "to various little offices about Frederic's mind." The task of a critic on the productions of a monarch, seems to have been far from enviable. On one occasion, when pointing out a phrase which had been wrongly employed, Frederic instantly became red with anger, his whole physiognomy assuming a menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to fall upon the most violent measures. To calm him, Thiebault had to assume a humble, supplicating attitude, and to sue for the insertion



of the correct grammatical expression, as if it had been a favor of vital importance. Infidelity, it is obvious, had not sweetened Frederic's temper.

The friends whom Frederic employed were generally men destitute of all religious principle. It is singular to observe, however, that although skeptical on points where they ought to have had faith, they were credulous on others where belief was ridiculous and childish. Lamethrie, an avowed atheist, used to make the sign of the cross if it thundered. D'Argens would shudder if there were thirteen persons seated round the table. Others were the dupes of fortune-tellers; and full half the court believed that a woman, all in white, appeared in one of the apartments of the castle, holding in her hands a large broom, with which she swept the room when any of the royal family were about to die. Several persons of distinction, occupying high places under government, were duped by a person who pretended to have the power of intercourse with evil spirits, so as to discover hidden treasure. They even went the length of offering sacrifices to the devil, and procured at great cost, as an acceptable offering, a goat which had not a single hair that was not black. Such are the inconsistencies of infidelity.

Frederic's skeptical principles displayed their baneful results also in rendering him occasionally implacable and unmerciful. His treatment of the once celebrated Baron Trenck is a deep stain upon his memory. For a slight, if not an imaginary offense, Trenck was confined in a gloomy spot, which he thus describes: "My dungeon was built on the ditch of the fortification. The name of Trenck was inscribed upon the wall, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. Enormous chains were fixed round my ankle, and another huge iron ring was riveted round my naked body." He remained for many months in great suffering, and thrilled Europe by the narrative of his captivity and remarkable escapes.

As a monarch, Frederic plunged his country in war, and in various instances throughout his reign acted under the influence of an improper expediency. On one occasion he passed, by means of an agent in Poland, an immense quantity of adul-

terated money, but was mortified by the Empress of Russia, into whose country it had found its way, taking it at its full value from her subjects and returning it again to Frederic, to be exchanged for pure coin.

Frederic plumed himself on his administration of justice, and is indeed entitled to praise on this account, for many of his regulations were excellent. His passions, however, were sometimes allowed to get the better of feelings of propriety. The case of Arnold, the miller, is generally known. The king received from an individual of that name and trade a complaint that fairness was not dealt out to him by the judges. Frederic ordered a private and, as it turned out, a partial report to be made, and, precipitately acting upon it, sent for the legal functionaries who had decided the cause. Without allowing them a hearing, he kicked and upbraided them, and finally deposed them on the spot. It was afterward found, however, that the decision of the judges was correct, and that Frederic's private report had been inaccurately drawn up.

Leaving him as a monarch, however, his skeptical principles can scarcely be said to operate more favorably when we view him as a master. The treatment of his domestics is stated by some writers to have been harsh and severe. He was chary in wages or rewards to them, but liberal of sharp reproofs or blows. These were their lighter punishments. For serious offenses they were at once discarded or sent to prison. One valet-de-chambre, having been charged with embezzling some money, put a pistol to his head, and fell a corpse in Frederic's own antechamber. The king, on hearing of the lamentable event, only said, "I did not think the fellow had so much courage."

Many anecdotes of Frederic have been preserved; but we select one, which is interesting as showing his appreciation of the false miracles of the Romish Church. A common soldier, who had long been distinguished for the constancy with which he worshiped at a shrine of the Virgin Mary, was accused of having stolen a valuable diamond from the petticoat of the image. He admitted that the missing property was in his possession, but set up a sufficiently singular plea: "One day, when I was worshiping the Virgin," he said, "she opened her eyes, and addressed

me thus: 'My friend, I have long witnessed with pleasure the constancy of your devotion to me. Here is a diamond; take it: I have no need of it, but it will be useful to you.' Frederic, glad to have a laugh at the priest's expense, inquired of the Roman Catholic divines whether such a miracle was possible. They could not deny that it was *possible*, but said that it was not *probable*. Frederic pardoned the soldier; but added, that as he could not hinder the saints or Virgin from giving presents to his men, he must content himself by issuing an order that none of them, under a severe penalty, should accept such presents, if offered to them.

More details might be given, showing Frederick's character in other and perhaps more attractive points of view; but space forbids the attempt. We observe in conclusion, therefore, that if the possession of talents, varied and extensive, entitle a monarch to the appellation of Great, Frederic may lay claim to that honorable distinction. If, however, not the mere *possession*, but the right *application* of great talents is the foundation for the above term, then Frederic must be displaced from the position to which his flattering cotemporaries elevated him. The true philosopher is he whom Christian principles influence, whose passions Divine grace regulates, and whose actions are guided by love to the Saviour, and zeal for the Divine honor and glory.

#### THE ANGER OF JESUS.

"HE looked round about on them with anger." The anger of Jesus! This is something new to many; it grates upon their ears; it is at utter variance with all they had been accustomed to conceive of him. Anger is a feature of character they had never imagined as belonging to him. They have heard of the anger of God; but the anger of Jesus has taken them quite by surprise. Why, their one only theme had been the love of Jesus. His very name had been identified in their minds with love; and now they positively refuse to associate this name with any other feeling, and most of all, with this of anger. An angry God they can picture to themselves, but an angry Saviour! Let us hear no more of such a notion; our whole souls recoil from it.

I fear I am only giving utterance to the feelings of many professing Christians. Yet what have we here? Is it not an angry Saviour that is set before us in this incident? Yes; Jesus can be angry, *very* angry. We cannot take the measure of his love; neither can we take the measure of his anger. Like his love, it is infinite; it, too, has a length and breadth, a depth and height, which passeth knowledge. I repeat, it is an angry Saviour that is set before us; and this view, so new to some, may be the means of awakening them from their false peace, to which nothing has contributed more than their partial, one-sided view of his character. The truth is, it is but an imaginary, fictitious, unreal Christ they have been forming to themselves. They have been conceiving of him as altogether such a one as themselves. Look now for a time to the real Christ—the Christ of the Gospels; and shrink not from the contemplation, though painful at first sight. Wait and see whether deeper and truer views of his character do not raise him in your esteem, and draw you closer to him in faith and love.

Mark, then, this expression: "Jesus looked round about on them with anger." Now, let us not go and explain this away. Let us not use undue liberties with the *letter* of Scripture, with the view of getting at something we may call the *spirit*. Anger means anger. I know very well the anger of Jesus differed in an important sense from your anger or mine, which partakes of the imperfection of our fallen nature, and is therefore an unholy emotion, more or less, even in the best. His was an anger free from all taint of sin. It was a pure feeling; but in very proportion to its purity is its depth and intensity. It is because it is a holy thing that it is such a real and terrible thing. If it were not holy—if it had not its root in the lowest depths of a nature perfect in all respects—then might we hope that it would be easily braved, or turned aside; that it might speedily evaporate, and pass away as causelessly as it originated. But the anger of the holy Jesus, the Divine Saviour, cannot be of this kind. It must be a terrible reality; and any word, be it what it may, which human language affords, must necessarily come immeasurably short of an adequate expression of the inward feeling.

Nor will it do to catch at the expression which immediately follows, "being grieved," and say, O! that takes off the edge of it; that tells us we are to understand the word "anger" in a mild sense. I protest against this most strongly. I am willing to take both of these expressions in their full meaning and extent. I cannot consent that one should overbear and neutralize the other. I know there can be no contradiction between them, and I hope to show, as we proceed, that they are susceptible of the entirest harmony. In the mean time, I assert that grief means grief, just as anger means anger; and that Jesus was not so angry on the present occasion as not to be grieved, and not so grieved as not to be angry. His grief, like his anger, is real. It, too, is pure, holy, Divine, and all the more true, deep, and intense that it has its seat in profoundest depths of his own nature.

It seems to me, then, that what this incident leads us to do is, to bring out fully these two features in the Saviour's character; and at the same time to show the harmony between them, and how they are displayed in his dealings with sinners.

Would the character of Christ as a man have been perfect if the emotion of anger, of indignation—call it what you may—had been wanting? On the contrary, would not this deficiency in one of the original, innate, and universal endowments of our nature, and doubtless of all created natures, as it assuredly is of the Divine nature—would not this have argued an inferiority on his part? It is a most noble and useful attribute of our nature, this of anger; that which imparts to it much of its dignity and force. We speak not now of the abuse, but of the use of this endowment; a distinction pointed out in the words of the apostle, "Be ye angry and sin not;" plainly intimating that there is a sinless anger. The soul that kindles not into indignation deep and loud at deeds of injustice, of crime, of immorality, of ungodliness, is wanting in a high moral tone—is not feelingly alive to the honor of God, and the cause of truth, and the claims of humanity. This betrays a weakness of perception between right and wrong, truth and error, and an incapacity of feeling deeply where feeling is both beautiful and sacred.

There is anger in the breast of God. And why so? Because he is so holy,

because he is so perfect, and must therefore hate whatever is in itself contrary to his own nature. Man was made after God's image, with the same capacity of loving all that is good, and hating all that is evil. I know that the Fall—the mysterious Fall—has perverted all our feelings, and this among the rest. But precisely in proportion as we are renewed after the image of Him who created us, will our nature appear in all its pristine perfection; precisely in that degree will we be able to sympathize with God in his holy indignation against sin and sinners; and sympathize, too, with Jesus, of whom it is here said, He looked round about on these hardened opposers of the truth, and was *angry*.

But Christ had a *Divine* as well as a human nature. He was a true and perfect man, and therefore whatever was essential to manhood was found in him. He was also true and perfect God, and whatever was essential to Godhead was found in him. He is a partaker of all the perfection of the Divine nature, and consequently of all its holy hatred and indignation against sin. The second person of the Godhead is not less just, less strict, less severe than the first. The Son forms the same estimate of sin as the Father does. The Son can be as angry against sinners as the Father can. "Kiss ye the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

Now, do we not need to be reminded of this? Is there not a tendency to leave out of sight the Godhead of our Saviour, and to take refuge in his humanity, as if that could afford us shelter from deserved wrath; as if that could protect us against the threatening of law and justice; as if that were less exacting, less rigid, more indulgent, more facile, than the higher nature? Why, we have seen that the manhood itself of Christ, because it *was* true manhood, and not a corrupt, disjointed, depraved thing, as it is in us, holds out no encouragement to sin, but lifts up its voice most indignantly against it as an abominable object, at war with the being and authority of God, and with all that is good and orderly in his vast universe. The sinner utterly misinterprets the doctrine of Christ's human nature, when he would draw from it the conclusion that he can be

safe in sin. The man Christ Jesus can be angry with sinners. Even he has no sympathy with those who love sin, and are obstinately bent on continuing in it. Yes, the very humanity of our Lord, tender and affectionate as it is, has an unfavorable aspect toward such; and that, I repeat, because it is genuine, unfallen, untainted. And if as man he can be angry with hardened sinners, whom neither love will melt nor terror subdue, how much more as God must he be angry with them? I trust I may not have said anything unguarded on so deep and mysterious a subject as the relation of the two natures to each other. But I confess I am anxious to uphold the dignity and authority, and to assert the sacredness of Christ's person. I do fear our conceptions of him are very low, and that, instead of standing in awe of him, we are apt to trifle, and to use most unwarrantable liberties with him. May I be permitted to say that it is one of the characteristics of an extreme and exaggerated type of evangelism rather to encourage an unholy familiarity with the Redeemer? There is danger in this at least; certainly it is not thus Scripture teaches us to view him. "Behold I send mine angel before thee. Beware of him, and obey his voice. Provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions, for my name is in him." Strange language this to use concerning God's Messiah, whom we delight to call by the sweet and soothing name of Jesus—Saviour. Beware of him!—provoke him not!—he will not pardon your transgressions! Language of terror, truly. But, ah! do we not need it? Yes, we need it. Let us have high views of Christ; *God's name is in him!* If we grasped the full meaning of that singular expression, it would lead us to stand in awe of him, and sin not.

There are, I think, two things that startle us in this passage. First, that anger should be attributed to Jesus at all. We are not surprised that grief should be attributed to him. This is quite in keeping with the idea we had formed of him in our own minds; that is, supposing we are of the number of his mere sentimental admirers. It has been the aim of what has already been said to correct this idea, and to show that the view here given of the Saviour is necessary to the perfection of his character, and that any other view could not fail to lower him in our esteem,

and to invest him with a weakness, an imperfection, wholly incompatible with his dignity and authority as God's Messiah. But then, having got over this difficulty, this shock to our preconceived notions, a second thing that may startle us is to find these two, anger and grief, spoken of as united in the same mind at one and the same time. How can anger and sorrow, indignation and grief, be felt toward the same objects? This is what perplexes us. Now the reason of this perplexity is, I think, that this combination of emotions apparently, but only apparently, so opposite, is so seldom realized in our own minds. For the most part our indignation swallows up our grief, or our grief our indignation. It is seldom we are at once angry and sorry in reference to the same person. Here is one, we shall say, given over to some vice—it may be the degrading vice of intemperance. Now, have you never marked how difficult it is to feel aright toward such a person? At one time your anger is aroused to the highest pitch; but by and by you begin to fear that you have been deficient toward this poor victim of Satan, in pity for his condition, in love for his soul, in desire for his salvation. You had, for the moment, abandoned him to utter ruin! You had, without a sigh, and without compunction, consigned him to destruction. All the proud Pharisaism of your nature had risen up, and prompted you to disown all brotherhood with him, and to pour on him the vials of your wrath and contempt. Or it may have been the very opposite of this. You may have pitied the man from the bottom of your heart; you may have grieved for the misery he was bringing on himself and others; you may have tried to frame excuses for him; your benevolence may have prompted you to make efforts for his emancipation. But where was your anger—your moral indignation—at the sin of the man? where your feelings of moral reprobation? where your keen sense of the dishonor done to God? All this was wanting; and was it not a great want? Did it not indicate on your part a low moral tone? Did it not arise from a want of a right sense of the sin, the moral evil the man was committing?

But these two are not incompatible; and were our nature what it ought to be, fully and harmoniously developed—rightly balanced, in short—there would not be this

schism in the soul, this conflict of feeling. We should pity—from the bottom of our hearts pity—poor, thoughtless, perishing sinners, and long and labor for their salvation. And yet we should not the less be angry with them, and denounce the Divine threatenings against them, and feel our whole soul recoiling from them *as sinners*—haters of God, and despisers of his Son. Thus would we feel and act if we had the mind of Christ. But we have little of it, very little. Here I refer not so much to those who, on the one hand, giving way to the promptings of mere benevolence of heart, would blot out the justice of God altogether, and do away with punishment at the hands either of God or man; or who, on the other hand, would destroy the free grace of the gospel, and introduce a system of stern and unmitigated justice; as to real Christians themselves, who, I cannot but think, have not by any means entered into the spirit of Christianity as fraught with love and mercy to man, at the same time that it *upholds the character of God, and the majesty of his law*. It is this beautiful union of anger and sorrow, indignation and grief, that characterizes all those who have come nobly forward, and devoted themselves to the arduous work of rescuing sinners from destruction. It was because of their deep views of sin; because of their zeal for the Lord of hosts; because of their hatred of all evil; because they could not

look tamely on and behold the God they fear, and the Saviour they trust in, dishonored; because, in short, a holy indignation burned in their breast that they felt themselves stirred up to deeds of Christian devotedness, in comparison with which all the sacrifices the world can boast of are poor indeed. It was not mere philanthropy that moved these men. They were not all tenderness and love. They were made of sterner stuff. There was in them a higher and stronger principle—zeal for the honor of God; and yet who so philanthropic as they? who so loving, so tender-hearted as they? They could shed tears over an erring brother or sister; and what would they not do, what would they not suffer, for that brother's or sister's good in time and eternity?

You will now see why I have dwelt so long on this incident, or rather one point in this incident—namely, how Jesus felt on the occasion referred to. It exhibits him in a light at once attractive and awe-inspiring; it teaches us the necessity of taking deeper views than we are accustomed to do of his character, and of the necessity of our aiming after a more thorough conformity to it; it enables us to see how the love of the Saviour for sinners is compatible with their being left to perish miserably, since they will have it so; it warns them against trusting in the Divine mercy so long as they remain in impenitence and unbelief.

## Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

### THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

**CHURCH VACATION.**—One of our secular exchanges comments pretty severely upon the practice of closing some of the city churches during the hot months of summer. Though it does not object to invalid pastors seeking rest and relaxation abroad, it strongly insists that the churches be kept open. The editor thus discourseth:

But, as the majority of poor sinners of the city are rightly supposed to stay at home while wealthy saints go to the seaside or the springs to "spread" and enjoy themselves, we do object, in the name of common sense, consistency, and humanity, to all or any of our leading churches being closed during the vacation so enjoyed by fashionable righteousness. There

are plenty of young and itinerant clergymen, ready to supply any one and all of our pulpits during the summer rambles of their regular pastors. We wish this fact recognized and acted upon. Let us have churches open in summer as well as winter. Religion and humanity demand it. And no argument can be urged in favor of closing churches during the summer season, which might not be properly treated as an argument in favor of closing the gates of heaven and the doors of salvation for the same period, and for the same cause.

The religious life and practice of professed Christians is orthodox, sectarian and fashionable enough, without bringing the dog-star Sirius and the "heated term" into church discipline. Whatever fashion may teach to the contrary, God is God of the summer as well as the winter,



and Christ was not the Christ of summer resorts and fashionable society alone. The mother of Jesus did not live at Saratoga, Newport, or in Fifth avenue. Christ and the apostles labored not alone during cool weather, and for the affluent, aristocratic, and fashionable, but for all men, "in season and out of season."

And while we are unfortunately educated to admire orthodox and fashionable churches, orthodox and fashionable ministers preaching an orthodox and fashionable gospel, orthodox and fashionable congregations seated on orthodox and fashionable cushions and listening to orthodox and fashionable sermons, and going to and returning from church in orthodox and fashionable carriages, adorned with orthodox and fashionable postillions and footmen in orthodox and fashionable liveries, it is carrying the pomp, circumstance, and pride of orthodoxy and fashionable religion too far to say that the gospel shall only be preached to the poor, unfashionable, and heterodox multitudes at such times as orthodoxy deserts the watering-places and other resorts of summer loafers and conventional Christians.

Whatever may have been the spirit that dictated these strictures, it is perfectly obvious that in the main they are sound and wholesome. There is, alas, too much of fashionable religion, or, as an old divine used to say, too many "fair-weather Christians." We are happy, however, to be able to correct the writer in one important particular, and which, in our estimation, is perhaps the only one, certainly the most important one, as forming an occasion for these strictures. The "poor," thank heaven, "have the gospel preached to them." This is one of the standing ordinances of the new dispensation to be perpetuated to the end of time. The "poor" are not found in these fashionable churches. They never soil the brussels or velvet of these temples, and if they were admitted to seats they would find precious little gospel adapted to their condition. But there are churches which, like the gates of gospel grace, stand open night and day, summer and winter, and whose pastors are not lured from their posts by the attractions at fashionable watering-places, nor yet driven from them by either pestilence or famine. Such a ministry the Church of Jesus has always had and always will have until the end of time. They show their regular apostolical succession by possessing the "mind that was in Christ," and exhibiting, in the self-sacrificing zeal and devotion of their lives, a love for the poor and perishing which no trials or hardships can alienate and no times destroy.

REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.—The *London Watchman* contains a brief notice of the last illness and death of this venerable man.

This event, which deprived the Wesleyan Church of one of its brightest ornaments during the past half century, occurred at his residence in London, on the 16th of June.

Dr. Bunting was a native of Derbyshire, and at the time of his death was in the eightieth year of his age, having been a minister in the Wesleyan Connection for a period of fifty nine years. During that time he held in succession almost every high position at the disposal of the Church, and was several times chosen president of the Wesleyan Conference—the highest mark of esteem and confidence a minister of that denomination can receive at the hands of the Church. He was for many years senior secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the financial success and general prosperity of which society were to a great extent the result of his admirable and sagacious management. Subsequently he was chosen president of the Wesleyan College at Richmond, which office, as his years and infirmities increased, he more than once resigned, but the conference refused to accept his resignation, and he continued to hold it with the understanding that he should bear as little of the burden of it as possible.

For some years he has been quite feeble in health, but has nevertheless taken an active part in giving advice and aiding in the direction of the missionary, educational, and financial departments of the Wesleyan Church. He was unable to attend the session of the Wesleyan Conference held in 1857, but sent a touching and affectionate farewell to his brethren, expressing his belief that he should no more appear among them. Such proved to be the fact. But a short time previous to the session of the Conference held last month, surrounded by his numerous friends and relatives, he calmly and peacefully passed away, leaving to the Church and the world the memorial of a spotless life and abundant labors.

Since writing the above we have seen an appropriate article, accompanied by a side-view portrait, in the *London Illustrated News* which, after sketching his character as a Methodist, says:

But it was not among the Methodists alone that Dr. Bunting was known and esteemed. In other religious communities his help and his counsel were frequently sought. He was one of the earliest and firmest friends of the Evangelical Alliance. His attachment to the Bible Society was intense. And few religious movements of a public nature have taken place within the last fifty years, with which his name has not been associated.

In political circles also he was well known, and was frequently consulted by the statesmen of the day. He strongly advocated Catholic emancipation, the abolition of slavery, and national education by means of government aid; and on all matters relating to our colonies, a subject in which his advice was eagerly sought, he invariably gave the same opinion, namely, that as few restraints as possible should be put upon their social and political freedom. The same spirit influenced him among his own people, who are indebted to him for many measures which have made Methodism more acceptable to its supporters, and have destroyed those invidious distinctions between clergy and laity which must be an occasion of perpetual feud or paralysis in Churches where they exist.

It is scarcely within our province to speak of Dr. Bunting in any other than his public character. But, perhaps, it is due to his memory to say that he was a great preacher, having a wonderful power of convincing men of the truth; that he had large "understanding of the times," showing consummate judgment and wisdom in dealing with them; and that he was an eloquent and commanding speaker, unrivaled in debate, and seldom answered. Dr. Leifchild, in his funeral oration, observed that when in the committees of the Evangelical Alliance the members were in great doubt and perplexity as to the course they should take, his voice, when he rose up to speak, was just like light to men in a thicket, and they instantly knew they should get out of their difficulty.

Of his private virtues, his domestic relations, his genial spirit, his friendly bearing toward all men, there will be other and ample records. We have only to add that as he lived so he died, in the bosom of the Methodist Church, and, having rejoiced in her prosperity, stood by her in her storms, and resisted many tempting offers to come out of her, his bones at last found a resting-place with her fathers in the yard of the City-Road Chapel, a special license having been granted by the late government upon his own earnest and oft-repeated request.

The funeral took place on Tuesday. The cortege, consisting of hearse and four horses, containing the remains of the deceased, and some twenty mourning-carriages, left the late residence of the deceased, Myddelton-square, at one o'clock, preceded by the committees of the Wesleyan Missionary Society and the Richmond Theological Institution, sixty Wesleyan ministers, and two mourning-coaches containing the officiating ministers and the surgeon. On arriving at the chapel in the City-Road, Dr. Hannah received the body by reading the preliminary sentences of the burial service, in which he was assisted by the Rev. John Farrar, by whom also the psalms and lessons were read. Prayer was offered by the Rev. John Bowers, and impressive addresses delivered by the Rev. John Scott and the Rev. Dr. Leifchild. The latter gentleman referred with great feeling to his fifty years' acquaintance with the deceased. Dr. Dixon, having closed the service in chapel with prayer, the procession moved to the ground, where the remains of Dr. Bunting were deposited in the grave, and the service read by Dr. Hoole; after which the funeral cortege was re-formed, and returned in the same order as it came.

**THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.**—The Archdeacon of Bristol has issued a citation to the clergy, ordering them to meet him at a visitation for the purpose of transacting the ordinary ecclesiastical business, and of hearing a charge from him on the subject of their clerical duties, and generally on the state of the Church. Appended to the citation is an intimation that after this solemn proceeding the archdeacon will meet with the clergy at dinner, "the charge for which will be five shillings, including beer, half a pint of wine, and waiters." The unusual addendum to the citation has created much amusement among the clergy.

**METHODIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTIONS.**—Within the last quarter of a century it may be said that academic and collegiate education in the Methodist Episcopal Church has taken its rise and reached its culminating point. The academies, colleges, and universities located in all parts of the country and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are numbered by hundreds, and have kept pace with, if they have not exceeded, the educational wants of the Church, especially in some places where it is evident they are too numerous to thrive vigorously. This educational position has not been reached without a severe struggle. The sad fate which befel Cokesbury, Madison, and Augusta Colleges, and the sacrifices and hardships through which the University of Middletown was cradled and nursed into being and brought to manhood, are all within our memory.

When we commenced this article, however, it was not our intention to write a history of our failures and successes as a Church in the establishment of institutions of learning, but, as the heading indicates, to allude to the efforts of the Church in the department of theological education. Much as has been said about an automatic training for the ministry, and severely as theological seminaries have been denounced, yet the sound conservative good sense of our fathers never allowed them to indulge in such an indiscriminate denunciation as to convey the remotest idea that they were opposed to a theological training, even of the most thorough character. It was the abuse of the system they wished to avoid, and not the system itself. It was not difficult for them to see that a ministry manufactured to order for the Church, in the same way in which lawyers and physicians are produced, without any regard to a divine call, and

having no other than mere literary qualifications, must inevitably result disastrously to her spiritual interests. They contended that a Divine call, such as the Church would recognize, was a *sine qua non* for all who sought to enter upon a course of theological study as a preparation for the work of the ministry. Impressed with the importance of such a preparation, they accordingly, in due time, established Biblical Institutes in connection with literary institutions, where "the called" might have an opportunity of connecting with their studies those of a purely biblical and theological character. This, in process of time, resulted in the separate establishment of such institutes, and now the Church has two of this description, one at Concord and the other at Evanston. Before, however, the wants of the Church are fully met in this particular many more must be established.

The attention of the Methodists in this section has been called to a consideration of this subject within a few months past by the action of the two New York Conferences, both of whom appointed committees on the subject of establishing a biblical and theological institution within their bounds. One of these committees was directed to confer with the trustees of the Middletown University, with a view of organizing a department of biblical and theological literature in that institution. The other committee were instructed to ascertain the feasibility of establishing a theological seminary in the city of New York or vicinity. The result of the deliberations of these two committees we have not learned, and probably shall not until the conferences shall convene next spring; but we most earnestly hope something will be done.

There are many and strong reasons why the Methodist Church should have a theological school of the first grade in New York. This is the great center of all our missionary, Sunday-school, and tract interests, and where not only are facilities afforded, for becoming acquainted with our great religious interests as a denomination, but where the theological student can, after the suggestion of Campbell in his lectures on the study of theology, unite theory with practice. The student will at once be brought in contact with the perishing masses that crowd our streets and marts from all parts of the world. More especially will the location be favorable for such young men as design entering the foreign field as missionaries. They can here find types of all nations, and can study their

characteristics, and while they are learning the Chinese or Arabic, or the various dialects of India, they can avail themselves of the vernacular advantages afforded by the presence of the Chinaman, Turk, and Indian. It is not the quiet of sylvan shades or "academic groves" that our young missionaries want to fit them for their work in pagan and Mohammedan lands, but study in the midst of the rattle and roar of busy masses, that they may witness the wordly strife, and thereby be the better enabled to present those motives which will most effectually tell upon the spirit destiny of men engaged in the great battle of life. As it is in the storm the pilot learns his art, so in the midst of the busy masses and the sin and pleasure-seeking thousands, and among the abodes of wretchedness and want, following the footsteps of the Saviour and his apostles, the preacher will become skillful to win souls.

Some, taking the apostle's declaration, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified," have supposed that it was the duty of the preacher to know nothing but his books, his closet, and his desk; but the whole life of the apostle contradicts such an exegesis, as it shows him in the markets, and schools, and theaters, and halls of judgment, as well as in the temple and the synagogue. We have known divines who had received the most thorough literary and theological training, but were strangely ignorant of everything else, and were inefficient accordingly. A knowledge of men and things, will give a preacher power over the masses that the most profound attainments never can impart. This was one of the secrets of Wesley's power, and which he never could have gained had he remained at Oxford, or even been promoted to the See of London. It was this contact with the world, this being in the midst of its masses without being of the world, that made the early Methodist preachers in this country so successful in winning souls to Christ.

A SABBATH WITH THOMAS JEFFERSON.—In the summer of 1852 the Hon. Daniel Webster, in a letter to a gentleman in New-York, thus describes a Sabbath spent with Jefferson:

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed

lost in thought, and then replied: "Yes, my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that, notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as unmovable as truth itself. That man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying, that

The soul, secure in her existence,  
Smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that Sunday schools presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that 'a religious education was the cheap defense of nations.'" "Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge; perhaps when I am cold he will obtain his reward; I hope so, earnestly hope so; I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes, he was '*clarum et venerabile nomen*.'" I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome. That the "harp upon the willows by Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah, (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458,) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee.

Some there have been who have labored hard to prove that the sage of Monticello was an infidel, and that he ignored all religion but that of nature, and lived in the atmosphere of a blank and cheerless atheism. The testimony above given by so eminent a witness must be received as conclusive on this point.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONFIRMATION.—The *Church Journal* is troubled about the statistics recently given at the Virginia Convention. It seems that while the Convention reports six hundred and fourteen confirmations in a diocese of two bishops and one hundred and twenty-five clergymen, only eleven blacks were confirmed. The *Journal* asks if it takes on an average more than ten Virginia clergymen to prepare one negro for confirmation. The *Southern Churchman* comes to the relief of his brother of the *Journal*, and answers his query on this wise:

We are sorry this question does not admit of a categorical answer until we have defined what *preparation for confirmation* means. According to Romanists and Puseyites all persons who lead tolerably correct moral lives, and are willing to go through the form, are invited to confirmation; that by certain processes and incantations *grace*, which is supposed to exist somewhere in a bishop's hands, may be conferred. Now if a person, without having been justified by faith in Christ Jesus is to be brought to confirmation, having been prepared for it by certain observances; if this be the preparation of which the *Church Journal* speaks, we may answer it does *not* take ten Virginia clergymen to prepare one negro. On the contrary, one clergyman would be amply sufficient for ten thousand with several thousands of "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics" thrown in. Upon as much reflection as we can bestow upon the matter at present, we should think one Virginia clergyman could prepare about thirty-six thousand and five hundred persons for confirmation in a year, being one hundred a day. And if any one should ask, Why not two hundred a day, or five thousand? we are sure it would be hard to answer. We really do not know why not, if the people can be found. In China, for instance, a few copper cash would induce so many persons to be confirmed that our *Spirit of Missions* could not contain even the names. We fancy our cotemporary rejoicing over the columns of our missionary periodical, six hundred Chinese confirmed on Mouday; the same number on Tuesday; and so on to the end of a year; or until the bishop dropped down from sheer exhaustion. Soon, by a liberal expenditure of cash, nearly the whole empire would have been confirmed. In Mexico we know how whole droves of the natives were driven to the water to be baptized by the Romish priests. What glorious reports they sent over to old Spain of the number of their converts. No! Mr. *Church Journal*; it does not require ten Virginia clergymen to prepare one negro for such confirmation.

On the other hand if *preparation for confirmation* means that persons having renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil; believing all the articles of the Christian faith, and purposing to keep God's holy will and commandments all the days of their life, are coming forward openly to renew, ratify, and confirm these their vows and promises; then such preparation would take not only ten ministers for one person, but ten millions would not be sufficient. This is the work of the *Holy Ghost*. None but God the Spirit can thus prepare one negro for confirmation. We are, indeed, sorry you did not know this, or were wilfully ignorant thereof.

When we say the Creed we repeat, "I believe in the *Holy Ghost*." Believe! What does belief in the *Holy Ghost* mean? Surely, like belief in Christ, it must be something that leads to practice. Saying we believe in the *Holy Ghost* is one thing; believing is quite another. Among all evangelical ministers of our Church this work of the *Holy Ghost* is believed in. And until the *Holy Ghost* has done his work in the heart of white or black such person is not to be confirmed; and we in Virginia are opposed to presenting them to the bishop

for confirmation, thinking thereby some work of grace is to be effected.

A correspondent of the *Journal*, writing from Alexandria on the subject of religion among the colored people, says:

O these poor colored people, how I wish the Church could do something for them! Living among them all my life, and loving them entirely, I have often wondered why they have always been, as it were, shut out from the Church, which, when they know, they love so heartily. Will you not suggest some way of winning them from the Baptists and Methodists, and teaching them the good old paths? In Alexandria, while these sects have perhaps over a thousand communicants the Church has only three.

THE RELIGION OF BARON HUMBOLDT. — A foreign correspondent communicates the following in relation to this eminent scholar:

Besides the regular members of the university there are in Berlin quite a number of celebrated scholars and authors, who move in the professional circles, and belong to the Academy of Sciences, which adjoins the University building. Of these I need only mention Alexander von Humboldt, the world-renowned patriarch of natural sciences, the intellectual mirror of the physical cosmos, the living wonder of the age. In his eighty-ninth year, for he was born in 1769, the same year with Napoleon and Wellington, and within a few months of the elder Schleiermacher, and the younger Hegel, he still speaks and writes with the freshness of youth and the vigor of manhood, and seems to defy the wasting power of time upon the mortal frame. He never was married but to science. He talks with the same rapidity and fullness of information as ever, reads and answers some four thousand letters annually; dines almost daily with the King of Prussia, and performs, contrary to the wishes of his royal friend, the duties of chamberlain in his turn, refusing the indulgence of a chair; he is incessant in polite attention to friends and distinguished strangers during the day, and spends the half of the night in severe scientific labor, allowing his body only a few hours of rest. What a melancholy reflection that such a master of all the mysteries of nature, the daily companion of a pious king, and, in a moral point of view, a kind-hearted, benevolent, and amiable gentleman of the highest finish, should, like Germany's greatest poet, Goethe, content himself with the wonders of nature, without rising to nature's God, and remain indifferent to the greatest mysteries of grace.

If this be a fact, and such it is asserted to be, it is a most melancholy one indeed. But we are not disposed so to regard the state of this profound philosopher's mind. We believe with Bacon that infidelity may exist in minds enlightened by a little philosophy, but further research and investigation brings them back to faith. One who has been so conversant with nature as Hum-

boldt surely has not remained ignorant of the mind of its Author for nearly a century. This cannot be.

PICKWICK EXPELLED FROM CHURCH. — A "Remonstrance with Dickens," in a late number of *Blackwood*, contains the following ludicrous scene:

One of the most shameful recollections of our almost irreproachable life lies at the door of that wag, Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral in a city where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air a good laugh would have relieved us; but cabined, cribbed, confined as it was, the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew feel in his waistcoat pocket, as he anxiously watched the veins in our forehead. The choral symphonies of the anthem invested Mr. Weller's image with fifty fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top boots and shawl, with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment more imminent, for India-rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we suddenly dived with our head under the shelf on which the prayer-book rested, and laughed silently, while our tears dropped like rain upon the footstool. We were now beginning to grow calm, when, looking round, we saw the two old ladies regarding us with pious horror through their spectacles, and sliding off to their own end of the pew. This set us off again, and down went our head in a vain, ostrich-like attempt at concealment, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nape to waistband, told the internal struggle, to say nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noway resembling the responses. Conscious that prebendary and preceptor were regarding us from their eminence, we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while two church-wardens were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertheless, at the instigation of old Weller, off we went again in a fit quite audible, and we were eventually marched down the center aisle between two rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handkerchief crammed nearly down our throat, and our watery eyes starting out of our head like a land crab's; and so, turning a corner out under the old Saxon archway into the churchyard, where we exasperated the verger and church-wardens to frenzy by sitting down on a tombstone, and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day, all repentant, we waited upon the dean, who, being himself a Pickwickian, gave us absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of "Pickwick" to be bound in morocco and gold, with the inscrip-



tion, "From a Penitent Sabbath-breaker," which is to this day conspicuous on a shelf of the Episcopal library.

**PROTESTANT CONFESSIONAL.**—The London *Times* has a savage attack on an imitation of the Roman Catholic confessional by Rev. Mr. Poole, of the Church of St. Barnabas, London. The bishop has withdrawn Mr. Poole's license to preach:

It appears that at least one clergyman connected with the Church of St. Barnabas, has been for some time in the habit of inviting and even compelling women of all ages to make confession of their mental habits as well as their actual words and deeds, not merely for some recent period, but for the whole of their lives, as the condition of receiving the Sacrament of Communion. It is not easy for us to define Mr. Alfred Poole's object, or taste, or doctrine in this matter, as all must have been very extraordinary. One might imagine an ecclesiastical ruffian deriving a devilish satisfaction from prying into the tender thoughts of some poor young girl and fly-blowing her sweet innocence; but to all appearances Mr. Poole's taste is indiscriminate and purely theological. All is fish that comes into his net. If there is anything in the world one would rather have nothing to do with, it is the secret habits and mental experience of a woman of fifty, much knocked about in the lower walks of life, often in contact with indifferent characters, in actual want of bread, looking forward to a Christmas dinner, and an occasional basin of soup or bundle of flannel. Certainly, if any untoward fate should ever put one in the position of ghostly father to such a poor creature as this, one feels that one would prefer the most summary form of words, the quickest possible dispatch, the lightest possible contact with the ground over which it might be necessary to travel. There could be no temptation to what is called a prurient curiosity, when the whole matter was, in fact, a lesson of mortification. One has only to picture the poor old creature in a dirty poke bonnet, a rusty black shawl, slouching gait, bleared eyes and red nose, and one can appreciate the taste which could induce an English gentleman to enter the confessional with so dingy an object. Mr. Poole, it seems, has his jackals, in the shape of certain ladies who collect the penitents, if penitents they may be called, whose ruling motives, in some cases, are hunger and nakedness of body, not of soul. The hungry penitents present themselves at the front door of the father confessor, and are ushered into a darkened back drawing-room, with an altar, with hangings, and we know not what. The father confessor presents himself in his gown, and puts, it appears, a number of questions of so searching, so gratuitous, and so disgusting a character, that we cannot further describe them in this place. The only possible result would be a number of filthy particulars, that, supposing them once dashed on the surface of one's memory, one would give a great deal to get them wiped off again. However, the priest, as he announces himself, invites further particulars, asks if the penitent has told

everything, insists that if she has not done things she must have wished to do things, and so on forever, till she goes away, if possible, a great deal worse than she came.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—Through the *German Reformed Messenger* we learn that it is stated, upon what may be considered reliable authority, that thirty thousand Christians have recently been found upon an island north of Celebes. They know the Apostle's Creed and the Heidelberg Catechism, and have Christian customs. Through the instrumentality of Pastor Heldring, founder of the Magdalen Asylum at Steenbeck, and chief patron of Inner Missions in Holland, four missionaries, who had been educated under the venerable Gossner, were sent out, and three thousand persons baptized. This is certainly a most interesting discovery. The island on which these Christians were found belongs to the East Indian Archipelago. The Dutch have for years had political rule in this region.

**JOHN WESLEY ON HYMN MENDERS.**—A writer in a late number of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, handles the subject of "hymn makers and hymn menders" with marked ability, and calls to our recollection the rebuke which John Wesley once gave to those who practiced this injustice upon him and his brother Charles: "Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for really they are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of those two favors, either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or for worse, or to add the true meaning at the bottom of the page, that we may be no longer accountable for the sense or for the doggerel of other men."

**CREDULITY OF UNBELIEF.**—Charles II., hearing Vossius, a celebrated freethinker, repeating some incredible stories about the Chinese, said: This is a very strange man; he believes everything but the Bible.

**OREGON ANNIVERSARIES.**—The annual meetings of the Oregon Territory Temperance, Bible and Tract Societies, were held in May last. The Oregon Bible Society sustained the action of the committee of revision which has been employed in collating the copies

of the Bible in use with the editions of 1816 and 1611, with a view to correcting typographical and other errors which have crept into the text; and the society also endorsed the propriety of such revision from time to time by the American Bible Society.

**WESLEYAN METHODISM.**—The English correspondent of the *New York Chronicle* writes thus of the English Methodists:

This people pre-eminently dwell alone. Professing the utmost catholicity, they are the most sectarian of sects. Methodism with them is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Laying all bodies under contribution when it suits them, drumming all to their aid, yet it is seldom that they can be found contributing to the general cause of Christian enterprise in any locality. For almost every object of Christian benevolence they have a separate organization of their own.

The mass is not a reading community. They patronize their periodicals far less than other bodies. Beyond their own circle many of them never go. Their ignorance of other bodies is frequently profound. They are simply Methodist in thought, in feeling, in knowledge. With few exceptions, their literature aims at nothing higher. After more than a century they have produced nothing.

To state pay they have no objections. For Methodist chaplains in the army they will move soon, and in addition to the advocacy of Church and State in the Romish, Episcopal, and Presbyterian Churches, we shall have soon to add that of the Methodist community. In theory they recognize it now, but soon the pleasantness of the golden treasure will give additional earnestness to their advocacy.

Admitting, which we cannot do for a moment, these grave and heavy charges against our English brethren, they come, to say the least of it, with an ill grace from a writer belonging to one of the most bigoted and exclusive sects on earth. A Baptist talking about the non-fellowship and close communion of the Methodists is a curiosity rare indeed. That the Methodists "contribute nothing to the general cause of Christian enterprise in any locality" is so palpably false that we hardly think any honest Baptist could be induced to believe it. The writer shows his ignorance or malignity in a remarkable degree when he says the Wesleyan Methodists, after more than a century, have produced nothing of a literary character. This is simply the climax of absurdity. To say nothing of the voluminous writings of Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke, Benson, Coke, and others, Methodism has produced modern authors in the department of religious and general literature infinitely beyond the reach of any Baptist writer we know of. Dr.

Smith's works, as a contribution to biblical science, are of themselves a sufficient refutation of the charge, and Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" is acknowledged by the Christian world in general to be the most admirable work on evangelism that ever appeared in any country. Wonder if the Baptists would have any objection in supplying the English army with chaplains, or have they such an abhorrence of "state pay" that they would not allow their holy hands to be defiled with it. Just here, we imagine, lies the difficulty, and had the Baptists, instead of the Methodists found favor in the eyes of the state we should never have witnessed such an attempt at disparagement.

#### LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

A historical romance has recently been issued by *Childs & Peterson*, Philadelphia, entitled *Lord Montague's Page*, from the pen of G. P. R. JAMES. This work, we learn from a sketch of the life and labors of the author taken from Allibone's forthcoming dictionary, is number seventy-five in the long list of publications by James, making in all one hundred and eighty-nine volumes. The *Dublin University Magazine* says of Mr. James: "His pen is prolific enough to keep the imagination constantly nourished, and of him more than any modern writer it may be said that he has improved his style by the mere dint of constant and abundant practice. The most fantastic and beautiful coruscations which the skies can exhibit to the eyes of mankind, dart as if in play from the huge volumes that roll out from the crater of the volcano." This last sentence is grandiloquent enough, and if intended for a compliment to the author is, we think, unfortunate. It sounds much like an exhibition of pulpit eloquence we once heard. The preacher, a star performer in his line, in the midst of a sublime passage, describes the apostle Paul as having "baptized his brain in the liquid lava that rolls through the burning pages of Divine revelation, and of soaring to heights where breezes came that never fanned a seraph's brow." We have never read any of Mr. James's novels or historical romances, having turned our thoughts to more sober things before he fairly entered the world of letters, and hence we are not competent to judge of his talents as a writer. We have looked at its beginning and its end, and shall give our readers the benefit of the opening and closing sentences. "It was a dark and stormy night, a very dark

night indeed. No dog's mouth, whether terrier, mastiff, or Newfoundland, was ever so dark as that night." We have heard descriptions of darkness before, even to the darkness that is said to be in "a negro's pocket," but this "dog's mouth" darkness eclipses all the rest. Now for the closing sentence: "Every one has been unsuccessful in painting happiness with the pen. Dante failed in his *Paradiso*, Milton in his *Paradise Regained*, and the writer of these pages is not sufficiently presumptuous to suppose that he could succeed in representing a state as near as this world permits to that which they attempted to picture in vain." Well it would be difficult to paint happiness with a pen. We have heard of "pen portraits" and "word pictures," but we have never heard of *pen paintings*. Still we agree with the author that real happiness is more a matter of experience than a subject of description, and we rather think from recent developments that novelists are about the last part of humanity that know anything about that priceless boon.

*The Road to Spiritualism*, in four lectures, delivered in the New York Lyceum, by Dr. HALLOCK, author of "The Child and the Man." Spiritualism is here considered as a scientific problem, and the author labors to solve it. On the subject of understanding the wonders of spiritualism the doctor would have us "sense" it as one would "sense" a natural object, and affirms that it is quite as susceptible of demonstration as anything concerning which we may have definite knowledge. Spiritualism, he says, furnishes us with facts which put us in possession of all theological truth and the key to unlock them. The spiritualist stands at the door of the great arcana of nature, grace, and Providence, and all that is necessary is to question this modern seer, and he will reveal everything in heaven and earth, hell having no place in his theology. Dr. Hallock, the high-priest of nature, says:

Bring before the man who holds this key these empire-splitting and world convulsing questions which have vexed it so long, and mark what he will do with them. Ask him: Ought I to starve my body to a skeleton, or mutilate any part of it, for the glory of God and the good of my soul? Should I be a Shaker, or a Mormon, in my relation to woman? He asks you, Are these practices physiologically and socially right? You answer, No. Then they are theologically wrong, and no authority can save them from ultimate disgrace. Physiological, theological, and every other law manifest in nature, must accord, if from no other necessity, then

from this, that they have a common end, which is, the development of man. With this law of accord, and the fact that all he can know of anything is through its manifestation, he is able to sift the wheat from the chaff of all past and present religious thought. For example, it is asserted that God is love. Very well, then he must have manifested it somewhere, and the student of fact-revealed theology instinctively turns to where the manifestation abounds. The assertion is in the Bible, but the truth itself, and the proof of it, are quite too big for any book. It is also said that man should be unselfish. Will that saying stand the test of grown-up truth? In other words, Can we find anything like unselfishness in the realm of fact? We can find nothing else, not a thing that exists for itself alone. In honor each prefers the other, and lives either consciously or unconsciously for that other. Not one organ of the human body but acts for the good of the whole. We are told also that "the wicked shall be turned into hell." These and similar assertions, no matter what may have been their primary signification, are the great bug-bears and scare-crows of the race. Drop them out of the public faith, and you annihilate forever the whole expensive and badly-working machinery of salvation. Consider how these words have dogged us like a vampire. By "us" I mean not alone the Methodist or the Presbyterian, but the spiritualist. All his evil spirits and his dismal experiences in spiritual intercourse, are born out of these mighty words. As God is reported to have said, "Let there be light, and there was light!" these have said, Let there be darkness, and there was darkness! Then appeared the sea of hell-fire and the dry land of damnation.

We have received from *Rudd & Carlton*, Broadway, the *Autobiography and Lectures of Lola Montez*. Those who were unwilling to countenance this notable virago by attending her lectures, and yet desire to know what she has to say about Beautiful Women, Gallantry, the Heroines of History, the Comic Aspect of Love, the Wits and Women of Paris, Romanism, and, most interesting of all, the Life of the author, can have an opportunity in procuring this book. The two autobiographical lectures give a somewhat different account of Lola Montez from that hitherto currently circulated, and seem to be truthful—to a certain extent. Her remarks on social life are often truthful and to the point. The following, in relation to Parisian society, as well as a kind of life that may be found in New York, we commend to the reader:

The great evil of Paris is, that there is no such institution there as home; as a general fact that sanctifier of the heart—that best shelter and friend of woman—that beautiful feeling called "home"—does not exist. The nearest approach to this deplorable state of things is found among the business people of

the United States. I have noticed this particularly in New York, where the merchant is never at home, except to sleep, and even then his brain is so racked with per cents, advances or depressions in prices, the rise and fall of stocks, etc., that he brings no fond affection to his family. The husband's brain is a ledger, and his heart a counting-room. And where is woman to find in all this the response to a heart overflowing with affection? And this is as true in New York as in Paris. Indeed, as for intrigues New York may almost rival Paris. There is no country where the women are more fond of dress and finery than in the United States, and history shows us that there is no such depraver of women as this vanity. A hundred women stumble over that block of vanity where one falls by any other cause; and if the insane mania for dress and show does not end in a general decay of female morals, then the lessons of history and the experience of all ages must go for naught.

*Sermons*, by the REV. JOHN CAIRD, A. M., Minister of the Park Church, Glasgow, Author of "Religion in Common Life," a Sermon preached before the Queen. New York: Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. These sermons breathe a pure evangelism, and are full of interest. The following, on the Sacrifice of the Deity Incarnate, is a good specimen of the author's style:

There was here, as we are permitted to think of this most wondrous event in the history of the universe, the abandoning of power by Omnipotence, the renunciation of authority by Him who rules the world, the stooper of the Author and Sustainer of life to weakness, pain, and death. In that eye that for us was tearless with anguish, there was—mysterious thought!—the glance of Omniscience; in that bosom which heaved with strange emotion, there was a woe that Deity could feel; the wail of pitiless sorrow that broke from that awful sufferer's lips had in it the utterance of the very voice of God. O, surely, if only by infinite sacrifice can infinite love be expressed, the dying Jesus is to us the sublime manifestation of the invisible God!

*God is Love.* We have received the supplement to Dr. Adams's sermon on the "Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment," to which is appended a brief notice of the Rev. T. Starr King's two discourses. The proposition discussed in this sermon is the following: "It is essential to the success of the Divine government over free and accountable beings, that love should rule in the Divine perfections." On the subject of future endless punishment as compatible with the love of God, he says:

We must all believe that in no instance will endless retributions be inflicted, if at all, on a human being, in which the justice of the infliction will not commend itself to the judgment

of every benevolent mind as fully as in the case of Satan himself. But in arguing upon this subject, men love to invent cases of extreme hardship, and then they appeal to our sensibilities against the justice and benevolence of God. For example: Here, they say is a youth about fifteen years of age, subject to the infirmities and temptations of immature life; he is not interested in religious things, yet by no means openly vicious; he passes along heedless of the future. He is drowned. There is no evidence that he feared God, or that he had complied with the terms of salvation. He had a very short probation. Subtract the years of mere childhood from the term of his life, and it seems appalling to think of eternity deriving its hopeless character from the indiscretions and follies of seven or eight years, and those the most thoughtless years of life, the most unfavorable to prudent consideration. It is demanded whether we believe that God will shut the door of mercy upon that youth forever, and whether we deem it just to cut him off, and consign him to hopeless woe, while a companion, who escapes death at the same time, lives to the age of sixty, and enjoys tenfold opportunities to be saved, and thereby obtains salvation.

The answer to this is twofold. In the first place, We greatly err in shutting the door of hope, ourselves, against any sinner as a subject of repentance and faith. Little do we know what has taken place between the soul and God in the apparently most hardened cases of sin, or in the most thoughtless and trifling young person, where sudden death has cut short the day of grace. Should all that may have transpired in such cases be disclosed, perhaps it would have the effect to harden others in their sin, and would lead to great presumption. A wise silence is preserved, and thus our wholesome fears are permitted to act in deterring us from trespassing on Divine forbearance. At the same time, no one can say what intercourse the Spirit of God may have had with the soul in the near approach of death, and even in cases where the senses cannot report to the bystanders the operations of the mind. Perhaps it will not be deemed unsuitable here to say, It was not without warrant in the possibilities of Divine mercy that a friend, on a certain occasion, presumingly sought to impart consolation to mourning parents, whose son, a graceless youth, was killed by being thrown from a horse. This friend succeeded in writing certain words on a plantain leaf which had grown up from the youth's grave; and the pious mother, as she was one day kneeling there, descried these words upon the leaf:

Betwixt the saddle and the ground  
Was mercy asked, and pardon found.

This was easily interpreted by many as a preternatural revelation to the mother, that her child repented and found pardon through Christ in the last moments of a wicked life. No one will say that the assertion in this fraud had no warrant in the nature of things.

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PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY.—The members of this fraternity held their twenty-fifth annual convention last month in New-York.

The companions and friends were treated to an interesting programme. The address of E. P. Whipple, of Boston, on the "*Young Men of History*," contained some interesting items. Young America occupied a prominent position in this address. The orator, if we rightly understood the drift of his remarks, entertained the idea that youth could be projected into old age, and that youth itself might become worn out. Hence, while Byron was old at thirty-six, Burke was young at sixty-six. "If," said the orator, "history teaches anything, it is that the impulses of the heart remain the same, while the reasonings of the head are ever changing. All iniquitous acts in history were wrong, and were held to be so from no lack of argument in their favor. If wrongs have been swept from the face of the earth, it was because of an instinctive recognition of truth kept fresh in the hearts of the young. It might be asked, were not the greatest poems of the world—the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and *Paradise Lost* of Milton—written in age? The answer was, that these were the conceptions of youth, put into form when the conceptor was still fresh with the recollections of youth. The greatest achievements of Goethe, Newton, Bacon, Columbus and Watt were conceived in their youth. But the question arose, could not this youth be preserved, or at least renewed? Would youth depart if the will acted on the same high level? The question has been answered by heroes, reformers, saints, and martyrs, by men who have shown that the higher the life the more distant the approach of age. Among these the orator selected the German peasant, Martin Luther. Out of his prodigious mental anarchy he had organized the strongest, raciest, and broadest character that ever hurled the bolts of the Church militant. Before thirty-seven he had hooted out of Germany the knavish agent of a deistical pope; had nailed to the door of the church of Wittenberg the protest, and put in the fire the decretal of the pope, and had declared not only that he would not but could not recant? Did not generations point to him as the central person and power of the past eighteen hundred years of history?"

John G. Saxe was the poet of the occasion, his theme was "Love"—love divine, love maternal, love of country, love of the race, and especially the great, engrossing, universal love that "makes the world go round" as the old song says, and as the poet maintained by many illustrations and eminent examples. He declared it to be the chief inspiration as

well as the perpetual theme of the poets, and the great thought of civilized society and "the rest of mankind."

*D. Appleton & Co.*'s enterprising firm make the following new announcements: A new poem, by William A. Butler, author of "*Nothing to Wear*;" *Legends and Lyrics*, by Adelaide Anne Proctor; *Dunlap's Vestiges of the Spirit History of Man*; *Goadby's Text-book of Physiology*; *Buckle's History of Civilization in England*; *History of Rhode Island*, by Hon. S. G. Arnold; *The Book of Household Poetry*, edited by C. A. Dana; *Pen and Pencil*, by Mrs. Balmanno; *The Coopers*, a new Tale by Cousin Alice; *Hickock's Rational Cosmology*; *Halleck's Poems*; *The Stratford Gallery*.

### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

BROTHER AND SISTER—A SORT OF ROMANCE. The *Staats Zeitung* has the following story:

Some years ago, a young man was living in New York city on a high scale. His name was William Frazer. He had a large business, good connections, and was so much engaged by the world's glitter and display, that he had no time to look after his sister, at that time a poor teacher in one of the boarding schools of New York; and by and by he forgot her entirely. Some days ago an aged man was arrested near Baltimore and brought back to Morristown, N. J., where he broke out of the cell he was confined in, to await his sentence for counterfeiting. It was William Frazer. The once poor teacher lives now at Paris, in the Palais Elysee Bourbon, on the Champs Elysee, and is the wife of Lucien Murat. She may dream every night of kings and crowns, while her unfortunate brother is awaiting his sentence to the State Prison.

JOHN B. GOUGH AND EDWARD EVERETT.—We find the following sketch of the oratory of these eminent personages, in a late number of *Harper's*:

"In our own country, John B. Gough, who is the most popular and effective speaker with the great mass of the people, is a person of ordinary mind, of small learning, not graceful in manner, nor of musical voice; yet he collects crowds everywhere, who pay to hear him upon the subject they have always heard him treat, and who hang upon every word with tears, and laughter, and delight. He is an oratoric actor. He reels, and staggers, and falls; he smiles, and sighs, and grins, in delineation of his theme. Gough was engaged for fifty thousand dollars by the English Temperance Society to work for them in England. The sum is a practical, substantial statement of the value of his oratory.

"On the other hand, Edward Everett is a person of large scholarship, of elegant and cultivated intellect and taste, of the highest refinement of association and manner. Singularly



timid, fastidious, and cold, he is entirely undramatic. He has studied grace of gesture, never vehement, too characteristically quivering, a musical voice carefully modulated, and a sublime propriety of demeanor. His discourses are most carefully elaborated and committed; the constitution of his mind, and his character, prevent his taking any side, or pressing a powerful conviction or view which might be distasteful to any hearer; he has, consequently, neither the stimulus of opposition nor the glory of victory and triumphant assertion. Yet is he called the greatest of our orators. He it is who fills the great buildings and draws the admiring crowds. He is the very contrast of Gough; who, then, shall tell the secret of oratory?"

AN INTERPRETER IN DEMAND.—An American at Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of fragrant beef soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly and brought him vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him; again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth; and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much; our countryman paid his bill, and incontinently left.

The "Medical World" has an occasional touch of keen satire that is quite refreshing. Describing what it calls a national disease, it says:

Throughout North America the universal morbid appetite for patent medicines is a regularly constituted disease. It is probably transmitted from parent to child, as insanity, scrofula, and nervous affections descend through families. To see a man or woman who never purchased a box of Brandreth's Pills, or a bottle of the *Balm of a very few Flowers*, would be equivalent to seeing the fifth wheel of a coach. No such phenomenon exists.

Mothers usually commence with Sherman's Vermifuge Lozenges. Every suckling has worms, of course. But whether they have or not, it is judicious to commence drugging the little creatures early, by way of accustoming them to

more potent articles, when their strength will bear them. Spring physic usually follows. It is a divine art to keep off sickness by seasonable doses of something that is good for the blood. At fourteen, young persons begin to purchase for themselves. The latest advertisement should always be a guide in the selection of patent medicines, on account of the respectability and responsibilities of parties offering them for sale. This is a great country; every one has a perfect inalienable right to kill himself with life-preserving nostrums.

DEATHBED FOLLIES.—Under this heading the *Charleston Courier* refers to the fact that the will of the late George W. P. Custis directs that all his slaves, some two or three hundred, shall be set free within the next five years, leaving it to his executors to provide the necessary funds from his estate to remove them from the commonwealth; and, adds the editor,

It is high time that Virginia had some law on her statute book against this destruction of property. There are no more slaves in that state now than she has use for, and to say nothing of rendering so many negroes worthless and miserable for the remainder of their lives, the power should be taken away from men in their second childhood, of removing so much labor from the industry of the State.

FASHIONABLE TOURISTS.—A clever correspondent of the *Home Journal* hits off fashionable tourists after the following manner:

For, inasmuch as Mr. Richard Raynard, Mr. Nathaniel Nixworth, Mr. and Mrs. John Anthracite, and many other fashionable and distinguished individuals, have visited London, Paris, Vienna, Milan, Rome, Florence, etc., etc., it has become absolutely necessary for everybody who desires to be anybody in social circles, to take, make, or "do," the tour of Europe.

Mr. Richard Raynard "did it," and came home a full-grown lion in a very few months. His mustache, which, when he left us, was of the size and consistency of a diminutive camel's hair brush, has improved wonderfully during his sojourn abroad; in fact it has now actually become visible to the naked eye, being pomatumed and twisted, in true Parisian style, *à la knitting-needle*, *à la Napoleon III.* And then his cane—such a dear little cane—a Parisian cane—with a dainty little ivory crook for a handle, which (should you chance to meet him in Broadway, or on the Avenue) you will observe invariably inserted between his lips. His hat—a Parisian hat, with a three-story crown, and a turned-up rim, and which appears to be a great deal too large for him—is certainly the most conspicuous part of his costume.

His coat (Parisian, also) is faultless, and his boots (patent leather, of course) were manufactured by a celebrated *bottier* of Rue de—never mind what. Altogether, in his outward appearance, Mr. Raynard shows unmistakable signs of having been abroad.

But this fact is not only apparent in the ex-

ternal appearance of his person, but also in his conversation; for, on the slightest provocation, he will call to mind something that happened "when he was in Vienna," Rome, Florence, Milan, or some celebrated locality, which he is quite certain that his unsophisticated friends have never seen, except in the pages of the geography or the columns of the newspapers. Reclining on the rose-colored cover of a superb divan, in the presence of some of his lady friends, he will often grow quite enthusiastic in his praises of the "glorious s-key-i's of Italy;" Italy, the land of song; dear, delightful Italy; "Italy, the land of *prima donne*, the land of *tenors* and *barytones*, the land of dark skins and big mustachios"—which our belles invariably fall in love with at first sight—"dear, delightful Italy." O yes! she is certainly dear enough, if we may judge by the neat little fortune which we pay our *prima donna* yearly, and which her husband (the baron) invariably loses for her at the gaming table.

Mr. Raynard sojourned for a considerable period in the metropolis of *la belle France*, and, of course, was completely fascinated with Parisian society and manners. He learned to "*parley voo*," to a limited extent, (though I should not like to be responsible for the correctness of his pronunciation,) and can give you the French names of all the ingredients of a good dinner, even to the wine and cigars. He at present resides at one of our fashionable hotels, and can be seen, on any fine afternoon, standing beneath the porch, with a cigar or the delicate ivory crook of his dainty little cane in his mouth, bewitching the ladies with the brilliant external appearance of his person and his fascinating glances, and, no doubt, thinking of the numerous conquests that he intends to make at Newport, this season.

Mr. Nathaniel Nixworth had spent several seasons in the midst of "our best society," had regularly visited the most fashionable watering-places, and, at a very tender age, found himself completely "used up" or *blasé*, as the French say; so he went abroad to find something new—something to interest him. He traveled in Germany, saw the Rhine, thought it a very pretty river, plenty of sour wine, old ruined castles, etc.; but he did not see why people wanted to make such a fuss about it. He traveled in Italy—thought it was all very well in its way; but it was just what he expected. Rome, Florence, London, and Paris, ditto. In fact, I verily believe, had Mr. Nixworth climbed Mount Vesuvius, and looked into the crater, like Sir Charles Coldstream in the play, he would have found "nothing in it."

Mr. and Mrs. John Anthracite, a loving young couple, went abroad to spend the honey-moon and a portion of their surplus funds. They saw everything, and were delighted with everything; in fact, I am told that Mrs. Anthracite's lips have become fixed in the shape of an O!—that being the exclamation invariably used by her as an expression of admiration. They brought home with them numerous relics, fossils, *bijoux*, etc., which they have distributed freely among their friends. One of these remembrances I have recently seen; it was a curious brooch; the design being a chubby little cupid on the back of a donkey! A dis-

agreeable fellow, who has been looking over my shoulder, suggests that the donkey was intended to personify John, and the cupid his wife; but I do not believe a word of it. I hope that you have already seen, by the briefly narrated experience of Mr. Raynard, Mr. Nixworth, and the Anthracites, the necessity of a European tour to complete a metropolitan education. Therefore take my advice, you madam, you miss, or you sir, if you have the slightest regard for your position in society, if you wish to be at all fashionable, in short, if you wish to be *anybody* in social circles, dust out your last year's Saratoga trunk, and start in the next steamer.

THE ALPS.—Heireckclift, in his "Summer Months among the Alps," relates the following amusing anecdote:

While supper was preparing I was greatly amused by seeing a grand scene enacted by a guide and his master for the time being, a Scotch laird, who had been confiding to me his regret at having allowed himself to be inveigled from his grouse-shooting by the entreaties of his wife and daughter. Happening to pass, I saw him violently gesticulating at the guide, who was evidently trying hard to make him understand something in an unknown tongue; he called to me and begged me to tell him what the fellow wanted, as he could not understand a word of the language; so I undertook the task of interpreter, and found that Madame was going to be carried down to Meyringen in a *chaise-à-porteur*, and that the porters, after seeing her ladyship, declared her to be *embonpoint outre mesure*, and insisted on two extra pair of hands. The poor laird was so disgusted already that I could not venture to interpret this insult fully, but contented myself with fighting his battle for him; the struggle happily ended in the defeat of his adversaries, who were compelled to carry Madame with the usual number of bearers, while I received the warmest thanks of Monsieur for saving him from some danger, the nature of which he never fairly comprehended.

Here, too, is an account of a passage across the Cima di Jazzi, which might have ended awkwardly:

We knew that we could not be far from the pass; and before long we came to the edge of the snow-field, upon which we halted to hold a council of war about its exact situation. We had by this time descended a little from the highest part of the snow, and the guides, after a short discussion, came to the conclusion that we were too much to the left; the snow on the edge in front of us seemed far from safe, so turning to the right we kept a little away from it, and soon lost sight of it in the fog; we then continued rising, at first gradually, but soon very rapidly, through the snow, which admitted us at every step as far as the knee. Close to our left we could see a mass of long-wreathing snow, which we knew was too dangerous to infringe upon, and for some time I devoted my attention to my footsteps; but at last, as I felt we must have ascended very considerably, I lifted up my head to try if it were possible to see any mark to direct us aright;

the ascent we were making was so steep that I had to throw my head far back before I could see Tangwald and another man apparently balanced on the brim of my hat.

Just then the fog cleared for a moment in our immediate neighborhood, and partly revealed to us the dangerous position we had arrived at. We had been climbing up the edge of the Cimi di Jazzi! Not more than three or four feet from where we stood the mass of snow wreathing in exquisite form hung over the side of precipices toward Macugnaga, the depth of which was still concealed by the mists below, while in front of us the edge of the mountain bending round to the left displayed a tremendous chasm, the sides of which were hung with monstrous green icicles, one row below another, until the lowest were veiled in impenetrable cloud. A more terribly dangerous-looking place I have never seen, even among these mountains; another step and the whole mass of overhanging snow might have given way with our weight pressing close upon its edge!

This awfully beautiful vision, which for a moment had been permitted to "show our eyes and grieve our hearts," was in another moment withdrawn entirely; a fresh puff of wind drove another mass of fog toward us, and, without saying a word, every man turned cautiously round upon his steps, and, holding hard by the rope, walked slowly down amid a silence which was not broken till we reached a place of safety.

**EARLY MARRIAGES.**—*Blackwood's Magazine* has the following on sanity and early marriages, which will suit other meridians besides London:

Seriously, I do not think the clubs have to answer for the decrease of early marriages. Other modern improvements in society must bear their share of blame. I would back the hearts, I mean the girls, against the clubs any day, only give them fair play. But no sensible man of moderate means, no man who has to work and who is willing to work for his livelihood, I might perhaps say, no sensible man might, in any position, pick his wife out of a ball room or an opera-box, however much he may like to see her there. A true woman has much more chance, we all know it, of winning any love that is worth winning, in her own home in her undress, in her little nameless everyday unstudied graces, sitting on a stile, loitering by a brook, rattling in a railway carriage, or busy and unconscious amid common household duties than in what the sex choose to consider the especial scenes of their glories and triumphs.

I have read somewhere, or have been told, that any woman three removes from a Gorgon in personal attractions, can make any man propose to her if she has the chance of living in the same house with him for a month. I am inclined, with some modification, to believe it, humiliating as it may seem to us noble animals. At all events there was much more chance of early marriages, and happy ones, too, when neighbors of that large class who have children at their desire, but little substance to leave them, met as neighbors; when personal

intercourse was more unrestrained; when a lad could grow up in intimacy with another family, and learn to call the girls by their Christian names without any fear of being asked his intentions.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.**—Ary Scheffer, one of the noblest illustrators of modern French art, died recently in Claremont, whither he had gone on the occasion of the death of the Duchess d'Orleans. He was born at the Hague, in Holland, in 1795, and at the age of twelve executed a picture which was the astonishment of all Amsterdam. In 1809 he removed with his mother to Paris, where he was educated in the school of Pierre Guerin, after whose dry classical style his early pictures were painted. Gifted by nature with truth and warmth of feeling, the young artist yearned for something more genuine than this. A German cast of mind, and an intimate knowledge of the German language and literature, revealed to him in the works of Goethe and Schiller, a fruitful fount of inspiration; and shaking off the fetters of the old classical school, he helped to clear the path toward the romanticism which succeeded it. The original and highly imaginative treatment of subjects by the German poets, suggested frequent themes for his pencil, and the artist and the poet reciprocally aided in establishing each other's fame. To this period of his life, commencing about 1825, belong some of his best pictures, remarkable for combining keen poetic feeling with exquisite execution, harmony of color, and genuine artistic effects. They include various scenes from "Faust," from Burger's, Schiller's, Goethe's, and Uhland's ballads, "Francesca di Rimini and Paola encountering Virgil and Dante in the Inferno," "Christ comforting the Weary and Heavy-laden," "The Dead Christ," the several exquisite pictures of "Mignon," etc. Of these, "Count Eberhard der Greiner weeping over the Dead Body of his Son," from Uhland's well-known ballad, which is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum, is a good example of his method of interpreting the German poets of the romantic school. A large series of pictures executed for the Museum at Versailles, representing epic scenes in French history, are less effective, being deficient in harmony of style and color, owing, perhaps, to their large size, and characterized in some parts by negligence or affectation. His later pictures, which are more simply conceived than his earlier ones, are finished with more uni-

form carefulness, but lack his old vigorous treatment. The artist, living in retirement, and wholly devoted to his arts, seems to have been surrounded by an atmosphere of purity, which impregnates his later works. Hence originated a third style, in which color and effect are sacrificed to correctness of composition and outline. The simplicity and holy purity of his female figures are wonderful, but they are clay-cold in color, and seem lifeless as the canvas on which they are painted. Scheffer was a man of singularly simple and retiring manners, and his studio in Paris was his world, outside of which he rarely went.

**EMBOSSING WOOD—A NEW INVENTION.**—The London Society of Arts have awarded their medal for an invention applied to embossing wood. Raised figures upon wood, such as are employed in picture frames and other articles of ornamental cabinet-work, are usually produced by means of carving, or by casting the pattern in plaster of Paris, or other composition, cementing, or otherwise fixing it on the surface. The invention referred to differs from the modes named, and may be used either by itself, or in aid of carving—its operation depending on the fact, that if a depression be made by a blunt instrument on the surface of the wood, such depressed part will again rise to its original level by subsequent immersion in the water. The wood to be ornamented having been first worked out to its proposed shape, is in a state of adaptation to receive the drawing of the pattern; this being put on, a blunt steel tool, or burnisher, or dio, is applied successively to all those parts of the pattern intended to be in relief, and at the same time is driven very cautiously, without breaking the grain of the wood, till the depth of the depression is equal to the intended prominence of the figures. The ground is then reduced by planing or filing to the level of the depressed part; after which, the piece of wood being placed in water, either hot or cold, the part previously depressed will rise to its former height, forming an embossed pattern, which may be finished by the usual operations of carving.

**THE TRAGEDIENNE IN DEATH.**—*Galignani's Messenger* contains the following account of the photographic representation of Rachel in *articulo mortis*:

Mlle. Sarah Felix, the sister of the late Mlle. Rachel, recently brought an action before the civil tribunal against Madam O'Connell, the well-known artist, to obtain damages for having

pirated a design belonging to her. Mlle. Sarah, it appeared, on the death of her sister at Cannes, on the 3rd of January last, caused a photographer to take a likeness on her death-bed. He obtained one remarkable for its exactitude, but it was, as was said, "horrible to witness," inasmuch as it represented her features as they were contracted in the agony of death. As Mlle. Sarah's object in having the photograph taken was to preserve a memorial of the deceased for her family and a few friends, she saw that it would not be possible to offer them anything so disagreeable to look at, and she accordingly employed a photographer of Paris, named Ghemar, to soften it down. She made both the photographers sign agreements, by which they bound themselves to take all possible precautions to prevent either the original photograph or the modification of it from getting into the hands of the public. But Ghemar imprudently allowed Madam O'Connell to take a copy of it, and she, having made some alterations in it, caused M. Goupil, the well-known printseller, to offer copies of it for sale.

Mlle. Sarah protested against this proceeding, and she caused a seizure to be made of the copies unsold. In support of her action certificates were produced from Count de Nieuwerkerke, Director General of the Imperial Museums, and from other artistic authorities, to the effect that Madame O'Connell's photograph was undoubtedly a piracy, and it was contended that the original photograph was not only the exclusive property of Mlle. Sarah, but that in law no persons except the members of Rachel's own family had the right to represent her on her death-bed, inasmuch as, though she had been a public performer, all that regarded her private life was as sacred as that of any other person. It was added that Mlle. Sarah's intention was to give to the poor any damages the tribunal might award her, her object in bringing the action being to prevent pictures of Rachel on her death-bed being sold to the public.

On the part of Madam O'Connell, it was admitted that she had seen the photograph in the hands of Ghemar, and had to a certain extent been inspired by it; but it was contended that her work was so different from that in many respects that it must be considered original. It was also insisted that Madam O'Connell had the right to produce portraits of Rachel, living or dead, as from Rachel's artistic eminence she was public property. It was accordingly demanded, not only that the action should be dismissed, but that five thousand francs damages should be awarded to her for the wrong done her in bringing it, and by the seizure. After hearing the public prosecutor, who declared himself in favor of Mlle. Sarah's action, the tribunal postponed judgment for a week.

**RECIPE FOR MULTIPLYING COPIES OF DRAWINGS.**—The subjoined recipe, by Ernest Bastien, has been found extremely useful and convenient by the artists in this city who have tried it:

Spread a thin layer of white lead upon a glass plate, and thereon draw with a graver or etching needle the required object. The needle

removes the white lead in its course, and exposes the surface of the glass. When the drawing is finished, place the plate of glass flat upon a brass wire or hair sieve, and lay it in a solution of *sulfure de potassium*. This solution will blacken the white lead in a few seconds, and form a perfect glass negative, from which, by aid of the ordinary process in photographing, positive impressions can be taken.

In order to fix the negative and to give it the requisite power of resistance for taking a large number of impressions, give it a coating of hard and transparent varnish. The varnish generally used in photographing will answer the purpose.

The principal advantage resulting from the process above described is, that it enables every artist to multiply his drawings indefinitely, without leaving his study or providing himself with expensive or bulky photographic apparatus, while at the same time he is sure of accuracy in the minutest details.

Regnault says that the art of combining the work of the etching needle with the photographic process, in the production of drawings having the appearance of etchings, has been known for some time, and he has had drawings of this description in his possession for the last ten years, which were produced by Saint Evre by a process similar to the above.

**DISINFECTING AGENTS.**—The *New York Dispatch*, in answer to a correspondent, says:

For the cesspool, now that the warm weather is at hand, you will find either of the following disinfectants sufficient to remove the offensive smells of which you complain as having annoyed you and your family last summer. It is really a wonder to us, in view of the trifling cost of some of the most powerful disinfectants, that residents in our large cities will suffer so much inconvenience, and often sickness, as too many do, when the causes can be so readily and cheaply removed. Either of the following will fully answer your purpose:

1. One pint of the "liquor of chlorid of zinc," in one pailful of water, and one pound of chlorid of lime in another pailful of water. This is, perhaps, the most effective, theoretically and practically, of anything that can be used, and when thrown into privy vaults, cesspools, or upon decaying matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors. The cost of these substances is thirty-three cents.

2. One pound of sulphate of zinc, and one pound of lime, dissolved separately, each in a pailful of water. This is not as effectual as the preceding, but will answer a very good purpose. Will cost twenty cents.

3. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron—copperas—dissolved in one pailful of hot water, will, in most cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors from privy vaults, cesspools, etc. Cost, three or four cents per pound.

4. One peck of charcoal dust thrown into a privy vault once a week will answer every purpose.

5. Chlorid of lime, costing eight cents per pound, is best to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.

6. Take two ounces of sugar of lead, and

dissolve it in one pailful of water, and add two ounces of nitric acid—aqua fortis. This forms nitrate of lead, which is a good disinfectant, particularly for offensive sink-spouts, and the like. The cost is very small.

**DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.**—Quite a quarrel has been going on for some time past between the custodians of the Dudley Observatory and their astronomer, Dr. Gould. The trustees are a unit in judgment in regard to the incapacity of Gould, both as a practical astronomer as well as a business man. The latter they set forth in several examples of visionary schemes, involving the corporation in debt without resulting in the slightest advantage to the institution. The former they infer, and seem, according to some of our exchanges, to be sustained by the astronomers Maury, Bond, Peters, Blunt, Mitchell, and others. The result of the difficulty has been the removal of Dr. Gould and the entire Scientific Council of the Observatory. The end is not yet.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**UPPER STORIES OF THE PROFESSION**—A young man is said to have inquired of Daniel Webster whether there was any room for him in the legal profession. His answer was, that there is room enough for thousands in the upper stories of all the professions. To a casual observer the professions all seem to be full; they seem, indeed, to be crowded to excess with young aspirants. The reason is because we look only at the lower stories of the professions; the more exalted and intellectual portions of them do not come under our notice. When a man, therefore, tells us that there is abundance of room for more lawyers, preachers, and doctors, we are ready to pass it as hyperbole. We find it hard to bring our mind to believe that a single individual can elbow his way through the hungry crowd that throngs every professional business within our acquaintance. Yet it is doubtless true that the higher grades of mental culture exist nowhere in too great profusion. Whether we make our inquiries among the professions, the sciences, or the literature of our country we shall find a paucity rather than a surplus of finished talent. Is there any danger of first-class literary minds being jostled on account of want of room in the domain of literature? Is there any danger of scientific acumen being soon at a discount from want of subjects of further investigation? Could not a few more accomplished jurists and diplomats find employment yet in the various departments of government? Could not a physician of superior attainments find employment almost anywhere without infringing on the rights of others in the same business as himself? Indeed, there is no employment known to civilized society where



the occupants of the most talented and accomplished circles would have any occasion to disturb one another's equanimity in consequence of a closeness of contact.

The fact is, the best, the most talented, the upper stories of all the employments are not overrun. There is room enough for all the young people now in our schools. The world is asking for a lofty but practical talent, for noble, generous-hearted patriotism, and for resolute, unflinching moral endowments. Those possessing these qualities cannot fail to find ample opportunities for labors both useful and profitable.

**THOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL.—**A writer in the *Home Journal* thinks that mental activity tends to keep the body young:

We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was famous. "O, it's because he never did anything," said B.; "he never worked, thought, suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark I have been on the watch at the theatre, opera, and other places to see whether it is generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

**POETRY AND PORK.—**It is somewhat remarkable that Italy, the land of poetry and song, should at the same time be one of the largest dealers in pork; such, however, is the fact. According to recent published statistics, the salt pork trade of Tuscany alone amounts to two million francs annually. About eight hundred thousand francs' worth are consumed in the country, and the rest is exported to England, France, Algeria, and Sardinia. The flesh of the wild swine of Italy is the most delicious known, and a great favorite with travelers of pleasure.

The *New-York Evangelist* gives the following statistics on "Religious Publishing:"

The annual amount received by the Old School Presbyterians, in behalf of publication, is between \$130,000 and \$140,000; and some eight hundred thousand copies of their different publications are distributed, in part, through the agency of more than two hundred colporteurs. The Methodist Book Concern (North) reports for the present year a total expenditure of \$382,000 for books and periodicals; the profits upon which amount to \$37,000; their total assets reach to \$660,000. The American Baptist (North) issue some six hundred and twenty-six distinct works more than one half of which are bound volumes. The Episcopal Society, for promoting evangelical knowledge, receives annually between \$25,000 and \$30,000. The Congregational Board of Boston is actively engaged in republishing the standard works of the New England divines; they already have a valuable list of volumes and tracts. The Swedenborgians and Unitarians are active in the same department of labor, and have issued a great number of works. The New School Presbyterian General Assembly has ex-

pended besides \$8,179 55; the Dutch Reformed Church has also made large contributions to the same object. Indeed, the press was never before so extensively wielded for religious purposes, and its influence was never greater.

**SIR E. L. BULWER.**—About thirty years ago, so refers the *Louisville Journal* to this unhappy quarrel, when Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was a bridegroom, and the present Lady Bulwer his bride, that exquisite poetess, "L. E. L.," wrote and published an account of their characters and personal appearance. They were both quite young, and each of them was in delicate health. The bridegroom was described as pale and fascinating, and the bride was painted as a fragile and fairy-like creature of surpassing loveliness. The tender tints of her cheek were said to be "like rose-leaves crushed on ivory." The description was read everywhere, and the public admiration and the public sympathy were deeply excited for the charming young pair, who, it was thought, must soon pass away from a world too coarse and rude for such gentle and lovely natures as theirs.

Little dreamed the reader then, that after a very few years, the gentle bridegroom would strike the tender bride; that she would seek redress by publishing a series of coarse, fierce, and vituperative novels and pamphlets against him; and that after a few more years, she, grown to a sturdy, red-faced, and muscular woman, would pursue him in his canvass for Parliament, take her stand upon the hustings in reply to his public speeches, call upon him to confront her, shout "coward" at him in his precipitate flight from her presence, and announce her determination to persecute him till he should cry for mercy, and humbly make her amends for all his villainies.

**THE GREAT EXPOUNDER OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.**—Under the head of "Theism in North America," the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* of June 6th and 7th, contains an extended notice of the second edition of Dr. Johannes Ziethen's translation of Theodore Parker's Complete Works. The reviewer considers it a most remarkable circumstance that a country so completely under the sway of materialism, and skin-deep, church-going religion, as the United States, should have produced so competent an expounder of the system of German philosophy known as the Theistic school, of which Fichte, Ulrich, Troxler, Carriere, and others, are the exponents in Germany. The writer even affirms that Mr. Parker has a clearer conception of the system, in its widest scope and ultimate tendencies, than can be claimed for any of its expounders in the country where its doctrines were first developed.

**FACTS FROM THE CENSUS.**—Among other interesting facts of De Bow's statistical view of the United States, the *Boston Transcript* mentions that the non-slaveholding have a third greater population than the slaveholding States; that the foreign vote of the country is one-twelfth of the whole; that

about one-third of the white population of the slave States are slave-owners; that the State of New York has about one-eighth of the population of the Union; that there is one house to every six persons in the country; that the Roman Catholics have but one-eleventh as many churches as the Methodists; that the number of persons who live east of the Mississippi is twelve times greater than those who live west thereof; the distance between New York and New Orleans is more than that between London and Constantinople, or Paris and St. Petersburg; over two fifths of the national territory is drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries; of the 1,597 political newspapers published in the United States in 1850, 855 were Whig, and 742 were Democratic. There are four hundred thousand Indians in our territory; at the close of the Revolution, there were but 36,000 in the old thirteen States, according to an estimate of General Knox; direct and indirect tax paid by each white person in the country, \$4 24; number of real estate owners 1,500,000, or one in about 319 of the free males over twenty-one years of age; number of Federal office-holders, (exclusive of army and navy,) 35,456, a nine-fold increase since 1800; the population having increased about fivefold; one-fourth of the people reside in villages, towns, and cities; the number of people to a dwelling in New York city averages more than 13; in Boston nearly 9; in New Orleans  $9\frac{3}{4}$ ; in Richmond about 5; in 54 counties the females greatly predominate, in 155 the slaves, and in 7 the foreign born.

**DIVINA COMMEDIA.**—A manuscript copy of the "Divina Commedia," supposed to be in the handwriting of Petrarch, has lately been discovered at Florence. The Grand Duke and the Hereditary Prince have commissioned the well-known *savant*, Signor Amici, to visit such libraries as possess examples of Petrarch's hand-writing, and to take photographic pictures of these documents, in order to compare them with the manuscript which has now come to light, after being for so many years buried in obscurity.

**DR. RINK AND DR. KANE.**—At the late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, the President, Sir Roderick Murchison, stated that the report of Dr. Rink's paper on Dr. Kane's discoveries (published in the *European Times* and extensively copied in this country) was garbled and inaccurate. In that report, Dr. Rink, the Danish geographer, was represented as challenging the accuracy of nearly all the alleged discoveries of Dr. Kane on the north coast of Greenland. The facts are, as stated by the President of the Society, that Dr. Rink questioned not Dr. Kane's honesty, nor any of his ascertained discoveries, but only his theory of the open Polar Sea, assumed to be kept open by a branch of the Gulf Stream, and supposed to have been discovered by Morton the steward, and Hans the Greenlander, and threw great doubt on the accuracy of the statements made by Morton and Hans.

**STATISTICS OF LITERATURE.**—There are in the United States *fifty* libraries containing upwards of 15,000 volumes, *thirteen* containing over 30,000, and *six* over 60,000 volumes. Massachusetts has *eight* libraries of the *fifty*, or one sixth; New England *sixteen*, or one third; New York *eleven*, or more than one fourth. The Harvard College Library has 112,000 volumes; the Astor Library 80,000; Boston Athenæum, 70,000; Library Company, Philadelphia, 65,000; Congress Library, 65,000; Yale College, 63,000; New York State Library, 50,000; New York City, 47,900; New York Society Library, 40,000; Smithsonian Institution, 40,000; Brown University, 37,000; Boston Public Library, 34,896; Dartmouth College, 32,438; Bowdoin College, 29,920; Andover Seminary, 26,669; American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, 26,000; Georgetown College, D. C., 26,000. The number of volumes in these fifty libraries, is nearly 4,000,000. Massachusetts has 635,111; New York, 617,484.

**ÆOLIAN HARP.**—The instrument consists of a long narrow box of very thin pine, about six inches deep with a circle in the middle of the upper side, of an inch and a half in diameter, in which are to be drilled small holes. On this side seven, ten, or more strings of very fine catgut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw-pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note, (D perhaps the best,) and the instrument should be placed in a window partly open, of which the width is exactly equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air of admission. When the air blows upon these strings with different degrees of force it will excite different tones of sound. Sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks them to the softest murmurs.

A colossal imitation of the instrument just described was invented at Milan, in 1786, by the Abbe Gattoni. He stretched seven strong wires tuned to the notes of the gamut from the top of a tower sixty feet high, to the house of a Signor Moscate, who was interested in the success of the experiment, and this apparatus, called the "giant's harp," in blowing weather, yielded lengthened peals of harmonious music. In a storm this music was sometimes heard at the distance of several miles.

**The Boston Transcript says:**

The best law books, poems, school books, essays, hymn books, histories, and works of high literary character, produced in this country, bear the imprint of Boston. New York leads in books of travel, biographies, reprints of the classics, standard American novels, and illustrated books. Philadelphia produces medical works, books on theological and religious themes, geographies, and large quantities of cheap literature. We are informed that there is not a publishing house of any note in all the slave States, and that the new States of the Northwest purchase more books than the whole South.